CIRCULATION LAST WEEK,
107,000.

SAMPLE COPIES SENT FREE TO ANY ADDRESS.

TOLEDO WEEKLY BLADE

U. S.
P. A.

SEE FIFTH PAGE.

VOLUME LVIII. TOLEDO, OHIO: THURSDAY, AUGUST 14, 1890. NUMBER 34.

Poetry.

GOODBY.

There's a kind of chilly feelin' in the blowin' of the breeze,
An' a sense of sadness stealin' through the tresses of the trees;
An' it's not the sad September that's slowly drawin' nigh,
But jes' that I remember I have come to say "Goodby!"

"Goodby" the wind is wailin'; "Goodby" the trees complain
As they bend low down to whisper with their green leaves, white with rain;
"Goodby" the roses murmur, and the bendin' lilies sigh
As if they all felt sorry I have come to say "Goodby!"

I reckon all have said it—some time or other soft
An' easy like—with eyes cast down, that dare not look aloft,
For the tears that trembled in them, for the lips that choked the sigh—
When it kind o' took holt o' the heart, an' made it beat "Goodby!"

I didn't think 'twas hard to say, but standin' here alone—
With the pleasant past behin' me, an' the future dim, unknown,
A gleamin' yonder in the dark, I can't keep back the sigh—
An' I'm weepin' like a woman as I bid you all "Goodby!"

The work I've done is with you; may be some things went wrong,
Like a note that mars the music in the sweet flow of a song!
But, brethren, when you think of me, I only wish you would
Say as the Master said of one: "He hath done what he could."

An' when you sit together, in the time as yet to be,
By your love-encircled fireside in this pleasant land of Lee,
Let the sweet past come before you, an' with somethin' like a sigh
Jes' say: "We ain't forgot him since the day he said "Goodby!"
—[F. L. Stanton, in Atlanta Constitution.

SWEET SIXTEEN.

HEPBURN JONES.

I am taller far than Bess,
Though she's stouter, I confess,
And my shoe-tops meet my dress,
And my hair
Reaches far below my waist,
Which is just a little laced,
And many who have taste,
Call me fair.

With the boys I mustn't play,
Mamma told me so to-day;
And my dolls are given away
Every one;
I'm too old to run about,
Play at tag, or laugh and shout,
I must learn to live without
Any fun.

If with Cousin Tom I walk
Mamma sees me, like a hawk,
And you ought to hear her talk!
Such a tongue!
"You a schoolgirl flirting, fy!"
Then I wish that I might die,
Since for any pleasure I
Am too young.

I'm too old to play with toys,
I'm too young for woman's joys,
I'm too old to fight the boys;
And the men
I'm forbidden to regard,
Lest I sister Bess retard,
And I find it rather hard
Now and then!
—[Pittsburg Dispatch.

THE BIG TROMBONE.

You have seen him in the orchestra,
With aged, thoughtful face,
Where care and time have both combined
Their furrows deep to trace;
His eyes oft wear a far-off look,
As if he were alone,
When he plays the part that's written
For the big trombone.

It isn't much—a note or two
The harmonies to fill;
It doesn't take remarkable
Intelligence or skill;
With feelingless precision,
Since to habit it has grown,
He plays the part that's written
For the big trombone.

And yet the face is delicate,
The forehead broad and high;
No doubt replete with promise
Was the youth of years gone by;
O'er a lot of faded manuscript
He looks when he's alone,
Ere he plays the part that's written
For the big trombone.
—[Washington Post.

Miscellany.

TEA TABLE SMILES.

"Lend me the paper, John, won't you?"

"In a minute, Mollie. I'm just looking over an article. 'Things Worth Knowing.'"

"Oh, bosh! Let me read the deaths; that's a good soul."—[Philadelphia Inquirer.

"What's the matter? You look sad."

"My uncle's condition troubles me."

"Why, I saw him a little while ago, and he seemed to enjoy perfect health."

"That is exactly what troubles me!"—[Siftings.

"I think that man must be a jockey," remarked Mrs. Hojack, indicating a passer-by.

"What made you think that?" asked Hojack, somewhat surprised.

"He has hoarse voice."

"That's so. I noticed he had a horse laugh too."—[Chicago Inter-Ocean.

Bill—What are you doing now, Ben?

Ben—I am living as cheap as I can. I am saving up every cent I make, so I can get married. How are you and your wife coming on, Bill?

Bill—We are saving up every cent we can spare, so we can go to Chicago in the fall and get a divorce.—[Siftings.

Smith (observing a crowd around an ambulance across Broadway)—Been an accident over there?

Brown—Yes; man hurt very badly. Run over, or something.

"Anybody know who the man is?"

"Oh, yes. He's Dr. Smarty, author of the book, 'How to Avoid Street Accidents'"—[Siftings.

Measuring a Man in a Bank.

"What's going on there?"

This question was asked by a man who happened to be in a Pittsburg bank the other day when a customer was being measured for the purpose of identification, preliminary to the issuance of a letter of credit.

By the way, it seems odd to go into a bank and ask to be measured for a letter of credit, just as one would go to a tailor to have his dimensions ascertained preparatory to the preparation of plans and specifications for the erection of new garments; but let that pass.

Bank officials do not propose to let a short, thick-set man draw cash in Europe which has been deposited in America by a tall, slender individual.

On second thought, however, we don't see how a "short" man could get a letter of credit anyhow; but let that pass, too.

"Why," exclaimed a man who knew, "they are taking his measure so that he can be identified. Then they will give a letter of credit for $1,000, which he can draw on as he needs it, when he's traveling."

"A thousand dollars!"

"Yes."

"Why he's only about five feet two inches tall."

"That's about his height."

"I believe I'll let them measure me," exclaimed the inquirer, with animation; "I'm over six feet, and that would give me credit for about $1,200, wouldn't it?—[Pittsburg Chronicle.

And a Difference in the Speakers

"There is a good deal of difference between an after-dinner and a before-dinner speech."

"Think so?"

"Certainly. The after-dinner speech begins: 'Unaccustomed as I am to public speaking,' etc., and the before-dinner speech begins: 'Madam, may I ask for a little bite?' etc."—[Boston Courier.

Litigation to Follow.

"That's our court house up on the hill."

"What! That little arbor!"

"Yes, there were seven engagements took place there yesterday.

Profitable Diet.

"She organized a lawn tennis club and got her three daughters married."

"So everything was fish that came to her net."—[Brooklyn Life.

AS GOOD AS GOLD.

The Evangelist Recognized the Signature on the Blue Chip.

In a crowd of a half dozen men standing in front of a well known saloon yesterday was a man known to the fraternity as a "lucky one" in the sporting class. He had in former years raked in many a jack pot in this city, and was one of the few who became rich by gambling. Speaking of the city before gambling was broken up, the man, recently returned, said:

"Let me tell you a good story of ——— ——— (you all know who I mean). Well, for nine years we were partners. Every trick that he turned I was in with, and if I made a winning he shared it. I never could tell what broke our combination, but one morning after we had counted $900, after an all-night play, he said: 'I have played my last card and turned my last card. Suckers are plenty, and money seems to come easy. I have a few dollars, and with it I am going to lead a new life.' I was shocked, and thought I was being guyed, but not so. He meant just what he said, and reformed, but before we parted my partner said to me: 'We may both live many years, and I will never forget the good times we have had together. I am going to quit gambling; you are not; but whether you do or not, if you ever play a stack of blues think of me, and if you win, bury half of them to live on.'

"That was nearly five years ago. Now, then, comes my story. Only a short time ago I heard of my former partner conducting a religious meeting in the town where I was, and quit a good game just to go and see him. He did not know that I was in a thousand miles of him. Before going to the church I took a blue chip and marked not only his initials but mine on it. I went to church and was seated about half way down the aisle. There were singing and several short speeches, but I began to feel that I was in the wrong pew, because I did not see my former partner. The choir sang 'Hold the Fort,' and just as I was about to leave my former partner appeared and made a few remarks, and then asked the congregation to contribute as the choir sang. Two men whom I knew very well, and have beaten out of many a dollar, passed the baskets. When one came to me I threw in my blue check, and smiled in my sleeve when I thought of what my former partner would think when he saw it. I will never go again where he is, for when the money was poured out on the table he stepped to the edge of the pulpit, and said:

"'I hold in my hand a blue chip. It's worth $20. It's as good as gold, for the man who put it in has endorsed it with his name. I've held many a one with him, and he has owed me large sums of money, and I know this check will be redeemed.' That was all he said. I took my hat and went to the door and found an usher. I gave him two tens and a five for good measure and told him to give my kind regards to my friend and former partner. I don't play any more jokes on reformed gamblers. — [Louisville Commercial.

HE HAD NO TIME TO FOOL.

The Farmer Wanted a Doctor in a Hurry and Got Him.

Some startling stories are told at the City Health department by the incumbents of the physician's office and by sanitary officers, says the Kansas City *Times*.

Dr. Salisbury, one of the young district physicians, was almost startled into real excitement the other day by a violent ring at the telephone. He answered and heard, in excited tones: "Come to ——— street quick; child almost dying! Come right away, or you'll be too late!"

The doctor grabbed a case of medicine, a stomach pump, and a lot of bandages, pulled up his left suspender, put on Dr. Record's hat, and, jumping into his buggy, got there as quickly as possible.

He reached the place breathless, but, composing himself as much as possible, asked to see the boy.

"Be you the city doctor?" drawled a ragged-looking man, presumably the father.

"Yes; don't you see I am? Where's the boy?"

"Set down, doc; I'll fetch him."

The man went out, and after bawling for a minute or two at the top of his voice, "fetched him." A young man of about six summers came in covered with mud from a recent engagement as a manufacturer of mud pies.

"See here," said the doctor, "I've struck the wrong place; some one telephoned me a boy was dying."

"Set down, young feller, I done the telephonin' and that ar is the boy."

"Well, how did he come to so quick, and what was the matter with him?"

"Oh, he ain't done no great things comin' to—he didn't have ter. He had the stomache ache yesterday and felt like he was agoin' to have it to-day, and I thought a doctor better see him. I didn't have no time to fool with you nor him, so I said he was dyin' to bring you quick."

The doctor left in disgust.

Learn Your Home Places.

That people in big cities are the least acquainted with the places of historic interest around them is an old and trite truth that was strangely exemplified a day or two ago, when a St. Louis man called upon a Philadelphia friend and asked to be shown to some dozen of such localities in Philadelphia. "I want," he said, "to see Carpenter's hall, Independence hall, the old Penn house, Franklin's grave, the Treaty tree, the house where Jefferson drew up the Declaration of Independence, Gen. Grant's City Point hut, and any other interesting places you may be able to show me."

The Philadelphian hesitated a moment. "Certainly," he said, "I can take you to all these places, but you must be prepared for a long jaunt." "That doesn't matter," answered the St. Louis man, "we can reach them all, I suppose, in one day with a carriage."

His Philadelphia friend took him down to Independence hall, and there his knowledge gave out. Not wishing to appear ignorant before his Western friend, he made some trivial excuse to leave him for a few moments, which he occupied in eager conversation with a policeman in front of the hall. His notebook was brought out, and for five minutes he was busily engaged in copying the directions which the policeman gave him. "All right," he said, on returning to his Western friend, "we will go round to Carpenter's hall first, and then I will take you to the other sights you wish to see."

The Philadelphia man now says that he will keep his memoranda in case other out-of-town visitors anxious to see the historical places of the city should ask him to act as guide.

A Sensible Boy.

An old farmer whose son, having gone to a show, was much lacerated in consequence of having "fooled around" the lion's cage, in speaking of the affair, said:

"You see, Lige he thought that the lion was asleep an' 'gunter tickle his foot. The lion wa'n't asleep."

"The lion tore off your son's arm, I believe."

"Yes, his left arm. Oh, Lige he is putty sensible, an' ef thar's got to be any chawin' he allus hands out his left arm. Jes' think of it, will you? Ef it had abeen his right arm it would sp'iled him for life. W'y, when it come to tyin' fodder he wouldenter been wuth a d—n. Oh, that boy has got sense."—[Arkansaw Traveler.

Cool Summer Resorts.

Winks—Catch me going to Mount Fashion another summer.

Minks—Hot there?

Winks—No. Cold enough for blankets every night.

Minks—Then what was the matter with it?

Winks—They didn't have the blankets.—[New York Weekly.

Not Up to Standard.

Foreman (newspaper office)—Want a job as a compositor, eh? Are you a good speller?

Printer—Well, not very, but——

Foreman—You won't do. A printer who doesn't know enough to correct the mistakes of the editors has no business in a newspaper office.—[Good News.

HE MARRIED THE LAWYER.

He Also Adopted the Client and Escaped a Big Verdict.

"How did you come to marry?" The question was asked by an acquaintance of a prosperous looking man of about 40 years of age, who sat near a window in the sitting room at the Girard yesterday.

"Well," he replied, after a little hesitation, "I'll tell you. At the age of 25 my father died. Being his sole heir, my mother having died previously, I found upon my hands a rolling mill in the center of the state. I took full charge of the works, but hadn't run them six months when a little orphan boy employed there was seriously injured, in fact, crippled for life. He was under the legal age, and besides, the accident was the result of a gross piece of negligence on the part of my superintendent.

"The child soon obtained friends to help him. They brought suit, and obtained $25,000 damages. I had retained the best counsel that I could find, but it availed nothing. Of course we appealed, but the Supreme court put their approval upon the finding of the lower tribunal. One of the particularly curious things about the matter was that the child was represented by a female lawyer, comparatively young, and very attractive and entertaining.

"Now the entire plant, mortgaged as it was, was worth only about $30,000, so when the judgment had been satisfied and other costs and charges had been paid I found myself in very tightened circumstances.

"Now comes the curious part of the story. The female lawyer shortly after the case had been finally settled adopted the boy. Sharp trick, eh? Well, mine was sharper. Six months after I had met the lady at a reception. I must confess that her charms completely captured me, and I was not long in discovering that I was in love. Certain circumstances which I need not mention led me to at least hope that my feelings were reciprocated. I lost no time in proposing, and, to my infinite delight, was accepted. We were married about eighteen months after the trial and you can rest assured that from the first I was very much attached to our little adopted son." And he looked into the faces of his auditors and smiled knowingly.—[Philadelphia Press.

A Cruel Indignity.

"I beg your pardon, madame, for intruding upon you at meal-time," he said, politely, "but may I ask you for a little salt?"

The lady brought him a salt-box. He looked at it meditatingly and leaned against one of the pillars of the porch.

"It is a foolish habit I have got into," he, said in an apologetic way, "and I dare say you will consider it one of the questionable taste, but I always eat salt on my watermelon."

"But you haven't any watermelon," said the lady of the house.

"Thank you kindly for suggesting it," answered the seedy-looking tourist, gratefully. "Shall I eat the melon out here?"

"I don't see how you can. We have no watermelon to-day."

"No watermelon at all in the house?"

"None."

"Then, madame," said the caller, in the tone of an injured man, "permit me to return the salt. I will not say I am angry, but I am hurt—deeply hurt. You have raised my expectations and cruelly disappointed them. I leave you, madame, to your reflections."

He made a low bow, handed back the salt-box with the air of a King declining a dukedom, and two minutes later he was on the back porch at the next neighbor's asking for a little horse-radish.—[Chicago Tribune.

He Fiddled His Way.

The following is an extract from a letter received from a special agent of the United States Census, detailed to get data for the fish and fisheries of South Carolina:

"I must tell you how I worked B——, I got there late on Friday evening, and found everybody mum as an oyster. I was in despair until at last I heard a man playing a fiddle in one of the stores. I went in at once, and after loafing around awhile asked to see the fiddle. When I got it I drew the bow over the strings, said it was a good one, and handed it back; but they saw I could play and insisted I should try, so I took off my coat and sailed in. From that moment my stock went up. In an hour I had half the folks in town in the store, the proprietor was doing a rushing business, and so was I. I finally put down the fiddle and addressed the crowd, told them my business, and said that though I was willing to play for them I must attend to my work first, and invited all who were engaged in fishing to walk up and sign the pledge. Nothing was too good for me. They wanted to fill me up on beer, and I had more cigars than I could smoke. They refused to let me set 'em up a single time, and when I wanted to leave town they begged me to stay, or, if I would go, to come back and locate. They hunted up all the men I wanted, and brought them to me or took me to them in a buggy. I was treated like a prince. One poor devil (colored) refused to answer my questions, and one of my enthusiastic assistants cracked him on the head with a beer bottle, so that he had to be carried from the field in a disabled condition.

"Well, I had a time, but I got everybody there was to get."—[Washington Star.

Dreadful Awakening.

"Madam," said the eminent surgeon, "I am happy to say that we have discovered at last the cause of your husband's condition. A small portion of the skull was fractured by the injury that deprived him of consciousness a year or more ago, and a splinter has been pressing upon the brain. I have located the fracture, and in a few minutes, with the help of my assistants, the splinter will be removed. You must not be surprised, madam," he continued, "at anything he may say when he returns to consciousness. It has been a long time since the injury happened to him, but you will remember that to him there has been no lapse of time whatever. If he was interrupted in the course of any remark he was making at the time of the accident he will finish that remark as soon as the pressure is removed from his brain." The surgeon resumed his place at the bedside of the unconscious patient, and the operation proceeded. It was a complete success. The moment the splinter was removed from the man's brain a natural look came into his eyes, and his anxious friends in the room adjoining heard him say in a slow, hesitating monotone: "—hen and a half lay an egg and a half in a day and a half, how many eggs will six hens lay in seven days?"—[Chicago Tribune.

The Bible and the Newspaper.

The Sunday school teacher has been reading the story of the fall of man.

Scholar—You've told us what Adam said and what Eve said and what Satan said, but that can't be the whole of it. What did Chauncey M. Depew say?

Teacher—Chauncey M. Depew?

Scholar—Yes; he always comes into the stories the governor reads in the papers. If you can't tell what Chauncey said the story's no good. I've got so's always to look for what he says, and I reckon no story's straight unless he figures in it.—[Boston Transcript.

He Could Not Stand the Synonyms.

Buddleigh—Ah, Mr. Guzzlerre, good morning!

Guzzlerre—Same to you. Any new shades in neckwear?.

Buddleigh—Any number. We've got some curacoa bronze, some annisette white, some creme de cacao red, some chartreuse green, and maroschino yellow. What do you think of that assortment?

Guzzlerre (in ecstacy)—Lovely! I'll buy 'em all; but first come around the corner with me and have a pousse cafe.—[Clothier and Furnisher.

A Fetching Costume.

Cousin Tom—Yes, she's a darling girl, and she's going to be my wife.

Cousin Belle—What a sudden infatuation!

C. T.—Yes, I fell in love with her from the moment I saw her riding dress.

C. B.—Then you will marry her from sheer force of habit.—[Pittsburg Bulletin.

NOTHING TO BE AFRAID OF.

Prophet Wiggins Says the World Can Not End for Billions of Years.

Professor Wiggins, the weather prophet, who is now at a small Canadian village near Ottawa, was interviewed the other day by a *Globe-Democrat* correspondent. "Will this world ever have an end?" was asked.

"No," said the astronomer: "this world will never have an end. The universe, or immensity, so far as revealed to us in the telescope, is made up of star bunches, or nebulæ, placed at immense distances from each other. Our sun belongs to the nebula which we call the milky way. Who would think of one nebula blotted from existence without all the others meeting the same fate? But if our earth ever does have an end, it can not be for many billions of years yet.

"The first planet of the solar system that will be snuffed out is Neptune, for it is the farthest from the sun and the oldest. Uranus will then follow, then Saturn, then great Jupiter, then Mars. Twenty millions of years after we see Mars fall out of the sky we may prepare for oblivion, but not till then. You see, as the planets grow they recede from the sun and shift their axis. And as they recede from the sun, or the center of gravity, they swell or enlarge. Life on Mars is much preferable to that on the earth, for the people there have smaller bones, because the attraction is less, and they need less muscular exertion for locomotion. They have more mental energy, therefore, for study, and hence are much wiser and longer lived than we are. We may infer, also, that they are not subject to disease, and their mental energy may be so great that they renew their bodies by sinking into a sort of chrysalis state, and without the agency of death, so that their lives may be eternal."

"You think, then, that Mars is inhabited?"

"I know it is, for all the land surface is carved up by canals, evidently for the purpose of travel and irrigation. Along the banks of their canals forests are planted, for trees supply moisture to the air, and this probably becomes dew, which then promotes vegetation. When the earth's orbit becomes as great as that of Mars our planet will probably be a hundredth part larger than now, our oceans will become more shallow, our mountains will be worn down, and we will have nothing to condense the moisture in the air, if indeed we have any moisture to condense. Canals will then everywhere be a prime necessity."

"Out of the Foam."

We drew the boat up on the sandy shore, and then walked across the peninsula, which was here about a quarter of a mile wide, to view the tremendous sea rolling in. There was a northeaster blowing, and the ocean as far out as one could see was boiling and foaming. The tide was on the flood, and as we stood there looking into the raging surf, with the gale almost flinging us down at times, a dark object appeared in the midst of the foam. It was whirled and tossed and buffeted for three or four minutes, and then a great wave brought it in and flung it upon the wet sands at our feet.

While the rest of us started back at the sight, the bronzed-faced old fisherman dashed forward and gathered it up and retreated behind a sandhill. We followed, and as we gathered about him he knelt on the sands and removed his hat. It was the body of a child—a little girl not over four or five years old. No, not the body, but the bones—a skeleton wrapped in a dress and jacket. There was little more then bones. It had evidently been buried in the sands for a long time, and some change of the current had cut it out and brought it ashore.

"Somebody's heart aches!" whispered the old fisherman, as he looked away from us.

Aye! but whose? When did it happen? And where? There was none to tell. This poor body had been searched for—wept over—prayed for—given up to God at last. A world of sorrow had crept into some mother's heart. A father's lip had quivered as he thought of her fate.

"Her soul is up there," whispered the old man, as he pointed heavenward, "but we will give the little body rest down here."

And with bits of board we scooped out a resting place high above the sweep of the tide and laid the bones away. Above them we placed a board as a guide, should circumstance ever direct a searcher's feet that way. And then, as we stood with uncovered heads for a moment, the gale shrieking madly over the waste of sand, the old man said:

"Man may never find the spot, but God will know where the poor child lies buried."—[N. Y. Sun.

Monkeyed With a Soda Fountain.

A very unique and laughable incident occurred one day last week which will not soon be forgotten, at least by one of our citizens. A huge and ponderous soda fountain charged to the brim with the sparkling fluid was taken off No. 3 and placed on one side of the platform out of danger. Our genial but indiscreet baggage master at the depot, being of a mechanical turn of mind, observed the fount and his curiosity being aroused to know how it worked, immediately commenced an investigation. That he succeeded was evident by the hissing sound which was heard shortly after. Two men from the opposite side of the depot, startled at the suddenness of the noise, rushed to the scene from whence the sound issued and discovered that our inquisitive agent had in some unaccountable manner disconnected the safety valve, belonging to the fount; and under a pressure of 500 lbs. to the square inch, let loose the contents which completely enveloped him in a mass of seething foam and water. Timely arrival of one of the men who adjusted the valve and placed it in its proper position, proved very fortunate for the agent who walked away a sadder and to be hoped a wiser man.—[Edgerton, O., Earth.

Lying About a Cat.

"One of my neighbors keeps a store quite near the harbor," says a Wood's Hall man writing to the Boston *Post*, "and lately he observed his cat bringing in a small fish which he laid upon the floor and retired. He soon returned, however, bringing a second, which he also laid down, as if to give them to his master. The next day he repeated it, and then his proceedings were watched, and it was found that he went to the shore and watched for a school of fishes to approach, when he would strike out like a flash, fasten his claws into one of them, convey it to his mouth and scamper off with it. He seems to think it an amusing and useful performance."

How the World Wags.

Average Man—"What has become of that old fool, Wilkins? Used to call himself a colonel, or something."

Citizen—"He happened to own a piece of land on which oil was found, and is now rich. Lives in a palace on the avenue."

Average Man (some hours later)—Hello! That looks like General Wilkins!"

Another Citizen—"Yes, that's the general. Do you know him?"

Average Man—"Yes, indeed. The general and I are old friends."—[New York Weekly.

He Wanted to Try.

"Oh, Mr. Dolbey," said Freddy, "won't you please stand right here a minute on the rug."

"Certainly, Freddy," replied Dolbey much amused. "But why do you want me to stand there?"

"Oh, sister Amy said you were ugly enough to stop a clock and I wanted to see you do it."—[Drake's Magazine.

Comfort in Any Weather.

Farmer—I guess that's a pretty good pair of pants, ain't it; that three-dollar pair?

Salesman—First rate, sir; but they're winter goods. Can I show you something light for summer?

Farmer—I want somethin' I kin wear year in an' year out, bub; but I'll git a pair of overalls, too, I guess, to wear when it's too darn hot for the pants.—[Smith, Gray & Co., Monthly.

A Disagreement.

Clerk of the Court—Well, gentlemen, have you arrived at a verdict?

Foreman of Jury—Yes, sir; two of them!—[Puck.

Our Serial Story.

Written Expressly for THE BLADE. Copyright 1890.

UNCLE SAM IN 1894;

A TALE OF OUR IMMEDIATE FUTURE.

"The best of prophets of the Future is the Past."—*Byron.*

PROLOGUE.

THE "RIVER OF DEATH."

FEW participants in or spectators of a modern battle ever see the whole of it. The soldier or officer sees but that portion in which he is personally engaged, and is utterly ignorant, as a rule, of the circumstances of the struggle going on simultaneously on the other parts of the field. For a general engagement, in modern times, is a series of contests fought at different important points of the long, irregular line of defense and offense—a line not infrequently, in the civil war of 1861-'65, extending over miles of country.

It was a hot, dry, dusty day in mid-September of the battle-year of 1863. A great contest was waging—one of the greatest and bloodiest struggles in the war for the preservation of the Union of states, yet the one of all probably least decisive in its results, if considered without reference to the series of operations of which it formed a part.

The scene was the broken land of a valley of Northern Georgia, through which flowed, to the northeastward, a generally deep, muddy, very crooked and treacherous stream—too deep for an army to cross without the aid of bridges. The broken country came down on each side close to the sinuous stream.

On the western—or more accurately, northwestern—side of the stream, lay the Union army, under Gen. Rosecrans, its line extending along the curves and crooks for a dozen miles, guarding every bridge and ford, to prevent a crossing by the rebel forces, until the widely-separated wings could be brought more closely together.

The situation was such that a general battle must speedily occur. Both commanders were maneuvering for position—the Union general endeavoring to hold the enemy off until he had so massed and disposed his forces, necessarily and unavoidably separated by previous movements, as to be reasonably sure of victory; that is, to choose his own ground for the impending struggle.

Hence the careful guarding of every possible crossing of the stream until this was done; for behind him, between his army and safety, in case of defeat, was a huge mountain wall—veritably a wall, with but two passes, several miles apart, practicable for the movement of so large an army. The stream was West Chickamauga creek; the wall was Missionary Ridge.

The rebel chieftain, Braxton Bragg, had been simply awaiting a large reinforcement, an army in itself, from the forces in and about Richmond. These having arrived, he was determined to force an engagement as speedily as possible. He knew that his adversary's forces were somewhat separated. His army lay on the opposite side of the stream—the eastern or southeastern bank. His plan of operations was to push his way across at various points, and force the battle to be fought on the side of the creek occupied by the Federals.

The most northerly of the bridges, by which a turnpike crossed the stream, was the best of those spanning that portion flowing between the opposing lines, and on the easiest road; hence its defense was deemed specially important, and something like eight thousand men, the extreme left of the Union line, were there stationed; for if an attempt were made to cross, it would be in force, as the position was an advantageous one to defend.

Thus matters stood on Friday, September 18, 1863. The rebel reinforcements had arrived; and that commander, having rapidly disposed his troops to the best advantage, forced a crossing at a point further up the stream—to the southward. The forces moved up the stream after crossing, and captured other bridges and fords; and the rebel general thus won the first move in the deadly game. In point of fact, every available crossing was secured, save the one farthest down the stream, held as narrated above.

The next day, Saturday, was a day of battle along the Union right and center, but undecisive, as neither commander was ready for the death-grapple. The rebel chief occupied it in "feeling" his antagonist, disposing his forces, and making ready for the final struggle. The Union right, whose necessary separation from the center had been the main cause of delay on that side, formed that junction, thus making the Federal general ready for battle.

Meanwhile, the force on the extreme left of the Union line, guarding the bridge before mentioned, lay inactive, its commander's imperative orders to guard the bridge not being countermanded.

The day was hot and sultry, but the discomfort was unnoticed; for every one, with ears attent, listened to the dull boom of artillery, and the musketry firing, now dying down into fitful single shots, again deepening into a hoarse volley—the sounds mellowed and attenuated by the miles of distance intervening.

At the bridge itself were three infantry regiments, a squadron of cavalry, and a four-gun battery; the remainder of the force being stationed at a church some distance back on the road leading to the bridge.

A Federal captain sat under the shade of a scrubby oak, by the roadside. Before him, toward the east, ran the turnpike, descending by an easy grade to the bridge immediately in front, on the other side of which the cavalry were posted. Beyond that, the reddish-gray ribbon of road rose gradually, until, a gunshot away, it climbed a gentle slope, over which it disappeared.

The road, save for the soldiers, was utterly deserted. When hostile armies meet, trade and travel are in abeyance, after the first flight of citizens whose homes are menaced.

The captain had been vainly trying, with his glass, to obtain some idea of the fighting whose distant sounds were in his ears. Failing to see anything, in that hilly and thickly wooded region, save a distant wreath of powder-smoke, he had seated himself under the tree, and gazed listlessly off eastward along the road.

He was a young man, evidently just in his twenties, with form well knit and muscular; face bronzed by soldier life' shaded by a thick suit of hair, so deep a brown as to be almost black; with eyes of the same color, and shining with intelligence and resolution. He was a type of a class represented by tens of thousands in the Union army—a young man just starting in life, who had abandoned his opening career to place his services—and life, if need be—at the disposal of his imperiled country.

John Hartridge was the younger son of an Ohio farmer, his life as boy and youth in no wise different from that of thousands of farmers' sons—beginning work as soon as he was old enough, going to district school in winter and laboring on the farm in summer; then, when he had learned all the teachers there could give him, turning teacher himself, to obtain money to enable him to go to college.

When the first three months' men were called for, the alternate commands and persuasions of his father had kept him home; but the call for "300,000 for three years or the war" was to him the summons of duty. His former pupils in school, his fellow-students at college, promptly followed him into the ranks, and his popularity, with the service he had rendered in recruiting, made him a second lieutenant. The first lieutenant fell at Stone's River, and he was promoted to that rank; and when the captain was given a colonel's eagles, the double bar of the captaincy graced his own shoulder-strap.

As Captain Hartridge gazed listlessly along the road eastward, a vehicle came into view. Who was it coming from the enemy's territory? Evidently they were not hostile; a ragged, dusty pair of scrawny mules, drawing a ramshackle old farm wagon. A man could be seen driving, whether alone or not it was impossible to tell, for the wagon had an improvised cover made of an old blanket stretched over "bows" made of saplings cut by the roadside.

As the vehicle neared the bridge, it was halted, of course. After a few minutes parley it came lumbering on, escorted by a detail of cavalrymen.

Captain Hartridge stepped into the road as they approached. The cavalry lieutenant, riding ahead, knew him, and called out before his lips could shape the question:

"Tennessee refugees, going back home. Where's Colonel Davis?"

The information was given, and the cavalcade stopped to await the lieutenant's return, after making his report to the colonel. The driver was a long, lank, lantern-jawed white man, clad in a hickory shirt and blue jeans pantaloons, supported by one suspender. Being barefooted, his only other visible article of apparel was a greasy felt hat, dusty and stained, under which his uncombed clay-yellow hair hung down.

Hartridge lifted the cover and looked inside the vehicle. Two persons were there—the one a woman of the same class, evidently his wife; the other, a little girl. The man and wife were typical representatives of the class generically called "poor white trash" before the war; now they would be specifically called "crackers" in Georgia. Sallow, yellowish, and sun-tanned skins, with coarse yellow hair, thin faces, and spare, ungainly forms.

But the child—"can she belong to them?" was the thought of Hartridge as she gazed up at him. She appeared to be about eight years old; her face was a delicate oval in shape, around which clustered raven hair; eyes glorious in their liquid depths, meeting his own with the frank gaze of innocent childhood; budding red lips, and a complexion with the faintest tint of olive beneath its clear transparency, which led one to wonder if it could ever degenerate into the muddy yellow which predominated in the faces of the older couple.

"Is that your child?"

Both answered affirmatively—the man with a dumb nod, expectorating a mouthful of tobacco juice at the same time; the woman with a querulous "Of course she is."

"Where are you going?"

The cracker found his tongue. "Back to ole Tennessee—up Sequatchie way, nineteen miles 'bove Jasper. Yas—that's whar we come from."

"You mean you live there?"

"Yas; borned and raised thar."

"Where have you been?"

"Gin'ral Bragg's men took me an' the team along to do teamin'."

"How long since you left home?"

"Me? Oh, I've been teamin', off an' on, for a good while at Chattanooga. They took me along when they left thar."

"Where did you leave the army?"

"We cum from Ringgold this mornin'."

"Why did you come this road? Were you not certain you wold meet us?"

"Wal, I can't say I was. I reckoned you'ns be all furder up the crick."

"You did, eh? Well, what made you think so?"

The woman moved uneasily; the child had not taken her eyes off Hartridge's face for a moment. The man expectorated again, and drawled out:

"Wal, bein's all the others was gone that-a-way, I kinder 'spected you'ns was all up thar when I heerd the fightin'."

Here was an important item of news—that the rebel force had moved up stream, and the guard of the bridge was unnecessary. Just then a diversion was created by the child, who hesitatingly said, "I want a drink."

"Here, little one," said Hartridge, taking a canteen from one of the soldiers who stood grouped about, listening to the colloquy. The child drank thirstily.

"What is your name?" kindly asked Hartridge of the child.

"My name's Hawkins," answered the man, with far more readiness than he had yet vouchsafed. "William Hawkins. There's a big family of Hawkinses along Sequatchie."

"Yes, there's lots of 'em," chimed in the woman. "You ever come along that-a-way, stranger, you'll find 'em thicker'n hops."

Hartridge persevered. "But what is your name, little girl?"

"It's Ameely," promptly answered the woman before she could reply.

"It isn't! My name's Stella!" exclaimed the child indignantly.

Hawkins turned angrily upon the little one, but before he could utter a word the woman interposed again.

"She didn't like Ameely, Cap'en. It's her fust name—Ameely Estella it is. She was—"

"It's not Amelia at all," protested the child indignantly. It—"

The crash of rifle shots across the creek rendered Captain Hartridge oblivious for the moment to the wagon and its occupants. A swarm of gray-clad men were advancing from the shelter of the woods on the southern side of the road, beyond the bridge. At that instant his colonel rode up with the cavalry lieutenant.

"Colonel, we must return. I turn these people over to you!" shouted the latter, as he and his men dashed down the road to join their command.

"What shall be done with them, Colonel?" demanded Hartridge.

"Let them drive on. They will be intercepted at the church, if they are needed," was the hurried reply.

A sharp skirmish followed. The attacking force of rebel dismounted cavalry was finally driven back to the shelter of the woods from which they had emerged, and as nothing more was seen of them, it became evident, as evening came on, that the attempt to capture that bridge had been abandoned. But no orders reached the Union commander at that point, and his force remained there.

The next day, Sunday, September 20, the tide of battle had borne adversely to the Union arms. Driven back on both flanks, the army of General Thomas occupied a line of battle in shape like a gigantic horseshoe, its toe pointing east, and its southern half considerably longer than the other—irregular in its curve, however, because of the necessity of occupying the crest of a broken ridge of hills—and with not a quarter of a mile between the ends of the horse-shoe, the extreme right and extreme left.

All day long the fierce fight had lasted, but Thomas, rugged and strong as the mountains by which he was surrounded, had no thought of yielding, and stubbornly contested every inch of ground. Well did he earn the glorious epithet of the "Rock of Chickamauga" on that fateful day! The sun was well beyond the meridian, and the unspoken desire of the lion-hearted corps commander was, for night or reinforcements.

He did not know at that moment his commander-in-chief was safe at Chattanooga, having abandoned the field where he had directed the contest for the two days previous, and had telegraphed to the secretary of War at Washington, "My army has been whipped and routed." He alone, of the three corps commanders of the Union forces engaged, remained upon the field; the other two had also gone to Chattanooga, believing the day lost. Their commands were in fragments; but thousands of their men, too brave to follow them in ignominious flight, had joined the forces of Thomas, lending their aid to the effort to stem the tide of rebel victory.

This was the situation when one-half of Thomas's wish—a reinforcement—was gratified. The commander guarding the Ringgold bridge, having vainly attempted to seek authority from Gen. Rosecrans, the commander-in-chief, had finally determined upon a very critical step for a military officer to take—to disobey his positive orders, and march to the relief of the main force. He knew the enemy had crossed the creek; hence he judged the bridge he was guarding had no longer any strategic importance. He knew to make this move in disobedience of orders might mean disgrace; for military discipline is inexorable, and strict obedience is the highest duty of officer as well as private. His judgment told him to take the risk; he destroyed the bridge, and marched his men straight for the scene of battle, his guide the sound of the guns. Through fields of waving corn, yellowing under the September sun; then through a piece of woodland, and the command emerged upon a turnpike, leading down into the scene of hottest conflict; then to the right through the fields again, until it halted within the horseshoe of Federal blue, fringed with steel.

The aid came in the nick of time. The extreme right—where the calk would have been, were that living horseshoe really one of iron—was on a ridge. The Union force occupying it had just been driven from it by the division forming the enemy's extreme left.

The loss of that calk might mean destruction to the remainder of the living horseshoe. Once firmly established there, the enemy could sweep the right curve with an enfilading fire. The task of driving out the enemy, just taking possession of it, was committed to the new force.

Two-thirds of the acclivity was covered with a dense thicket of brushwood; then a belt of oak forest, and between the branches of the highest trees peered out the rocky edges of the bare plateau which formed its summit, now swarming with men in rebel gray. No wonder that Captain Hartridge's brow grew grave as his eye took in the formidable nature of the task of storming that rocky height, up those steep slopes of timber and thicket!

On swept the blue ranks; up through the undergrowth, in the face of a terrific fire. Shells screamed among the trees; a rain of rifle balls poured steadily upon the attacking force. On went the resistless line, leaving a wake of dead and wounded behind it. It was one of the hottest fights of that day of transcendent struggle. Finally, with shouts of triumph, the crest is gained; one rattling volley, then the bayonet—and the position was won. Three quarters of an hour of battle on that wooded steep; yet eleven hundred Union dead and wounded strewed the ground passed over—seven hundred yards in length by two hundred broad.

Next came a task that was to be fully as severe. The hill had been captured; now to retain its possession! Hardly had the victors had breathing-time, till from the woods to the southward, across a gentle slope intervening between them and the summit, the gray-clad columns poured, determined to retake the position. The guns of the Federal battery were double-shotted, and the screaming missiles tore great gaps in the advancing line, and the deadly fire of the Federal rifles added to the wholesale slaughter. The rebel line wavered, reeled, and fled to the shelter of the woods, followed by the victorious Federals. Again and yet again this charge and counter-charge was repeated, until night fell over the scene and ended the conflict.

This middle ground was a veritable hell. First from one side and then from the other shot and shell tore through the scattered trees and undergrowth, cutting boughs and twigs, and plowing up the ground. As Captain Hartridge with his men, charged over it, he noted something crouched on the ground beside a huge log. Three steps took him to the spot. There lay, alone, in deadly terror and in deadly peril as well, the little girl he had seen in the cracker's wagon the previous day!

"Lie still!" he shouted, as she beseechingly stretched her little arms toward him. There was no time to stop. The line swept on, he with it. The spot was close to the Union position; he would rescue her on his return.

Thirty yards further, and a shell exploded a short distance in front of him.

* * * * * * * * *

Where were his men? Why was he lying here upon the ground? These thoughts languidly occurred to him with returning consciousness. He attempted to rise, but a fearful pang caused him to fall back again, with a smothered groan.

He realized that a fragment of shell had struck him in the breast. His clothing was soaked in blood. The shades of evening were drawing on. He must therefore have lain unconscious some time. A raging thirst possessed him. "Oh, for water!" he groaned.

"Hullo, Yank! Ain't dead, eh?"

Turning his head, he saw these words were spoken by a rebel soldier, also wounded, lying a few yards away.

"Thank God, no!" responded Hartridge.

"Can you crawl over here? I heard you ask for water, and here's some in my canteen. I've got a shot in the thigh, and can't move."

Despite the severe pain it caused, Hartridge crawled near enough to reach the canteen. Nothing even tasted half so delicious as that long draught of tepid water—for the frightful thirst of the wounded, due to loss of blood, is one of the horrors of the battlefield.

The Union battery, whose position was some distance to the right and rear of the wounded men, ceased firing. The rebel force had evidently desisted from its fierce effort to reconquer the position.

Hartridge lifted his head, despite the pain it caused him, and glanced over the field. It was as thickly strewn as is a wheat field in harvest-time with sheaves of grain—but these were sheaves of the grim Reaper—shapeless bundles of gray or blue, dusty and blood-stained.

What sound was that? Nearer than the dropping rifle-shots which told that the Titanic struggle of the day was closing as night drew on—the wailing of a child!

With difficulty Hartridge turned in that direction. The child's slight figure was plainly visible between him and the sky.

The wounded Confederate caught sight of her. "My God, a little girl! Do you Yanks bring your children along with you?"

"Stella! Stella!" called Hartridge.

She turned in his direction. He tried to raise his arm as a signal, but the movement caused such a thrill of agony in his stiff, sore and wounded body that he dropped back with a groan.

The other raised his arm aloft. "Here, little girl! Here he is! Come!"

The child caught both signal and words. She came hesitatingly, still sobbing.

Hartridge lifted his head again. "Stella, come to me!" he called once more.

She recognized the voice, and ran to him, sinking at his side cowering like a frightened bird. Her face was pale, her eyes wild with fear, her cheeks tear-stained, and her breath choked with sobs.

Both men soothed her with kind words, and she gradually grew calm enough to answer their questions. But it was little she could tell. Putting together what had occurred at the Ringgold bridge the day before and her lispings, he conjectured that the cracker, Hawkins, to avoid the Federal force further up the direct road to Rossville Gap and Chattanooga, had turned to the left, and followed a by-road that led diagonally across what was that day's battle-ground. It passed up a gulch between the hill forming the Union extreme right and the remainder of the field. The Hawkinses had evidently bivouacked in the woods over night, and passed up that gully a little before the Union recapture of the ridge. But how had the child got separated from the older couple?

It was impossible to tell. Stella's only words were, "I runned away." Pressed to tell why, she finally vouchsafed the remark, "Me didn't like to ride in the wagon," and finally she admitted that she "saw soldiers."

"Did you think you saw me?" questioned Hartright. Stella nodded gravely, "Me know you!"

This must have placed her escape from the wagon after the hill had been captured by the Federal forces, during the lull before the first rebel charge to retake it. In some way she had escaped from the wagon as it passed along the road, some distance to the left, and attempted to reach the men in blue among whom she thought she recognized her friend.

Hartridge was so occupied with the child that he did not note approaching footsteps until the glad cry, "Here he is, boys!" in a voice he knew, told him a searching party of his own men were at hand.

But he would not go without the wounded Confederate. "Bring him also, boys," he said. "He shared his canteen with me."

"Never mind, Cap!" responded the other. "I'll stand it till somebody finds me!"

"No, you must come too," returned Hartridge; "not as a prisoner—I'll take care of that—but as a friend!"

Tenderly both were borne off the field. Stella was contented, perched on the strong arm of a Yankee soldier. They skirted the hill, and got in the rear of the Union line. There was bustle and hurrying everywhere. A surgeon, summoned by his men, hastily dressed the wounds of the two men.

"You'll both get along all right," he said. "When we get back you shall be attended to better."

"What movement is on foot?" demanded Hartridge, as he noted bodies of men rapidly, yet quietly, marching.

"Back to Chattanooga, of course. General Rosecrans orders a retreat."

"Whipped! by thunder," whispered the rebel soldier to himself.

The historic fact is that just at dark an order came for Rosecrans to Thomas to fall back to Rossville Gap, and then to Chattanooga. The darkness of the night, the exhaustion of the enemy, and a dense fog that did not lift till late the next morning, all favored the movement, which was accomplished successfully.

"Good-bye, Uncle Mad'son!" called Stella's childish treble, as she accompanied Hartridge to his Northern home.

The word "Chickamauga," which the Indians had given to the stream that skirts that sanguinary field, means "River of Death." The name was prophetic, and has been appropriately bestowed upon the battle itself, for it is estimated that 26,000 men were killed and wounded in those three September days of titanic conflict.

Three days more found the Union army all in Chattanooga. Hartridge and his Confederate friend—who gave his name as Madison Walthall, of a Georgia regiment—lay in adjoining beds in a hospital, their wounds slowly healing. In the long days of tedious convalescence they got well acquainted; and when, a month later, Captain Hartridge, a mere shadow of his former self, was sent home on furlough to recover, it was with sorrow that the two men bade each other good-bye.

Let us come forward 25 years, and glance at the next meeting of the two men whose first was when they lay wounded upon that hard-fought field of Chickamauga.

TO BE CONTINUED.

FIVE MINUTES WITH THE WITS.

In the Park—First French Maid—Little Harry seems very fond of you, Julie. Second French Maid—Yes, the dear little boy! He takes after his father.—[Munsey's Weekly.

Said the first man: "They tell me you were out on a bender last week." "Worse than that," said the second man, feeling in his empty pockets; "it was a breaker."—[Terre Haute Express.

"Why are you drinking that black coffee?" "Because I have the headache." "The headache? Why don't you do as those do who have the toothache? Why don't you get it filled?"—[Fliegende Blatter.

First Resorter—That mosquito just came up and presented its bill to me as cool as could be. I never had anything sting me so. Second Resorter—That's nothing. Wait till the landlord does the same thing.—[America.

When a man has two cigars, a good one and one intolerably bad, and he gives away the former and smokes the stogy himself, that man comes about as near Christian perfection as it is possible for man to get.—[Boston Transcript.

His Mater (who, on coming down to breakfast, observes that his new silk hat presents a badly demoralized appearance) —Jack, the next time you call on Lizzie, you had better not keep your hat in your lap.—[Dry Goods Chronicle.

Owner (looking disconsolately down the row of vacant houses)—Not one gone yet, Marks? Marks (the agent, briskly)—No. Something must be done. I'll put "sold" in the windows of two more of them to-morrow morning.—[Harper's Bazar.

An Inexcusable Fool.

Jinks—That fellow Sillipate is the most inexcusable fool I ever saw.

Winks—What has he been doing to you?

Jinks—A few days ago some one invited him to dinner at our boarding-house. Well, sir, that idiot just praised every dish on the table and complimented the landlady on her cooking until she raised our rates $2 a week.—[New York Weekly.

Answered.

Mrs. Pry (to applicant for a tenement) —Does your husband stay out late at night?

Applicant—He does.

Mrs. Pry—Very late?

Applicant—Yes, very late.

Mrs. Pry (with a toss of her head)—Ah! belongs to a club, I suppose.

Applicant (calmly)—No, the club belongs to him. He's a policeman!—[Boston Courier.

No Bad Luck.

"I do not believe there is any bad luck in the number 13."

"Nor do I, for that matter, but why?"

"Because it is the thirteenth time you have called upon me since the 8th of the month, and, though it is now the 9th, we are engaged already."

And the beautiful widow tried to remember how to blush at her boldness in mentioning such a thing.—[Philadelphia Times.

Another Kind of Boxer.

Jinglepop (looking up from his paper) —Well, well! So the champion boxer has retired!

Mrs. J. (who loathes pugilism)—I'm so glad! What for?

Jinglepop—Lack of employment. You forget the strawberry season is now over, my dear!—[American Grocer.

A Social Personalty.

Dennis—An' phat toime did they ate their dinner at the big house, me boy?

Patrick—Not till long afther dark.

Dennis—An' be the powers! whin do they ate their supper?

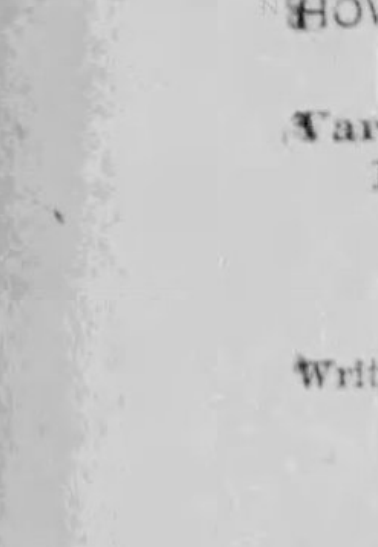
Patrick—Faith an' they doant ate till next day, yez ignormanus!—[Pittsburg Bulletin.

HOUSEHOLD DECORATIONS.

HOW TO MAKE HOME ATTRACTIVE.

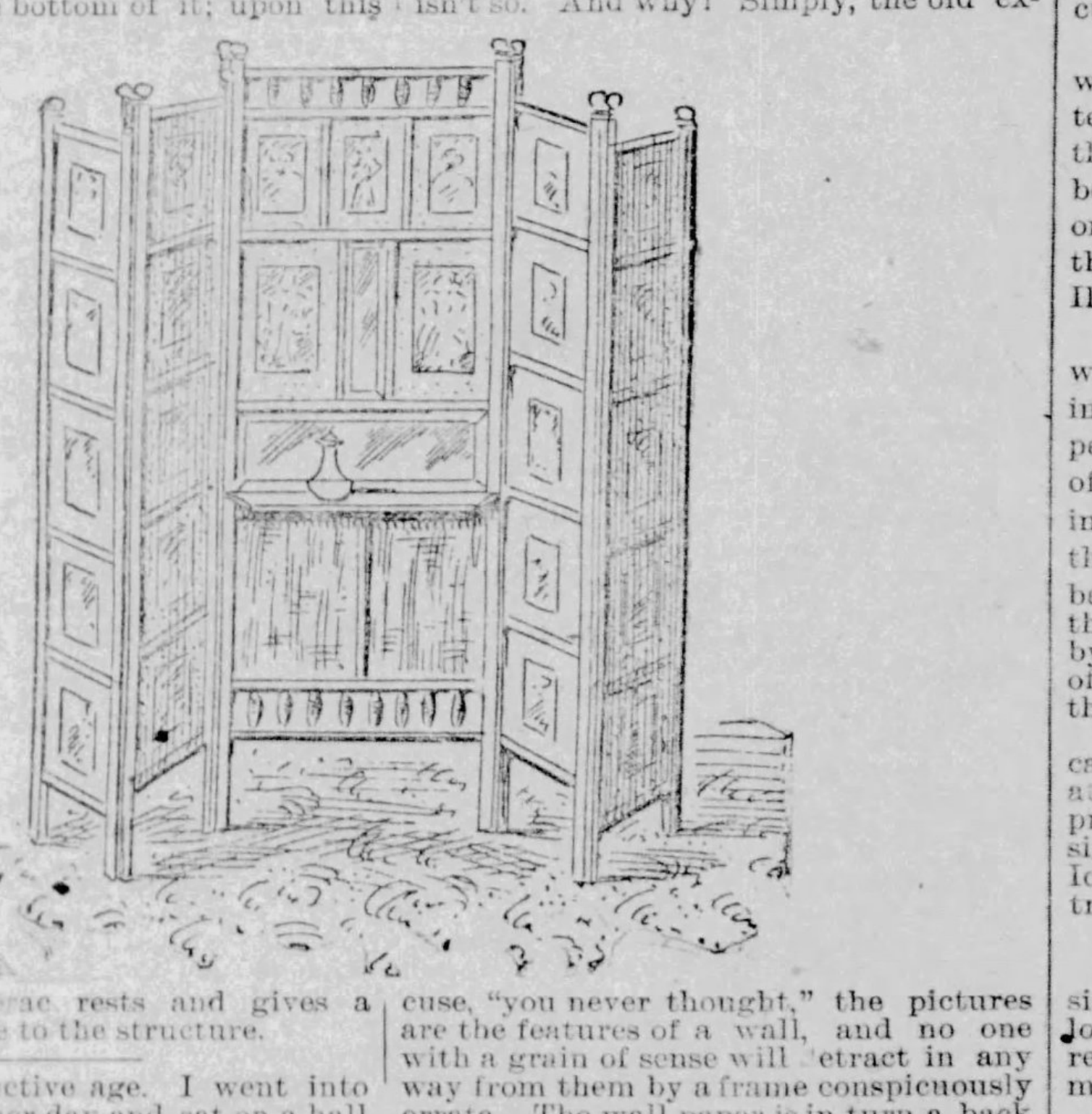
Various Styles of Screens For Utility Rather Than Ornament—Applique Work Now All the Rage.

[Written for THE DAILY BLADE—Copyrighted 1890.]



DECORATIVE screens are giving place to screens of utility. The demands of the modern woman are more exacting than those of her sister of five hundred years ago, who only thought of screens when the heat of the mammoth hearth made red her face: for then, as now, woman was ever thoughtful of her complexion. But of late years screens have been diverted from their old-time hearthstone utilitarian purpose to occupy a decorative field. To be sure they have occasionally concealed the clothes-basket or a shabby corner, but that's all. Now they are certainly a useful adjunct to any room.

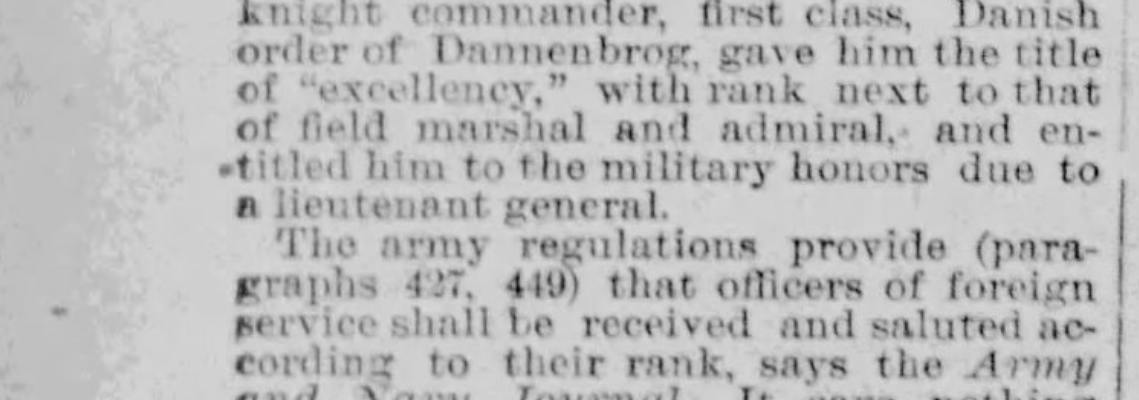
These newly evolved screens come in three varieties: for parlor, study and sewing room. For parlor, one side is decorated but the other is all business—crossed and recrossed with bands of silk serving to hold an endless number of photographs, visiting cards, dance orders, the favors of the winter "germans," or any other graceful and pretty souvenirs. For the study the same ribboned or taped rack holds correspondence, with a place for pipe and a hook for tobacco pouch. For sewing room pockets are sewed on, to hold knitting; slips are arranged for the scissors; a huge cushion is suspended on one panel and a rag bag on another—in short all the appurtenances of a thrifty housewife are ready at hand, "a place for everything and everything in its place." Frequently these screens are furnished with candelabra tops. Frequently apertures six inches wide and a foot tall are cut completely through a panel like the letter U upside down and a shelf fitted across the bottom of it; upon this a bit of bric-a-brac rests and gives a novel appearance to the structure.



This is a productive age. I went into a house the other day and sat on a hall chair, upholstered in Venetian style in what appeared to be grand old Italian leather; it wasn't, it was stamped paper. At the windows hung shades in what looked like Holland linen; but it wasn't, it was paper. The wall tilings were in the friable, hard-baked, ceramic sort, that seemed as though transfered from a Cordovan cottage; paper again. At the windows a soft sacredotal light stole in through what was apparently stained glass—but it wasn't; it was colored oil-paper. The ceiling was in heavy cross-bars in relief, like mediæval rafters—again paper. On the walls hung a breast plate, crossed with arms which spoke of the days of heraldry and romance. But they, like the rest, were only paper. Papier mache, I ought to say, for it is in this pulpy condition that paper is first worked to mold it to the hundred and one purposes it now serves. A bronze plaque, a foot and a half of surface diameter, the head of Shakespeare, or any other subject, in relief, is worth $100. But the other day we saw one of the most perfect reproductions imaginable in this papier-mache, for $4. Besides plaques, armor is made of this papier-mache—shields, breast-plates, statuary, and anything of this sort, with price in the above proportions.

Applique work is rapidly becoming the rage. You buy plain fabrics, and from an endless profusion of borders, centers, corners and fringes, you can easily, with a trifling ingenuity, lay out beautiful patterns, and patterns you may be sure that abominable next door neighbor hasn't got.

Here is a simple scheme for building a lounge. It is strong and comfortable, and when draped with any rug or covering, large enough to fall to the floor, you have something you're not afraid to throw yourself upon. As the artist has sketched it, it's nothing particularly beautiful, but clothe it in your mind's eye and it's solid comfort—a strong attribute, few lounges, unless expensive, possess.



Did a dealer ever take you into his confidence and explain the origin of some of his Oriental decorations? Listen! This valance of Hungarian embroidery came off of a peasant's apron: this sofa back was from the sides of a Turkish saddle bag; this floss work, from the trousseau of a Persian woman; this screen panel from from the back piece of a Mondarin's coat, this table scarf part of an Indian dervish robe. Few of the Oriental embroideies which come now to this country were ever intended for the purposes they are applied to. They are from second-hand stores, old clothes shops, private families and mosques. For among all classes, rich and poor, unlearned and learned, embroidering is a second nature. One day, about two years ago, I was looking over a lot of embroideries in the store-room of an import dealer, and in rumaging through a lot of odds and ends, I pricked my finger on a half tied package. I drew out the offending parcel and to my surprise discovered a petticoat almost complete, beautifully embroidered, but with the needle and an end of unused thread still hanging. How in the world it got into the lot, no one knew; but last week, the buyer, who had taken an interest in the incident and followed it up, explained. "The bundle," he said, "had come from Komiah in Turkey-in-Asia, from a Mosque. The people of this district in obtaining the spiritual consolation of their priesthood, indulged a custom of sending them church money or gifts, and among the very poor, these contributions were usually examples of their handicraft. The unfinished petticoat," said my informant, "belonged to a young girl near Komiah, who died. She had no money and on sending her body for burial the unfinished skirt, with its dainty embroidery just as her fingers had left it, was sent with her as an humble tender for some prayer to rest her spirit."

The bottom band of that skirt now borders the mantle valance of a Washington beauty, but little she knows, I fancy, that it ever had bought therepose to a soul.

The side walls of a room are almost invariably neglected or abused. Either you take the advice of the dealer and paste a profusely ornamented paper all over everything or you ruin a neat, effective paper by hanging picture frames regardless of character or color. Look around the room you are in, and see if it isn't so. And why! Simply, the old excuse, "you never thought," the pictures are the features of a wall, and no one with a grain of sense will detract in any way from them by a frame conspicuously orrate. The wall paper is in turn a back ground for the picture frame and should be quite simple. I saw a bed room the other day, the walls of which illustrated my idea very nicely. There were about a dozen clever etchings, ten by six inches in size, surrounded by pearl colored mats and very wide frames of natural unvarnished cedar of the peculiar purplish red color, perfectly simple and so shallow and flat that the glass almost came to the surface. The paper was a cream tint, with little detached rosebuds and knots of pink and blue ribbons showing here and there about a yard apart. That wall was to my mind a gem of good taste.

The rattle and slam of screen doors or chairs on tiling can be stopped by the use of rubber-tipped tacks or buttons; they prevent noise or breakage and scratches, and can be used for so many different purposes that it is useless to attempt to enumerate them. I mention them simply because few people know that there are such things. Another device which knowing ones buy is the sash rod with rubber tips and spring center. The rod is, in fact, two parts, one telescoping over the other against a coiled wire spring. You have a sash curtain to hang at your windows, and instead of all the trouble and nuisance of nailing up fixtures, you simply get one of these extension spring rods, as big round as a lead pencil, and about three inches longer than the width of the casement, and by pressing it slightly you reduce it to the right length, and adjust it within the uprights. The spring and the rubber tips hold it in place.

Oxidized silver pole trimmings are coming more and more into use every day.

In a shop up town in New York they sell musical beds. The mere pressure of the head upon the pillow is sufficient to start out "Annie Rooney" or "Marguerite." Musical furniture, in fact, is becoming quite prevalent among those who indulge in the expensive fads. They are frequently furnished with boxes which play a dozen or more tunes, with bell and flute attachments. They are of French manufacture, and run in prices all the way from $800 to $3,000 apiece.

C. R. CLIFFORD.

ERICSSON'S MANY TITLES.

Knight Commander Five Times Over and an "Excellency."

John Ericsson, by virtue of his appointment as knight commander of the Royal Order of Isabella the Catholic, was a Spanish nobleman, and his position as knight commander, first class, Danish order of Dannenbrog, gave him the title of "excellency," with rank next to that of field marshal and admiral, and entitled him to the military honors due to a lieutenant general.

The army regulations provide (paragraphs 427, 449) that officers of foreign service shall be received and saluted according to their rank, says the *Army and Navy Journal*. It says nothing concerning funeral honors to be paid them, but the regulations provide that on the occasion of the burial of a lieutenant general a salute of fifteen guns shall be fired and a funeral escort be provided, under the command of a lieutenant general, or an officer nearest to that grade in rank, to consist of a regiment of infantry, a battalion of cavalry and a battery of artillery (paragraphs 445, 467,474, 475). As Ericsson ranked next after an admiral, or with a vice admiral, under the Danish law, this fixes his status under the navy regulations governing the matter of funeral ceremonies.

Aside altogether from the question of merit, the honors bestowed upon Ericsson while living may serve as a guide in the arrangement of the function attending the transfer of his remains to Sweden. Besides the decorations referred to, he received those of a knight of the Swedish order Vasa, a knight commander of the Norwegian order of St. Olof, and a knight commander with the grand cross of the Swedish order of the Polar star. He received, by formal vote, the thanks of the American Congress, of the legislature of the state of New York and of the Swedish diet. He never made any display of these honors, and when he was once asked what titles should accompany his name in the dedication of "Haskell's Engineering Handbook," he answered: "Captain and LL. D." He was proud of the title of captain, received in his youth from the Swedish government, and of the degree bestowed as a recognition of his contributions to science.

We have by no means given a catalogue of Ericsson's honors. They include the bestowal in 1862 of the Rumford medal, which had up to that date been awarded but once before in this country during a period of nearly three-quarters of a century since the establishment of this fund by Count Rumford.

—BEECHAM'S PILLS act like magic on a Weak Stomach.

LABOR SAVERS FOR LAZY MEN.

Two Unique Devices Invented by Ingenius Yankees.

A Maine man recently devised an apparatus with which a lazy man might set the kitchen fire a-going without leaving his bed, says the Lewiston *Journal*, and now an inventor in Madison has produced an arrangement by which the lamp lights itself on dark winter mornings when the alarm clock jingles. The mechanism of the alarm lifts a catch that holds a piece of sandpaper under the point of a match. The sandpaper flies back, quickly ignites the match, which is inserted in a socket in the end of a plunger.

As the match burns, the plunger slowly descends into the chimney of the lamp to the burner, when it remains stationary for a few seconds, giving ample time for lighting the wick, and then returns to its place free and clear of the lamp.

"No getting up in the dark and fumbling with a match," says the inventor; but, alas! you have to get up, just the same, and there's the rub!

What the Farmers Have to Suffer.

Miss Angela Sillibilly (fresh from the city)—Oh, oh! Just look at those dear little cows.

Brutal Rustic—Aw, them ain't cows; them's calves.

Miss Angela Sillibilly—Indeed! How awfully nice. And can't we go out and remove the jelly from their feet before it spoils?—[American Grocer.

A Very Efficient Alarm.

Smiley—I hear you have bought a new patent burglar alarm, Tangle. I wish you'd let me have a look at it.

Tangle—I wish I could, Smiley; but—er—well, the fact is, a thief got into the house last night and stole it.—[Light.

"O to be dead and done with the trouble
That fills each day with a dreary pain."
This is the moan of many a woman
Who thinks she can never be well again.
"It were better for me and better for others
If I were dead," and their tears fall fast.
Not so, not so, O wives and mothers,
There's a bow of hope in the sky at last,

and it tells you that the storm of disease which has spread its shadow over you will give way to the sunshine of renewed health, if you are wise, and try Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It can and will effectually cure all female weaknesses and derangements, and no woman who has not tried it need despair, for a trial will convince her that it is the very thing she needs to restore her to the health she fears forever lost.

To cleanse the stomach, liver, and system generally, use Dr. Pierce's Pellets. 25 cents.

GOSPEL OF PEACE.

THE GRAND ARMY PREACHES

Fraternity, Charity, Loyalty, Patriotism, Good Fellowship and Kindness Toward All—Origin of the Order.

[Written for the DAILY BLADE by Gen. Russell A. Alger, Commander-in-Chief of the G. A. R. Copyrighted, 1890.]

THE Grand Army of the Republic has reached the first quarter of a century of its remarkable history.

Of the veterans who entered its ranks fresh from the field of battle, still young and vigorous, with the best years of their lives before them, some of them have grown gray and bent with years. Others have long ago answered to their last roll call, and a comparative few of those who represented in their persons the stirring incidents of the great rebellion remain to meet their former comrades around the encampment fire.

Yet the order to-day is larger and more flourishing than ever before. The vacant places of those who have gone are filled with fresh recruits and the roll of membership has increased instead of diminishing.

This is a fitting time to recall some of the more interesting facts relating to the birth and growth of the order and to take a glance as to its future progress.

Springfield, Ill., claims the honor of having been the birthplace of the Grand Army of the Republic. During the winter of 1865-66, it so happened that there was a considerable number of military men, officers and privates, gathered at this place. The subject of forming a military organization came up for discussion.

The leading spirit in the movement was Dr. B. F. Stephenson, of the Fourteenth Illinois infantry. It was agreed that the objects of the society could be best promoted by making it a secret order. A ritual was agreed upon, and the first post was formed in Decatur, Ill., April 6, 1866.

There is a curious fact in connection with this first meeting that is of special interest to newspaper men. It so happened that all the members of the staff of the *Tribune*, a newspaper published in Decatur at that time, had served in the civil war and were eligible to membership. They were all mustered in, and the first printing for the order was done by its own members, and being of course of a confidential nature, was done behind the closed doors of the *Tribune* office.

The first national convention, or encampment, was held November 20, 1866, at Indianapolis. Representatives were present from Missouri, Kansas, Wisconsin, New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Iowa, Kentucky, Indiana, and the District of Columbia.

The Roll of Commanders-in-Chief.

The Commanders-in-Chief of the order since its organization have been as follows, the date and place mentioned corresponding with the annual encampment:

Stephen A. Hurlbut, of Illinois, at Indianapolis, November 20, 1866.

John A. Logan, Philadelphia, January 15, 1868; re-elected at Cincinnati, May 12, 1869; again at Washington, May 11, 1870.

Ambrose E. Burnside, of Rhode Island, Boston, May 10, 1871; re-elected at Cleveland, May 8, 1872.

Charles Devins, Jr., of Massachusetts, New Haven, Conn., May 14, 1883; re-elected at Harrisburg, May 13, 1874.

John F. Hartranft, of Pennsylvania, at Chicago, May 12, 1873; re-elected at Philadelphia, June 30, 1876.

John C. Robinson, of New York, at Providence, R. I., June 26, 1877; re-elected at Springfield, Mass., June 4, 1878.

William Farnshaw, of Ohio, at Albany, N. Y., June 17, 1879.

Louis Wagner, of Pennsylvania, at Dayton, Ohio, June 8, 1880.

George S. Merrill, of Massachusetts, at Indianapolis, June 15, 1881.

Paul Vandervoort, of Nebraska, at Baltimore, June 21, 1882.

Robert B. Beath, of Pennsylvania, at Minneapolis, July 25, 1883.

John S. Kountz, of Ohio, at Minneapolis, July 23, 1884.

S. S. Burdette, of Washington, D. C., at Portland, Me., June 24, 1885.

Lucius Fairchild, of Wisconsin, at San Francisco, Cal., August 4, 1886.

John P. Rae, of Minnesota, at St. Louis, 1887.

William Warner, of Missouri, at Columbus, Ohio, 1888.

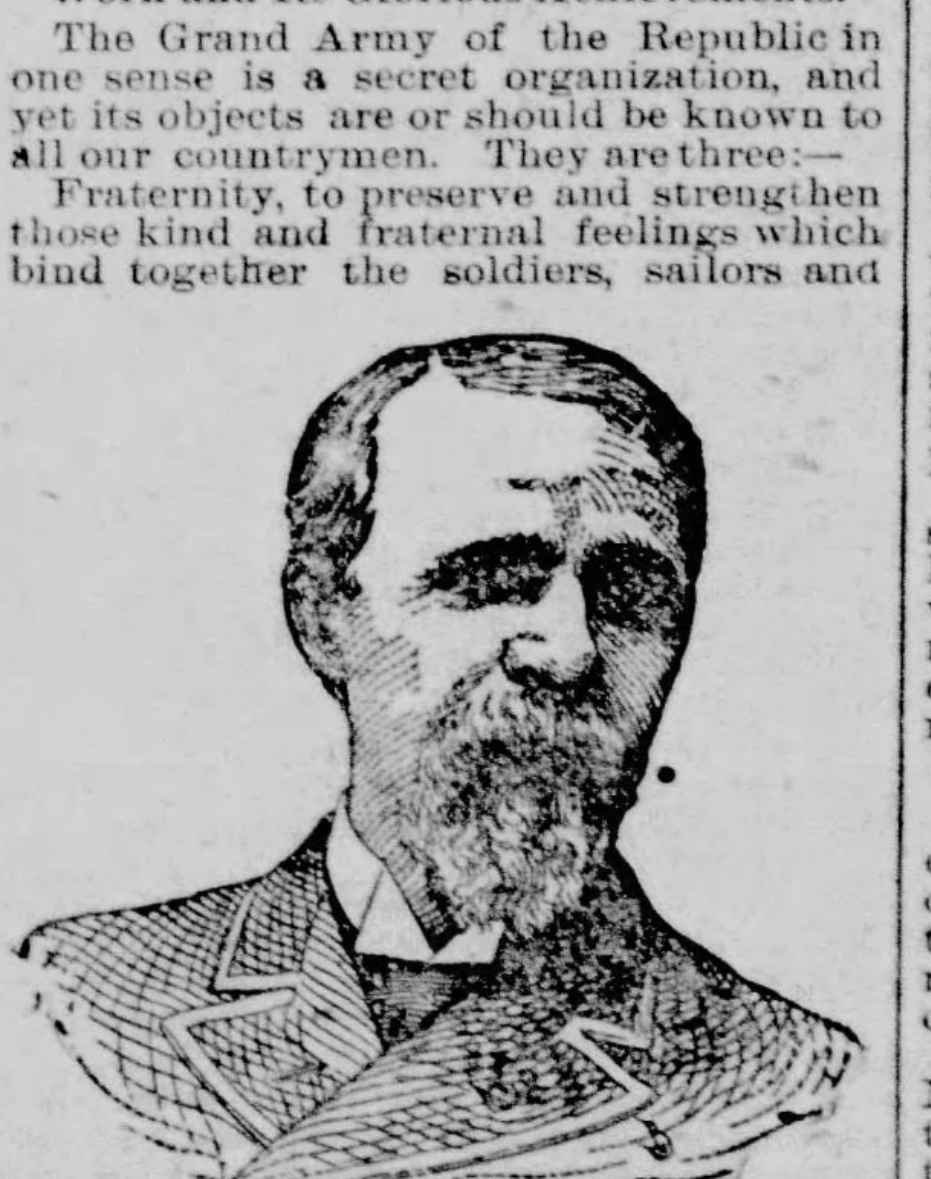
Russell A. Alger, of Michigan, at Milwaukee, Wis., 1889.

THE GRAND ARMY AS IT IS.

General Alger Explains Its Objects, Its Work and Its Glorious Achievements.

The Grand Army of the Republic in one sense is a secret organization, and yet its objects are or should be known to all our countrymen. They are three:—

Fraternity, to preserve and strengthen those kind and fraternal feelings which bind together the soldiers, sailors and marines who united to suppress the late rebellion, and to perpetuate the memory and history of the dead.



In regard to this latter claim it is interesting to note that "Memorial Day" was established by the late Gen. John A. Logan.

On May 5, 1868, at the time he was commander-in-chief of the organization, in an order he issued on that date designating May 30 each year as the time for the ceremony, he said:—

"We should guard the lives of our historic dead with sacred vigilance. All that the consecrated wealth and taste of the nation can add to their adornment and security is but a fitting tribute to the memory of her slain defenders. Let no wanton foot tread rudely on such hallowed ground. Let pleasant paths invite the coming and going of reverent visitors and fond mourners. Let no vandalism of avarice or neglect, no ravages of time testify to the present or to the coming generations that we have forgotten as a people the cost of a free and undivided republic. If other eyes grow dull and other hands slack and other hearts cold in the solemn trust, ours shall keep it well as long as the light and warmth of life shall remain in us."

Brave, manly and wise words.

According to the rules of the Grand Army the observance of Memorial Day on the part of the members is obligatory; private circumstances may excuse a comrade from the observance. The manner or form in which the day is to be observed is left to the posts.

The second object of the Grand Army of the Republic is charity, to assist such former comrades in arms as need help and protection and to extend needful aid to the widows and orphans of those who have fallen. From 1871 to 1886 the sum of $173,688.60 was disbursed for charitable purposes.

Loyalty is the third object of the Grand Army of the Republic; to maintain true allegiance to the United States of America, based upon a paramount respect for and fidelity to its constitution and laws; to discountenance whatever tends to weaken loyalty, incites to insurrection, treason or rebellion or in any manner impairs the efficiency and permanency of our free institutions, and to encourage the spread of universal liberty, equal rights and justice to all men.

Not a Political Order.

It cannot be said too often that the Grand Army of the Republic is not a political organization. From the beginning of its organization to the present time, when the order numbers over four hundred thousand men, political partisanship has been carefully guarded. I do not think that any one can point to any formal action taken by the Grand Army during the last quarter of a century which will go to show the contrary. So long ago as the annual encampment in 1869, only four years after the organization of the Grand Army, this rule was adopted:—

"No officer or comrade of the Grand Army of the republic shall in any manner use this organization for partisan purposes, and no discussion of partisan questions shall be permitted at any of its meetings, nor shall any nominations for political purposes be made."

There is no danger that the Grand Army will ever become a political organization, not specially because of the rule it has laid down in regard to this matter, but in the very nature of things, for the very moment it did become a political organization it would be dissolved by that very fact. The experiences that the soldiers, standing side by side, went through during our civil war tend to strengthen kind and fraternal feelings between them and unite them together. When they struggled on the battlefield, marched in the ranks or fought against the enemy on our men-of-war, they worked in a common cause, and one man did not ask his neighbor, "What are your politics?" or "What church do you belong to?"

And now, after the war, the Grand Army holds this vast body of men together by the memories which are attached to the late conflict. The moment you attempt to change the organization and make it political, instead of patriotic and national, you will arouse feelings in the members which instead of tending to "bind together" (to use the term found in our rules and regulations), will tear asunder. For as long as "birds of a feather flock together," the members of political parties, as such, will prefer to fraternize by themselves. As the object of the Grand Army is no more political than it is religious, there is no more likelihood that it will be turned into a political debating club and use its influence in promoting the election of some candidate to office than there is that its posts will become a series of schools for the discussion and settlement of theological problems.

From the beginning until the present time Democrats, Republicans, and indeed all parties, have fraternized at the various meetings and encampments as brothers. In our organization a man is not a Republican, a Democrat, a socialist, a mugwump, a nationalist, a Roman Catholic, a Protestant, or an infidel—he is a comrade, and he is addressed as such by members of the order, no matter what rank he held in the army.

I have said that the Grand Army of the Republic is "in one sense" a secret organization.

Its Secret Side.

There is nothing taught or acquired that is not entirely in accord with the teachings of the Christian church; its teaching of charity, loyalty and fraternity comprise all there is in citizenship. The ritual is secret and so are certain signs and passwords used in the order.

The strength of the Grand Army membership in good standing, as given in the department returns December 31, 1889, was 397,974, distributed in the different states as follows: Alabama, 221; Arizona, 302; Arkansas, 1,850; California, 6,366; Colorado and Wyoming, 2,837; Connecticut, 6,840; Dakota, 3,515; Delaware, 1,215; Florida, 410; Georgia, 355; Idaho, 442; Illinois, 32,313; Indiana, 25,165; Iowa, 20,231; Kansas, 18,312; Kentucky, 5,603; Louisiana and Mississippi, no report; Maine, 9,364; Massachusetts, 21,697; Maryland, 2,224; Michigan, 21,255; Minnesota, 8,408; Missouri, 19,338; Montana, 674; Nebraska, 7,443; New Hampshire; 5,043; New Jersey, 7,679; New Mexico, 331; New York, 40,758, Ohio, 46,214; Oregon, 1,713; Pennsylvania, 44,613; Potomac, 2, 977; Rhode Island, 2,887; Tennessee, 3,061; Texas, 813; Utah, 143; Vermont, 5,206; Virginia, 1,213; Washington and Alaska, 1,742; West Virginia, 3,165; Wisconsin, 13,944;

Its Future.

As to the future of the Grand Army of the Republic, I believe it will keep on increasing in numbers every year until it embraces in its membership every honorably discharged soldier who is within reach of a post. Of course, our country is very large, and though we have eight or nine thousand posts in our organization they are widely scattered. There will always be a considerable number of men who, on account of their remoteness from a district organization, would be unable to belong to the order.

Then, again, there is a great number of honorably discharged soldiers who do not feel able to pay the annual dues which have to be met in the Grand Army. There are many others who are physically feeble, and who would not feel able to turn out at post meetings. And so, while all men who fought for the Union would be glad to become members of the Grand Army of the Republic, there are, as I say, different causes which will prevent some of them from becoming members.

As to the future of the Grand Army, its members will gradually die off until, say fifty years hence, there will probably not be left a single representative of the organization.

While a survivor remains the custom will prevail of decorating the graves of the soldiers who fought for the old flag.

A Prophetic View.

We can fancy on some future Memorial Day, the last survivor of the Grand Army of the Republic, an aged man, tottering with feeble step to the cemetery near his home for the purpose of paying a floral tribute to the men who fought with him for the same cause so many years before.

We can well imagine that the incident will be regarded as of great historical interest, that it will form the subject of many a touching poem and brilliant essay in the press of that period, and be a fruitful theme for the brush of the painter.

Years ago it was prophesied by some sapient politicians that an organization like the Grand Army of the Republic would tend to keep alive the bitter memories of the war. The history of the organization does not bear out this statement.

It Does Not Engender Strife.

Its relations with ex-Confederate soldiers have always been friendly, and it is on record that several times members of the Grand Army have met and fraternized with Confederates having similar organizations.

During the yellow fever epidemic in the Mississippi Valley, and after the Charleston earthquake, the appeal for aid from those respective sections was promptly and generously met by members of the Grand Army of the Republic, although they knew they were helping the men who a few years before had been their enemies.

Its Aid to History.

I can think of no special changes that can usefully be made in the internal management of the organization. The only thing we can now do is to encourage all men who served in the Union army to become members, for social purposes and with the view of gathering together the data of the war that can and is being obtained by posts and that cannot otherwise be reached.

The real history of the war has never been written; it has simply been blocked out. The war records can never be complete until, as far as practicable, the history of the enlisted man is written. The records show simply what armies did. They give accounts of some individual deeds of valor—some man performed an act at the right time and in the right way that happened to be noticed by his commanding officer, and that made him conspicuous, or they record some particularly heroic act; but the real history of the Grand Army will, when it is finally complete, furnish a more correct account of the civil war than has so far been written.

This is a particular reason why all should join the order. For instance, you take a man who served in the ranks. He appears on the muster roll June 1, we will say, receives his pay, signs the roll, and that is all. The roll calls are gone through with from day to day, and the sergeant reports to the captain of his company whether a man is accounted for or not.

These roll calls were not, as a rule, preserved. I said that suppose on June 1 a man reported, received his pay and signed the muster roll. Sixty or ninety days from that time the regiment was again mustered. One man is present, signs the muster roll and receives his pay. In the meantime he may have been engaged in half a dozen battles, he may have been wounded and recovered, he may have been a prisoner and escaped, or have been exchanged and yet none of these facts would appear at all, any more than though he had not existed so far as the record is concerned. That is very largely, though not in every instance true. A man is reported "missing in action," that may be all there is of it. He may be dead, he may be a prisoner and have died in prison. The captains were supposed to make monthly reports of their companies, which would give some details, but this work was in the large majority of cases neglected.

The regular army regulations required that this should be done, but they were not complied with to any great extent. There was much military ignorance during the first part of the war, and such details were neglected, so that the individual history of the rank and file was largely overlooked.

In very many of the posts of the Grand Army there is a recorder, who writes up the history of each member. The official records show the account of his enlistment, his promotion, his discharge, but they do not show fully where he was engaged. These records are made up very largely from memory, somewhat inaccurate, but still the data is furnished by men who made the history—men who know the battles they were in, men who know whether they were wounded or taken prisoners, and when.

Although inaccurate, perhaps, and, to a great extent, much is left out, yet they show where the men were during the period they were in the war.

What Will be Done With the History.

There is no settled purpose in the Grand Army as to the use to which this data is to be put. Under the rules and regulations these records belong to the Grand Army and, of course, it is supposed and intended that, in time, they will be gathered together and placed in the archives of the state or the national government, where access can be had to them when they are needed.

They will also be very useful to the families and descendants of the soldiers. Though there is no law requiring that these records shall be kept, it is one of those things which we urge men to do, as far as practicable, as an act of justice to the enlisted man.

The Grand Army Button.

In common with all organizations of this kind the Grand Army of the Republic has certain badges and insignia by which they recognize each other, and are also known to the general public. The membership badge is cast from bronze composed of cannon captured during the late rebellion.

Some people, and I fear not very patriotic people, speak lightly of the little bronze button worn by the Grand Army men. But years ago Bulwer Lytton wrote:

"What is a ribbon worth to a soldier? Everything! Glory is priceless."

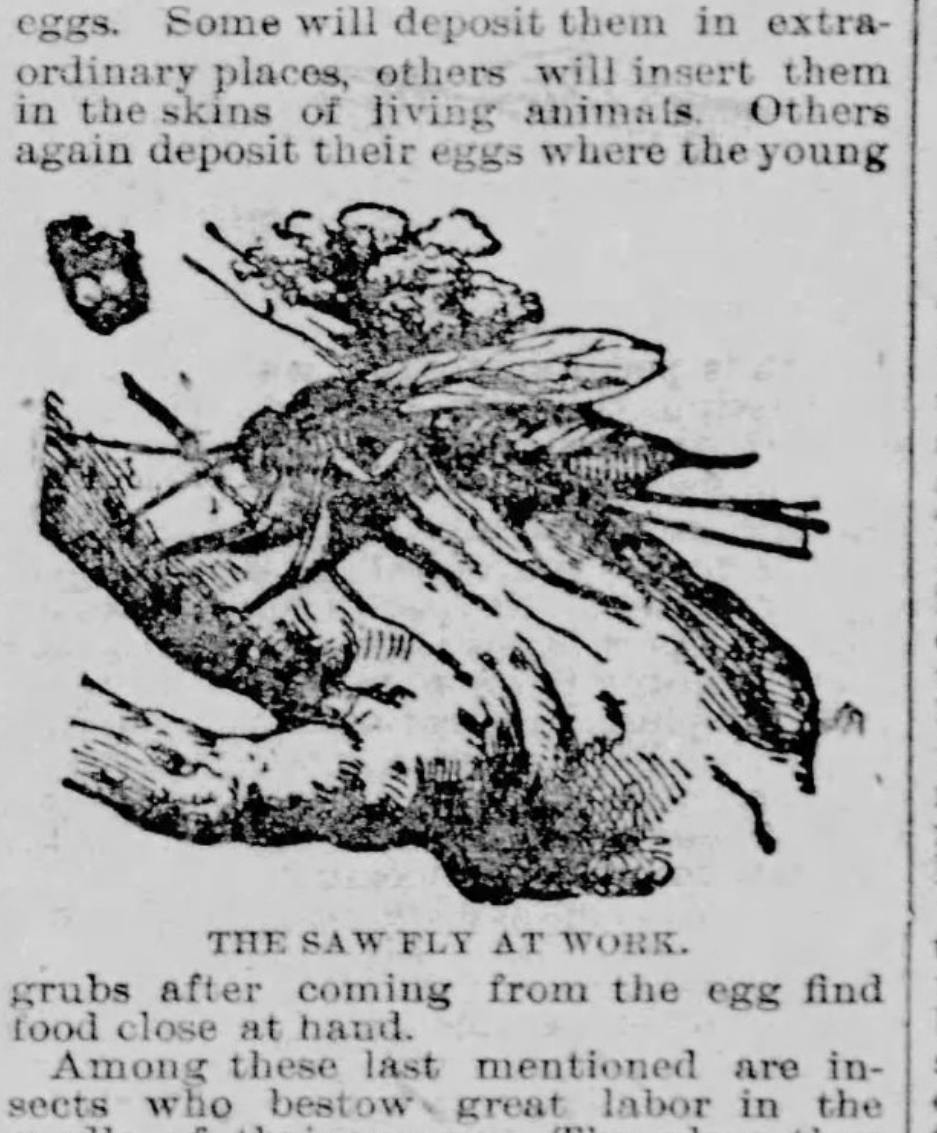
That expresses the real truth of the sentiment. It will be remembered that when Napoleon proposed an institution of the Legion of Honor he was told that crosses and ribbons were the pillars of a hereditary state, and that they were not used by the Romans. In his answer to this objection he showed that it was the custom of Rome to reward achievements by all kinds of distinctions, and added that "for the soldier, as for all men in active life, you must have glory and distinction; recompenses are the food which nourish military virtue."

R. A. ALGER.
Commander-in-Chief of the Grand Army of the Republic.

A FLY THAT SAWS WOOD.

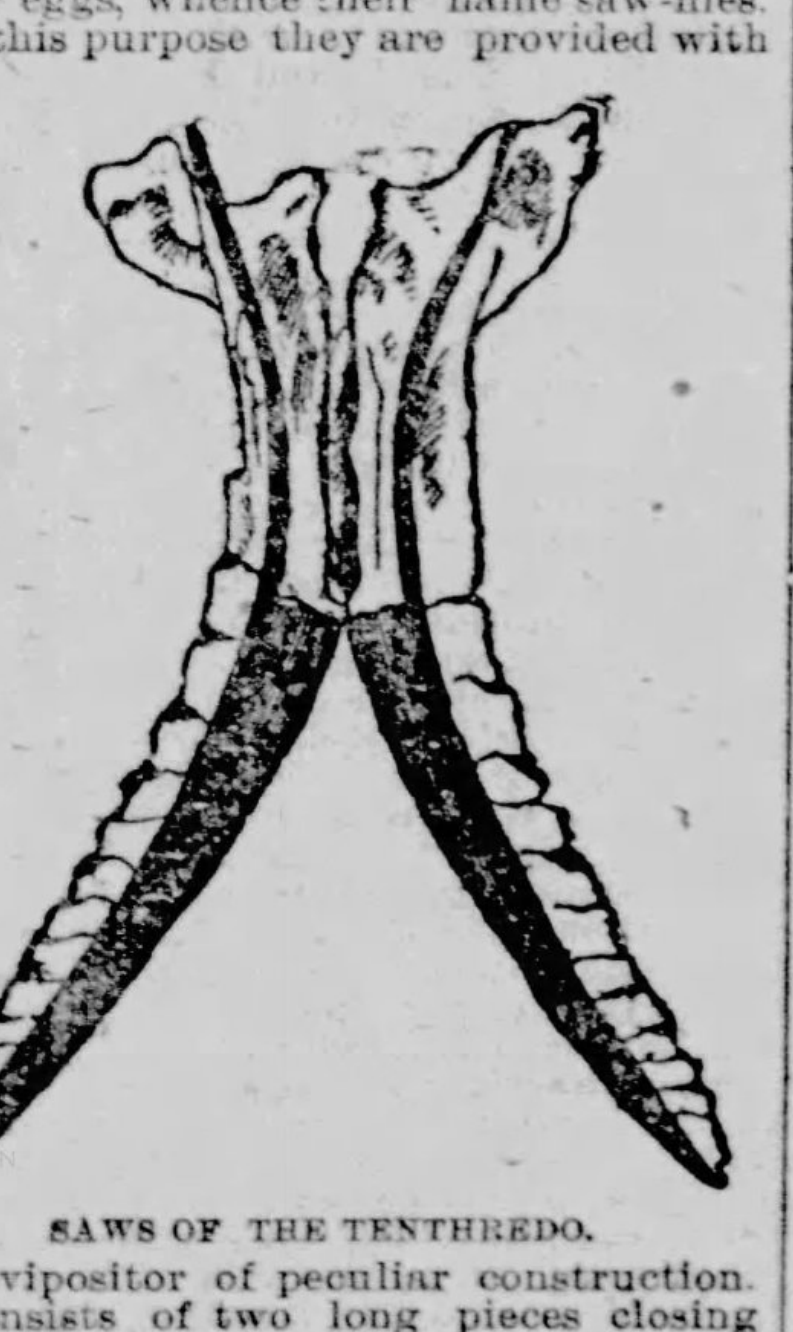
Manner in Which the Ingenious Insect Conceals Its Eggs.

The insect world is full of wonders, and it is marvellous how many of these tiny creatures conceal and preserve their eggs. Some will deposit them in extraordinary places, others will insert them in the skins of living animals. Others again deposit their eggs where the young grubs after coming from the egg find food close at hand.



THE SAW FLY AT WORK.

Among these last mentioned are insects who bestow great labor in the cradle of their young. The place they select is the hard part of a leaf, or the woody branch of a tree. In this they saw out a hole large enough to contain their eggs, whence their name saw-flies. For this purpose they are provided with an ovipositor of peculiar construction. It consists of two long pieces closing like a sheath over a third.



SAWS OF THE TENTHREDO.

In the tenthredo this third piece contains two saws, each of which has been compared to the tenon-saw used by cabinetmakers. The tenon-saw is single, but that of the tenthredo is double, consisting of two distinct saws. The insect, in using them, throws out one saw, and while it is returning pushes forward the other. This alternate motion is continued till the cut is made, when the two saws receding from each other conduct the egg between them into its place.

The sketch shows the saws of the tenthredo as they appear when magnified. Not only is the edge of the saw notched into teeth, but on every tooth a number of smaller teeth appear.

HE SPOKE TOO LATE.

He was a pastor of high repute;
That she was a beauty none could dispute,
He loved her dearly, yet loved in vain,
For he dared not tell her his longing pain.

But when, at the close of church one day,
She asked his escort a part of the way,
His heart beat high, and he almost thought
He'd be able to plead for the love he sought

"I've a favor to ask," the maiden said,
As she blushed and drooped her lovely head;
"I wish to know if you'll marry me
In church next Tuesday at half-past three."

"That's just what I wanted to ask," he said,
"And now we'll hasten each other to wed—"
"Oh! no," she cried, "that was not my plan;
You must marry me to another man!"
—[New York Herald.

—Merit wins, as the marvelous success of Hood's Sarsaparilla shows. It possesses true medicinal merit. Sold by all druggists.

A Hint of Their Value.

Manager (to new stage carpenter)—A part of your duty will be occasionally to steal the leading lady's diamonds.

Carpenter—I suppose I shall be liberally rewarded for returning them.

Manager—Rewarded? No, sir! If you are not willing to take the diamonds for your services I will hire somebody else.—[Jewelers' Circular.

Unanswerable.

The Old Gentleman—Look here, Amy, it must have been sunrise when young Staylate left.

Amy—Well, papa, the son had to rise before he could leave, didn't he?—[Drake's Magazine.

It Pays to Advertise.

First Burglar—Well, you're a bright'un.

Second Burglar—What's the matter?

"The paper says there was $500 in money in the drawer you got that gold watch from, an' you missed it."

"That so? I'll go back after it to-night."—[Epoch.

Foul tartar is disease and death,
Not only to the teeth, but breath,
It taints the mouth, and to our smile
Gives a most ghastly tinge, the while.
But if we've SOZODONT close by,
We mays its worst assaults defy.

The Camp Fire.

☞ Contributions for this department from the old soldiers are solicited by the editor; but short and lively personal and historical sketches, interesting reminiscences, etc., are preferable. Every comrade will be recognized, and no contribution will be overlooked. Nothing from the records is desired, as we are supplied with a full set.

Saved by a Song.

SINCE removing to Florida, now some 20 years ago, quite frequently I have noticed accounts of the brutality of Northern soldiers during the war. While, of course, we have not supposed that every man who wore the "blue" was a cultivated gentleman, we have good reason to know that all the brutality was not confined to that side, but that the "gray," upon occasion, was dishonored by its excesses to fully the same extent. An episode of my own experience will illustrate the fact:

In a lonely farm-house, four miles from a post where my husband was, my sister, her five little children, and myself, scarcely more than a girl, stood at the mercy of a troop of half drunken rebel soldiers—"gentlemen" they called themselves—and to one or two of them whom we knew, we would willingly, up to that time, have conceded their claim to the title. One stormy night in 1863 we were aroused about 2 o'clock by the too familiar sound of the trampling of horses and the sharp command to "halt." They battered at the door, which we were compelled to open, and, after demanding and obtaining food, of which we had but a scant supply, they began searching the house. Every article of furniture was ransacked and dragged from its place, bedding thrown off and carpets torn up. Meanwhile they were terrifying us with oaths and threats of burning us up, house and all, if we did not at once tell them where our money was hidden. Finally, after eating all the food we had, and quarreling over a pair of pistols, they interviewed the piano. Finding nothing, they turned to me and said:

"Come, young woman, you sit down there and give us a first-rate song—no d—d Yankee tune, either; come, be quick!"—as I hesitated—"or we'll burn the house and you in it."

A short refusal was on my lips, for in spite of my terror, I was almost reckless with rage; but looking at my sister and little ones, and knowing the rebels were capable of carrying out their threats, I sat down in my night-dress, with a coat thrown over my shoulders, a soldier with a pistol either side of me, and sang, "Off to Richmond," a song I had learned, to please the children, poor little souls, who liked the jingle. I must have sung unusually well, or the soldiers were not in a condition to be critical, for one of them exclaimed:

"That's good enough to make a man leave his sweetheart. You sing mighty well. Pity you're a d—d Yankee Abolitionist. Well, the singing saved you; maybe we'll come again."

I am satisfied that if I had refused to sing for those desperadoes they would have carried out their terrible threats, as they burned other property in the neighborhood. This is one instance of Southern courtesy to Northern people at their mercy.—MRS. H. L. B.

Somewhat Against Him.

EDITOR CAMP FIRE—When Stoneman's brigade was ordered to flank Pickett's charging column, at Gettysburg, and while marching by head of column the the confederate shells were flying all around us. Some of the pieces would strike the ground and rebound. These we could dodge or step to one side and let them pass. One of these pieces struck in front of Co. D, 15th, Vt., and seemed determined to have the right of way through that company. Some of the boys stopped, others stepped briskly forward to give it a wide berth, but the rear man, a big, strapping fellow, did not see the fragment of shell or know of his danger, until he heard the signal, "look out!" The missile was then so close to him that he did not have time to figure on what direction he should dodge, but thinking it would go over him, he stooped over very low, facing outward, or to the rear. In this position the shell struck him fair and square on the seat of his pants, and sprawled him full length on the ground. He sprang to his feet, put both hands behind him, while head and feet were thrown back as far as possible. He ran on tiptoe, in short and quick steps, about thirty yards, crying, "Oh, dear! oh, dear! oh, dear!" in a woebegone voice. Then he stopped and began investigation, passing first one hand and then the other, from rear to front, with astonishing rapidity, turning around to look behind like a Jap chasing his "tail." He soon discovered that he had been badly spanked by a Confederate shell. As the fact began to dawn upon him, and he discovered his comrades sending quizical looks in his direction, he was the maddest man in Gettysburg. With the agility of a tiger he ran for his gun, seized it and started for the front, denouncing the man that fired that shot in language not found in the prayer book. Had not his captain restrained him he swore he would race through the whole Southern army before he ate another bean soup; and judging from his looks we believed he would have done it.

The next day Colonel Randal came out and sat down with the boys for a chat (as was his custom), when I related the above, pointing out the man. The colonel roared with laughter, and in a grave way, said:

"It is a little against you, being hit in the rear, but I can fully forgive you, considering the part you acted afterward. If I had a thousand men like you, and a brigade of d— fools to do the laughing, I could wind up this rebellion in thirty days from date!"—J. J. AMBLER, Co. F, 13th Vt.

Says Its "All Stuff."

EDITOR CAMP FIRE—I have been waiting to see an answer to (so-called) Major W. C. Gorman's communication headed, "Northern Copperheads," but have seen no answer yet. I will answer a part of it, to-wit, his last trip to Illinois. He says he met Judge Dixon, of Springfield, Ills., who was at the head of the movement in Illinois, whom he commissioned as major general of confederates, and who afterwards was killed at Cheyenne, by his own men. Now, I happen to know Judge Dixon, of Illinois, and will say, without contradiction, no truer patriot lives than he. And Judge Dixon still lives, and is and has been police judge of the city of Wichita, Kans., for four years. So much for that!

Then he says, going to Carlinville, Ills., he stopped with John D. White, of Macoupin Co., Ills. This county, he says, only sent 400 soldiers to the war, and they were all (every man) Copperheads. Then he says that Gen. John M. Palmer was afraid of him and could not arrest him with less than 5,000 men. We say, "Give us a rest! It's all stuff!"

What will such men as Gen. John M. Palmer, former colonel of the 14th Ills.; Gen. Dick Rowett, of the 7th Ills.; Dr. John Logan, colonel of the 32d Ills.; Col. Rhodes, of the 30th Ills., and colonel of the 5th Ills. Cav., one or two companies of the 10th Ills. Cav., and last but not least, Col. John I. Riniker, of the 122d Ills. Regt., all from Macoupin county, think of such statements? So much for this!

According to the adjutant-general's report of Illinois, Macoupin county, Illinois, sent nearly 2,500 volunteers to the army by companies and regiments, and any wayfaring man, though a fool, need not err therein if he will look at the report of volunteer soldiers from Illinois. So give the devil his due—if he has any. Said Gorman has a fortune to travel in Illinois as a living, lying menagerie! It's true we are somewhat mossbackish, but we have been alive all this while, and so far as Macoupin county is concerned, that was our home from 1857 to 1876, and we think we know of what we speak.

Macoupin county is large, having seventeen townships. It is a rich county in soil, and as well improved generally over the country as any county in Illinois. True, it has a two-million-and-a-half courthouse, but the people are none the less patriotic; and no doubt Gorman could do well there, as all his 400 copperheads will no doubt give him a "quarter" apiece if he will advertise his day so as to let them know he is coming. I would suggest that he wear a breast-plate, ironclad (not oath)—in the rear, especially—so he can cover his retreat with safety. This is written by a Buckeye, Southern Ohio born, whose home was at Carlinville, Ills., in 1861, and who went into the service in June, 1861.

By the way, I was one of the boys of Col. Amman's 1st Brig., Nelson's Div., that waded Duck river at Columbia, Tenn., and had the preference to front lead from there to Shiloh's battlefield, and I say, with other comrades, that the answer to Dan Knight in last week's BLADE, by "Old Soldier," Bowling Green, O., is correct.

I, too, was a private at Shiloh, and am a living witness to our comrade's reply, and say "amen" to it. Dan seems to ignore Buell, and all his Army of the Cumberland. How about Stone's river, and all those little southwest skirmishes that the Army of the Cumberland was engaged in? Where would Grant's army have been if we had not got there? I tell you, comrades, it took all of us to put down the rebellion, Macoukin county not excepted.—B. V. CAREY, 1st Lieut. 122 Ills. Inft.

The First Shot.

EDITOR CAMP FIRE—I saw an article in a recent issue of THE BLADE, headed "The Last Shot," fired on the battlefield of Chickamauga. I will relate a little incident connected with the battle of Chickamauga, in which I believe was fired the first shot of that battle.

We were camped at Rossville for a week or ten days prior to the battle. On Friday afternoon our brigade, commanded by Gen. Whitaker, crossed Mission ridge, and after marching about five miles in a southeasterly direction, we were halted just as the head of the column arrived at the ford of a small creek, (I suppose it was Chickamauga creek), and ordered to rest.

While resting, Gen. Whittaker and staff, without any advance guard, rode their horses down into the creek and let them drink, while we chatted as if nothing was about to happen. After resting ten or fifteen minutes the bugle sounded "forward," and before the general and staff had reached the other bank, a sharp report of a rifle was heard, which sent the general and his staff back again, much quicker than they went over. The bullet struck Tommy Renalds, a drummer boy of our regiment, upon the folds of his rubber blanket which he had hung over his shoulder. It sent him staggering backward about six feet, but he gathered himself up without falling and picked up the bullet, exclaiming as he did so:

"I'll take care of that!"

This occurred about 5 o'clock Friday afternoon, and we had several little skirmishes with the rebels during the night. On Saturday the battle proper commenced.—E. B. BUSER, Fifer Co. K., 96th Ill. Inft.

Sabre and Bayonet.

EDITOR CAMP FIRE—There has been a great deal of writing done to prove that the sabre as a weapon has served its time out and will soon be cast aside as being utterly worthless as a weapon of defense. While it is true that great improvements have been made in weapons of war, they are mostly in the heavier engines—ponderous guns worked by steam or electricity, etc., for the destruction of human life. I fail to see why the sabre must go. When any of the weapons of warfare are condemned as being no longer of service, something better must take their places. There has been nothing introduced that I have heard of to take the place of the sabre.

Some writers argue that the revolver is all-sufficient as a cavalry arm; that it was demonstrated in the late war that the sabre was never used; that they were only in the way. The same was said of the bayonet; still, we see in looking over the history of the different battles that charges, when successful, were made with fixed bayonets. One thing that is driving the sabre and bayonet back is the idea of long-range guns which is being pushed forward; that with them one could kill a man a mile distant. Think of two great armies engaged in deadly strife, one or two miles apart. Should the inventors succeed in bringing forth engines of destruction that will keep their adversaries a mile distant, the sabre and bayonet, I will admit, can be laid away. But I am skeptical about the utility of these ponderous guns. There will surely be a "Billy" Sherman around to flank the death-dealing machines and leave them to fight with their own folly. I sincerely hope America may never have another war, but I am not one of those who think wars are giving way before civilization. I am of the opinion that the only effect civilization will have on war will be to make it more destructive to life, and less humane. Witness the hell our boys endured in rebel prisons-pens during the late war.

But, as I have before stated, I still believe that the sabre is the best weapon for a trooper to carry, notwithstanding the almost universal condemnation of the old "cheese-knife." As a rule, the ones to laugh the loudest at the sabre and bayonet are the men that never handled either.—DAN KNIGHT, 5th Iowa Cav.

A Piece of Evidence.

EDITOR CAMP FIRE—Davy Crockett's celebrated aphorism, "Be sure you're right, then go ahead," should be remembered by all comrades before writing for, or quarreling in, the Camp Fire circle. Lately the boys are continually encountering each other in regard to the Jonesboro battle, and as one old soldier has never been known to agree with another, consequently there is much skirmishing, snapping off of heads, and calling of names. In utter despair and hopelessness I here bring one other piece of evidence in regard to the close connection the 3d Brig., 3d Div., (Baird's) 14th A. C., had with this memorable event of American history. The 38th O. V. V. Inft. loss, was 135 dead—the gallant colonel, William A. Choate, mortally wounded, four different color-bearers shot down successively before our ragged banner came out safely, and many a noble boy down in the dust on the eve of the rebellion, who had already dreamed of and pictured his reception in the far-off home at Bryan, at Napoleon, and at Wauseon, Ohio. I claim that Ohio (14th and 38th) volunteers, assisted by the brave boys from the Blue-grass regions and from old, "Indiany," stood the blunt in this battle and should have credit accordingly.—FRED. ROGGE, Co. E, 38th Ohio Inft.

Andersonville.

Andersonville prison has been purchased by the G. A. R. post at Macon, Ga., and is to be converted into a park with a club house. It is safe to predict that no rebel will sleep there at night. Just imagine the hideous dress parade of the ghosts of the army corps of Union prisoners who were starved and murdered there, who will fright the night with their dreadful and solemn march on the bloody starvation campus to terrorize the souls of their heartless murderers. The whole South will boycott that scene of wanton murder.—[Dayton Journal.

Reunion Note.

A veterans' reunion will be held at Knoxville, Tenn., on October 7, 8 and 9, 1890, in the "Big Tent," which will be pitched near Fort Saunders. Those intending to attend should address FRANK SEAMAN, 97 Gay street, Knoxville, Tenn.

A Busy Clock's Work.

Darius L. Goff, of Pawtucket, R. I., is one of the proprietors of the great braid works, but has a fancy for mechanical and electrical experiments. He has in his front hall a tall, old fashioned clock, an heirloom, which, strange to say, never runs down. It stands near the front door, and is connected with it by a rod with gearing attachments. Whenever the door is opened or closed the winding arrangements are given a turn, so that the act of entering or leaving the house keeps the clock constantly wound.

But this is not all. By means of electrical appliances, operated by the clock in its movements, the gas jet in the hall is raised at dusk and lowered at bedtime, an early rising bell is rung in the servants' hall, a later rising bell is rung to summon the family from their repose, and still an hour later the clock rings the breakfast bell. Whenever it strikes the hour, softly musical cathedral chimes are struck simultaneously in the chambers, and for a moment the house is filled with melody. Had Mr. Goff lived and conjured in witchcraft days he would certainly have been hanged.—[Boston Advertiser.

Out of His Power.

Jack Uppers—Can you lend me a ten, Checkly?

Checkly—No. I've tried to do so, but you always seem to think it's a gift.—[Puck.

FOR OVERWORK
Use Horsford's Acid Phosphate.
Dr. J. S. WHITAKER, Millville, N. J., says: *"It has been thoroughly tested, and is especially useful in certain forms of dyspepsia, headache, nervous affections, and in restoring the waste to the nervous and muscular system especially caused by overwork."*

Hood's Sarsaparilla
Is a peculiar medicine. It is carefully prepared from Sarsaparilla, Dandelion, Mandrake, Dock, Pipsissewa, Juniper Berries, and other well known and valuable vegetable remedies, by a peculiar combination, proportion and process, giving to Hood's Sarsaparilla curative power not possessed by other medicines. It effects remarkable cures when other preparations fail.

Hood's Sarsaparilla
Is the best blood purifier before the public. It eradicates every impurity, and cures Scrofula, Salt Rheum, Boils, Pimples, all Humors, Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Sick Headache, Indigestion, General Debility, Catarrh, Rheumatism, Kidney and Liver Complaints, overcomes that tired feeling, creates an appetite, and builds up the system.

Hood's Sarsaparilla
Has met peculiar and unparalleled success at home. Such has become its popularity in Lowell, Mass., where it is made, that whole neighborhoods are taking it at the same time. Lowell druggists sell more of Hood's Sarsaparilla than of all other sarsaparillas or blood purifiers. Sold by druggists. $1; six for $5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar

OLD WAR SONGS—LXVIII.

THE DYING SOLDIER.

The pale and beauteous moon looked down
Upon the dying and the dead;
The [illegible] of stars that shone so bright
In silence gazing [illegible].

The softly blowing evening breeze
Came softly sighing through the trees,
All nature, silent as the grave,
Seemed [illegible] for the fallen brave.

A soldier lay upon the ground,
His faithful comrades standing round,
The dew of heaven [illegible]
Upon his [illegible] bleeding breast.

His [illegible] was kneeling there,
Supports his [illegible]
And [illegible]
With [illegible]

"My dearest friend when I am gone
Pray write [illegible]
Tell [illegible]
For Alva Doon, her dearest son.

"Tell my sister, though I sleep
In death, her brother does not weep,
But [illegible]
And [illegible]

"Tell my Mary, if you will,
That to the last I loved her still,
Tell her [illegible]
I have [illegible] never part.

"It was my star, my guide, my light,
I gazed on it the whole of night,
I've ever [illegible]
And [illegible]

His limbs relaxed, his dark eyes closed,
And [illegible]
As if the spark of life had fled,
Then [illegible]

At length he opened wide his eyes,
And looking upward to the skies,
Saying [illegible]
Be ever [illegible]

BLUE, BONNY BLUE.

On the banks of the Potomac there's an army so true,
[illegible] is subjects to Dixie's fair land,
They [illegible] this Union in two
And [illegible] to the Blue, Bonny Blue.

CHORUS—Hurrah! Hurrah! for the nation that's true,
Hurrah! [illegible] all defending the Blue, Bonny Blue.

Our banner is [illegible]
It waves from the Potomac to the great [illegible]
It waves over soldiers so gallant and true,
We'll [illegible] defending the Blue, Bonny Blue.

We had a nice fight on the tenth of last June,
McGruder at Bethel whipped the old Picoon,
They [illegible]
And [illegible] the Blue, Bonny Blue.

We had another fight on the first of July,
It tripped [illegible] to old Richmond the Yankees did fly,
They [illegible]
With [illegible] and Union banner shot half way in two.

On the plains of Manassas the Yankees we [illegible],
We gave them such a whipping they'll ever rue,
But when they first met in how little they knew,
How the [illegible] for the Blue, Bonny Blue.

If you want to see people in Yankeedom [illegible]
Just mention the Mason and Slidell affair,
But [illegible] they curse England and the [illegible],
But now [illegible] Bonny Blue.

We have a brave soldier, from the valley he came,
He was [illegible] Gen. Jackson's his name,
If you [illegible]
Just tell them that Stonewall is right to the rear.

They'll never subdue us, [illegible]
While Davis, Bragg, Beauregard, Johnston and Lee,
McGruder, Jack Morgan and Stonewall are true,
And we'll all die defending the Blue, Bonny Blue.

It's Dixie! sweet Dixie! the land of my birth,
The sweetest, the noblest place on the earth,
I love her [illegible]
And we'll [illegible] Blue, Bonny Blue.

A REMARKABLE COLONY.

The Census Man Discovers an Island Full of Educated Colored People.

The census man who has been assigned the enumeration of the Sea Island coast of South Carolina has made a remarkable discovery. Kiawah island, [illegible] which is owned by two of the families of the ante-bellum Sea Island barons. The census man [illegible] of American citizens, white and black, [illegible] of about 150 souls, [illegible] a region in which [illegible] English speaking [illegible] Every [illegible] write. [illegible] also read [illegible] just as in [illegible] prospering [illegible] whose [illegible] residence.—[Washington Star.

To Dispel Colds,
Headaches and Fevers, to cleanse the system effectually, yet gently, when costive or bilious, or when the blood is impure or sluggish, to permanently cure habitual constipation, to awaken the kidneys and liver to a healthy activity, without irritating or weakening them, use Syrup of Figs.

The Oldest Bible in Ohio.

One of the oldest Bibles in the state of Ohio, says the Columbus *Dispatch*, is now owned by David Sechrist, of Seville, Medina county. It was printed in Switzerland, [illegible] It contains [illegible] pages, quarto size, and is almost [illegible] illustrated by antique and novel illustrations, which are [illegible] According to Mr. Sechrist's [illegible] possession [illegible] was $800, [illegible] at the time [illegible] poor man [illegible] that time [illegible] to labor [illegible] money [illegible] old man [illegible] showing [illegible] see it. [illegible] for the book [illegible] hardly [illegible]

Consumption Surely Cured.
To the Editor—Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the above named disease. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy FREE to any of your readers who have consumption if they will send me their Express and P. O. address. Respectfully, T. A. SLOCUM, M. C., 181 Pearl St., New York.

The Bad Man.

'Tis not the bad men [illegible]
And [illegible]
Because [illegible]
And he [illegible]
With [illegible]
—[Lawrence American.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

The Farmstead.

INFORMATION WANTED.

Club Root in Cabbage.

O. K., Colorado: Club root in cabbage is caused by a minute fungus. These spores are numerous, and the soil becomes infested with them, and as the earth retains these spores, cabbage plants are subject to the disease if planted in the soil the next year. Plant no cabbage in the same ground the succeeding season, and apply lime to the soil. The next year, after the lime has been used, the ground may again be used for cabbages. None but healthy plants should be used. The cause of increased club root in cabbage is the repeating of the planting of cabbages in diseased soil.

Colic in Horses.

B. D., Illinois: There have appeared in THE BLADE FARMSTEAD several remedies for colic in horses. Dr. Rowe, of Chicago, gives the following as a good, simple remedy: If it is an ordinary colic, or gripes without flatulence, give him a dose of whisky, say from 2 to 4 ozs., or a strong dose of peppermint or spearmint tea, hot; but if a drug store is near by, give from 1 to 2 ozs. each of laudanum and spirits of nitre. Repeat the dose in half an hour, if necessary. If it is flatulent colic, and the horse is bloated with gas, give a teaspoonful of saleratus in ½ pint of warm water. Repeat in 10 minutes. If this does no good, give an oz. of turpentine in ½ pint linseed oil; or you may give ½ oz. chloral hydrate in ½ pint of cold water. Warm water injections in addition are beneficial.

Mold in Cellar.

P. D. F., Nebraska: Put a little brimstone in a pan and, after setting it afire, close the door of your cellar. Mold fungi will thus be destroyed and the mold dried up. There should be an opening for a free passage of air through a cellar. A damp cellar should be underdrained.

Laryngitis in Horse.

M. C., Iowa: Judging from your letter, the larynx, or upper part of the windpipe of your horse is affected, which prevents him from properly swallowing coarse food. The trouble may extend to the trachea or windpipe or bronchial tubes. You are advised to apply to the throat strong mustard mixed with water to the consistency of cream. Also, give one of these powders every day for three days: Pulverized gentian root and nitre, of each, 1 oz.; pulverized Jamaica ginger, ½ oz.; caraway seeds, 2 drachms. After the above is given, repeat the powders after three days. Give easily digested food, and if oats is fed, dampen it. Dampen all hay just sufficient to settle the dust in it.

Stiff Seemingly in Hind Quarters.

Inquirer, Lawrence county, Illinois: Your colt which seems stiff in hind quarters has, we think, received a sprain, which causes the throwing back of the head. As you think the animal may have hurt himself by being caught by the halter, it would be impossible for the editor to locate the seat of the sprain without some greater information than you give. Stand on a chair and place your thumb on the small of the colt's back, pressing downward. If it flinches, you may be sure that the strain is there. Feel along the tendons of the legs and see if there is more than natural heat. If so, the sprain is in that locality. Also examine the knee and fetlock joints. If you can certainly ascertain where the sprain exists, write at once, giving full information, and you will be told what to do. In the mean time, if you find the part affected, bath with vinegar in which there is stirred two tablespoonfuls of salt to the quart.

Quantity of Seed to the Acre.

F. D., New York: The quantity of seed to the acre is shown in the following:

Barley, broadcast, two to three bushels; bean, pole, in hills, ten to twelve quarts; beets, in drills, five to six pounds; broom corn, in hills, eight to ten quarts; buckwheat, one bushel; cabbage, in beds, to transplant, half pound; carrots, in drills, three to four pounds; Chinese sugar cane, twelve quarts; clover, red, alone, fifteen to twenty pounds; clover, alsike, alone, eight to ten pounds; clover, lucerne or alfalfa, twenty pounds; corn in hills, eight to ten quarts; corn for soiling, three bushels; cucumber, in hills, two pounds; flax, broadcast, one and one-half bushels; grass, Kentucky blue, three bushels; grass, orchard, three bushels; grass, English rye, two bushels; grass, red top, three bushels; grass, timothy, one-half bushel; grass Hungarian, one bushel; grass, mixed lawn, four bushels; hemp, one and one-half bushels; mustard, broadcast, half bushel; melon, musk, in hills, two to three pounds; melon, water, in hills, four to five pounds; millet, common, broadcast, one bushel; oats, broadcast, two to three bushels; onion, in drills, five to six pounds; onion for sets, in drills, thirty pounds; onion, sets, in drills, six to twelve bushels; parsnips, in drills, four to six pounds; peas, in drills, one and one-half bushels; peas, broadcast, three bushels; potatoes (cut tubers), ten bushels; pumpkin, in hills, four to six pounds; radish, in drills, eight to ten pounds; rye, broadcast, one and one-half to two bushels; salsify, in drills, eight to ten pounds; spinach, in drills, twelve to fifteen pounds; sage, in drills, eight to ten pounds; squash, bush varieties, in hills, four to six pounds; squash, running varieties, hills, three to four pounds; tomatoes, to transplant, quarter pound; turnip, in drills, one pound; turnip, broadcast, half pound; vetches, broadcast, two to three bushels; and wheat, broadcast, one and one-half to two bushels.

CORRESPONDENCE.

A Good Layer.

EDITOR BLADE FARMSTEAD:—I have been a reader of THE BLADE for many years and am often well paid for reading the questions and answers and get some valuable information. I have read the experience of chicken raisers telling what to feed the hen to produce eggs. Now I want to give my experience: in April I bought a hen to eat, brought her home on Saturday, intending to eat her the next day, but from some cause did not, and the hen began to lay and laid an egg every day for 28 days, then she began to cluck and laid four eggs in the next week, then quit for a few days and began to lay again, and is now laying an egg every day, and she is shut up in the stable, fed on dry corn and no gravel or glass nor any company, and she is a common blue hen. Where is the hen to beat it?—JACK DOWNING. [It is not necessary for a male to be with a hen to have her lay. Eggs retain their freshness to a greater length of time if there is no male fowl with hens.—ED.]

MISCELLANEOUS.

Small and Large Seed.

The horticultural department of the Geneva Agricultural station made a series of experiments with large and small selected seed of the golden wax bean. The largest and the smallest were separately selected and planted in alternate rows. On harvesting, it was found that the large seed yielded about 20 per cent more than the small seed. An experiment was then made to test the comparative earliness of the large and small beans in germinating, with the Boston dwarf. The large ones weighed twice as much as the small ones. Other varieties were also used. The following results were reached: 1. The large beans were longer in germinating, not being acted on by moisture and other influences so quickly as the small ones. 2. Plants from the large seed possessed more vigor and furnished greater resistance to disease. 3. Early germinating is not favorable to the vitality of the plants afterwards.—[Country Gentleman.

Beets for Milch Cows.

A bulletin of the agricultural experiment station, now in press, gives the results of an experiment in feeding sugar beets to milch cows, made during the past winter, together with a summary of two similar experiments, one made by the farm department of the Ohio State university in 1879.

In the last named experiment eight cows were kept under test for eleven weeks; in 1889, twelve cows for eight weeks, and in 1890, twelve cows for nine weeks, the cows in each case being weighed daily, as well as their feed and milk.

In each of the three experiments the cows ate more hay and more total dry matter when feeding on beats than on other foods (hay, meal and bran in 1879, corn silage in in 1889 and 1890) and in each case more milk was given from the beets than from the other foods, but it is not yet demonstrated that the increase of milk was produced economically.

For twelve years records have been kept on the farm now occupied by the station, which shows that the average yield of beets over this period has been nearly sixteen tons per acre, against an annual yield of about 55 bushels of shelled corn per acre.

But a crop of 55 bushels of shelled corn with its fodder, will contain nearly twice as much dry matter as sixteen tons of beets, and these experiments indicate that, whether fed dry, as corn meal and dry fodder, or as corn ensilage, the dry matter of the corn crop will be found as effective, pound for pound, as the dry matter of the beet crop.

It is possible to raise much more than sixteen tons of beets to the acre. The crop of two acres is reported at 37½ tons per acre, and smaller areas have given still larger yields, but such crops require very rich land and thorough culture. Whether it is possible to produce a pound of dry matter in beets as economically as it can be done in corn is not yet definitely settled, but the probabilities are against it.

Horse Breeding.

Perhaps no branch of live-stock breeding is receiving more attention at the present time than the breeding of horses. The farmer, to make a success of breeding any kind of live stock, must strive to produce the best, and in no branch of breeding must he be more in earnest or use better judgment than in that of raising horses. To begin with, if we wish to succeed we must like to work with horses; we must have control of our temper; we cannot teach a horse to have a good disposition and be the faithful and trusty servant that we would have him to be, by giving him a kick and lick over the head with a club or the first thing we can lay our hands on. If we are handy with the reins, so much the better; we can do our own driving.

In selecting our brood mares great care and good judgment should be used. We should take no animal that hasn't good feet, good pasterns and good bone, a well-shaped body, good eyes, and, last but not least, a good disposition and good action. Some farmers are too careless about the disposition of their breeding stock. Don't use for breeding purposes a mare that has any vices. I remember a balky mare my father owned, and from which he raised a number of colts. The result was that the most of these seemed to know how to balk from the time they could stand up. One of them, in particular, we never could break thoroughly. Don't breed a mare that is not perfectly sound. It matters not what the defect is, don't breed her; to do so would be one of the worst mistakes you could make. How often do we see a colt foaled with a curb, spavin or a crooked foot? If we will only take the pains to inquire into the matter we will surely find that either the colt's sire or dam, or some of its ancestors not very far back, was blemished. In selecting a stallion, equally great care should be exercised.

There are several styles of horses that sell well at present, in the raising of which, farmers, under favorable circumstances, may engage with a fair prospect of success.

First in the scale of prices come the very fast trotters and runners. The next is the large, stylish, high-stepping carriage horse. Horses of this style may be bred to a good degree of certainty by coupling large, stout mares with a good-sized, high-stepping, trotting-bred, stallion, or a large, stylish Thoroughbred. Another class produces the blocky compact, low but quick-stepping and active draft horse. The price for this class will increase in proportion to his size, from 1,100 pounds up to 1,700 pounds. I think the general farmer will be more successful if he will confine himself to the breeding of the last two classes. The breeding of fast horses had better be left to gentlemen of means.

I cannot see anything in the future to discourage the breeder of first class stock. The difference in value between a "scrub" and a well-bred horse is gradually growing larger; and at no time has this been demonstrated more than in 1889. Besides the ordinary market rates, some extraordinary prices have been obtained for horses of superior excellence and breeding.—[G. E. Davis, in Rural New Yorker.

WHAT THE FARMERS SAY

In Answer to The Blade's Questions on "Farmers' Ills"—Some Interesting Letters.

In order to ascertain from "first hands"—the farmers themselves—the real condition of the agricultural class, the Weekly BLADE has asked its farmer subscribers to answer, very briefly, the following questions:

1.—What is the condition of the farmers in your vicinity—are they meeting expenses, making money, or losing it?

2.—How many in every 10, in your judgment, are mortgaged? Were these mortgages given for improvements, to pay for the land, or to raise money to live upon?

3.—Where the farmers are running behind, is it the result of bad management, poor crops, or low prices and high freight rates, or all of them?

4.—What is the judgment of the farmers of your community as to the relief possible by legislation? What should the state legislature do in the way of giving relief, and what should Congress do?

5.—What are the principal crops of your vicinity? Is the climate adapted to the raising of other crops, which would be more profitable? And if so, what?

Below is given an instalment of the answers thus far received in response to these queries:

Canby, Emmet Co., Minn.

1.—The most of the farmers here are just barely making their expenses; all they make is in the increase of stock. Those that depend entirely on grain run behind.

2.—About nine in every ten are mortgaged to build or pay for land.

3.—It is owing to high rate of interest and low prices for wheat, beef, cattle and hogs.

4.—The railroads should be made to have lower rates of freight, and should have to pay taxes on their lands. For the last ten or fifteen years the railroads have paid no taxes; they have owned every other section for 40 miles wide and 200 long, but part of this is sold now, and I think the trusts should not be allowed. The biggest steal is on wheat and lumber.

5.—The crops are wheat, oats, corn, flax and barley.—A. R. B.

Aiken, Crenshaw Co., Alabama.

1.—We are losing money.

2.—There are none in our judgment but what are under a mortgage. The mortgage is to raise money to live upon.

3.—Low prices and high freights are the causes of our being behind.

4.—We feel that it is the mortgage that is keeping us down. We ask the Legislature and Congress to give the people in the South more power for they are powerless.

5.—Corn and cotton are our principal crops.—FIVE FARMERS.

Riverdale, Crook County, Wyoming.

1.—The farmers in my vicinity are almost in a state of bankruptcy.

2.—Nine out of ten are mortgaged. These mortgages were given to pay for the land, and to raise a little extra money to buy stock and to live upon.

3.—The farmers are running behind because of poor crops, low prices, high freight rates, and high rates of interest.

4.—The farmers think that unless relief comes in some way the land will nearly all pass into the hands of the money lenders. A number of persons already becoming discouraged with the outlook before them have abandoned their homes and gone to seek their fortunes under what they hope to be more favorable circumstances.

5.—This country is better adapted to stock raising than crop raising, as the climate is dry and the winters not very severe. So the farmers are all trying to get a few head of horses or cows, or both, but find it slow work making a living and paying mortgages with butter at ten cents a pound. It seems like wise legislation might devise a way of relief. I would suggest that the surplus (which has been such a problem to politicians) be used as a loan to Uncle Sam's hard working citizens.—A VOICE FROM WYOMING.

Easley, Newaygo Co., Michigan.

1.—If we allow ourselves wages that we would have to pay if we had to hire ground and labor, we are running behind nine cases in ten.

2.—Eight in ten mortgaged; seven in ten to pay for land; one for improvements; not any to live upon. I cannot say there are any running behind from bad management, for with present oppressions the best of us are running behind.

3.—Low prices and high freight rates: long ways from market, with no market stall for fruit and garden truck, with a set of drummers in such markets as we have, to take what the railroads and millers do not; selling for less than cost and paying from 40 to 300 per cent. The two last ills we farmers must remove by co-operative work; by combining and investigating the cost of manufactured articles, and see to it that we pay according to what we get; that we have the same per cent that other industries get, little or much; that the miller does not take so much toll.

4.—States should reduce all salaries, regulate taxes, do away with some of the officers, regulatr freight rates and furnish our textbooks in school at one-fourth what we are paying, protect us from commission houses, and see that the police or other officers compel the commission men to return to the farmers their just dues.—FARMER.

Rondo, Polk Co., Missouri.

I have resided in this county 33 years. The farmers are intelligent and industrious, with moral habits. Some few, having capital, are making money, while a few with good land are keeping even and a large majority are running behind.

About one in ten are mortgaged; some to buy land, some to improve, others to speculate. Low prices, high freight rates and high interest is the trouble.

We think the legislature should enact such laws to protect us, reduce freight rates, high interest and allow us to sell what we produce, and cut off so much commission fee. We think Congress should kill all trusts, combines and monopolies, give us unlimited coinage of American silver and gold, make it a legal tender for all debts, let the poor man who has $99 in bullion have it coined, and not compel him to sell to a rich man at 65 cents on the dollar of bullion. Give us money to transact the business of the country, pay the bondholder 4 per cent, as agreed, and not let him have money without interest to loan to the farmer at from 10 to 18 per cent, thus practically paying him 14 per cent.

Give us a high protective tariff on every product of the United States; let free trade be a foolish thing of the past; give every honorably discharged soldier, or his widow, a reasonable pension and let there be suitable blanks sent out so that every soldier can collect his own pension and not let the claim agent have one-quarter for a little labor. We raise wheat, corn, oats, hay, and most all kinds of vegetables, and know of nothing else that will pay us better.—J. R. A.

Marceline, Linn Co., Mo.

1.—Farmers as a class are not making money at the present time. A few of the more fortunate or more judicious have gone into lines of business that have paid well. The majority, creeping along the old paths, are barely paying their way, while a few are actually running behind. The cause is not so much insufficient prices as it is having too little to sell. Those who have raised good crops, and put them into live stock, have done fairly well. Fewer hogs and cattle have been marketed from here the last two years than for some years previous, and raising grain for sale is not a paying business. Formerly there were heavy shipments of hay from this county, but for the past year there has been no sale for it, and the wool business has almost entirely disappeared.

2.—About four farms in every ten are under mortgage, in many cases for a very small amount, compared with the value of the farm. In most cases the money obtained has been used to pay for land. In some it has been used to purchase stock and to pay debts incurred by buying farm machinery, and in a few cases it has been invested in enterprises which pay a better return than the 8 per cent which the farmer annually pays. In very few cases has the debt been incurred by a losing business.

3.—When farmers are actually running behind, it is usually in consequence of some special misfortune or series of misfortunes, or the result of some wrong management, such as the purchase of more land than can be profitably worked, or want of sufficient means to profitably work their farms, and by stock to use up their crops.

4.—The more intelligent farmers do not expect relief from any Congressional or legislative action, otherwise than by such measures as will promote the general interest of the country, and the property of all classes of the people. A few demagogues are trying to make farmers believe that Congress can give them prosperity at the expense of the rest of the country, and of course they find some dupes ready to believe it.

5.—The principal crops are hay, corn, oats and wheat in the order named. Most of the money that reaches the farmers is received in payment for hogs and cattle. All this section is adapted to the raising of sheep, which ten years ago was quite a profitable industry. The assessments show a decrease from 36,000 to 7,000 sheep in this county in ten years. If the wool now imported into the United States was raised in Missouri, Kansas or Nebraska, there would be a market for our surplus hay, and corn would not be used for fuel.—H. L.

Iola, Clay Co., Illinois.

1.—Very few making more than expenses—some falling behind.

2.—About three in five mortgaged. Some for purchase money, others for machinery; a few to speculate on; some for improvements.

3.—There are many causes which bring this state or condition about. Bad management in some cases, crop failures, low prices for products; the loss per bushel on oats has been seven cents for several years, corn the same; high rates of interest, boards of trade, stock gambling, combined trusts, contracted circulation of money, and class legislation are the principal causes. One of the principal causes is bonds issued or based upon national debt, whereby the money shark escapes taxation while the honest tiller of the soil bears the burden of the nation.

4.—State legislation could help only by a proper reduction of salaries, useless appropriations. Congress could help in many ways—first, by issuing greenbacks or currency sufficient to carry on the volume of business, say $25 per capita; make stock gambling a penitentiary offense; break the combinations, trusts, etc.

Either abolish the bonded whisky house, or else build ware houses for the reception of the farmers' grain, and issue say 70 per cent on same—give him an equal footing with the soul and body destroying whisky fiend. Do away with the national banks and issue the money direct, stop the more than useless appropriations, get back to the correct principles of government, for the people, by the people and of the people.

Pass a bill rescinding the original package decision and make us American freemen. The people will not always tolerate the present state of affairs. If you would know the condition of this great nation just feel the farmers' pulse.

5.—Apple, peach, cherry, pear, strawberry, blackberry, etc., also corn, oats, grass. We grow anything that any other state does.—J. M. S.

Parker, Montgomery Co., Kansas.

1.—The majority are making money.

2.—About 4 in 10 mortgaged. Given to pay purchase money and to speculate with.

3.—The farmers that are running behind sell their corn in place of feeding it to cattle and hogs.

4.—We need a reduction in price on feed and yardage on the market for our stock; the price is enormous; the legislature ought to regulate the price. Farmers agitate this. Congress ought to pass the pension and free coinage of silver bills.

5.—We raise corn, oats, wheat, flax and millet. Corn is king; nothing will pay better than corn fed into cattle and hogs. The intelligent farmers are not making as much cry as the disappointed office-seekers.—F. B.

Royal, Lane Co., Oregon.

1.—Farmers here who exercise economy and industry are doing well.

2.—Only about one in twenty, mostly for purchase price of land.

3.—Generally reckless extravagance and poor business management, high freights on farm products. Crops in Western Oregon never fail.

4.—Congress should pass the silver bill and remodel the inter-state commerce bill regulating inter-state freights; the state should also do what is possible in reducing freights and interest. Congress should give sufficient protection to American industries of all kinds possible, making our country self-sustaining, self-supplying, giving employment to as many people as possible.

5.—Wheat, oats, barley, in fact all grains and grasses; is especially adapted to sugar beet growing. Our mild climate is well adapted to all kinds of stock raising; fine climate for all kinds of fruit in abundance.—N. M.

St. Paul, Howard Co., Nebraska.

1—Nine-tenths loosing money.

2.—Eight-tenths for improvements and farm tools and unavoidable expenses.

3.—Low prices and high freight.

4.—Make usury a forfeiture of principal and interest, and reduce transportation rates. Congress should pass the service pension bill and establish the Stanford farm loan bureau.—L. J. H.

Greenwich, Washington Co., N. Y.

1.—Very few are meeting expenses.

2.—Seven in ten, mostly for purchase money and running expenses.

3.—Low prices, high wages for farm hands and high taxes.

4.—Reduce salaries, break up trusts and put farm produce on a level with other things.

5.—Potatoes, corn, oats, rye and hay; some are trying hemp this year to experiment.—B. H.

Carlow, Daviess Co., Mo.

1.—Farming in this country (North Missouri) is not a paying business.

2.—About one-third, under mortgage mostly, to pay for the land.

3.—The principal cause is low prices and high freight.

4.—Remove as much as possible by legislation every impediment between the producer and consumer. Congress should so arrange the circulating medium that the interest on money will not be above the average surplus of our farms.

5.—The principal crops here are corn, wheat, oats and hay. There is not enough money in circulation to move the surplus products of our farms.—O. C.

Utah, Warren Co., Ill.

1.—Bad, hardly meeting expenses.

2.—There is no doubt that six farms out of every ten are mortgaged for two-thirds their actual value. These mortgages were mostly given for improvements.

3.—Mostly low prices and high freight rates.

4.—The farmers, both Republicans and Democrats, demand a free and unlimited coinage of silver. A law that will break trusts and combines. A service pension law, and a law that will restrict foreign immigration.

5.—Corn and oats.—S. T.

Pierce City, Lawrence Co., Mo.

Mortgaged lands. One-third to one-half of the farms are mortgaged, some heavily, some lightly and some for part payment. The mortgages were made mostly for improvements, some for farm machinery, some to get money to speculate with, and there may be some to get money to live on, but not many. All told, they combine to force sales of produce to pay interest. Produce buyers take advantage of the situation, and bear the price of produce down to the lowest possible price to the farmer that he will submit to and market his produce. In addition to low prices the charge is brought that they are swindled in weights. About the weights there is "much smoke," with a fair chance of "some fire."

The crops here have been fair to good for twelve to fifteen years. Bad management has its hand in some few cases, but low prices and falling prices is the great trouble, it was not foreseen.

Some few small mortgages will be met and paid, but, with the present prices of produce, I feel sure more than half will have to sell or be sold out; instead of decreasing they seem to be on the increase.

State legislation should remedy the weighing of grain by compelling honest weights, reduce interest to 6 per cent maximum, and 4 per cent where not expressed in the contract. Regulate freights in the state so produce could and would be shipped.

Repeal every vestige of the saloon license laws, and let the people see the enormity of the hellish traffic.

Repeal every vestige of the law of wills to give those large aggregations of capital a chance to divide. Enact laws strong enough to stop option dealing—dealing in futures, and pooling to monopolize provisions, known as "trusts."

National legislation wanted badly.

A law that will put at least $40 per capita in money, in circulation, without interest, every dollar, whether metalic or paper, a full legal tender for all debts public or private. (The true functions of the government is to furnish its citizens with money in sufficient quantity to do the business of the country without interest.)

Amend the interstate commerce law so as to insure the shipping of all farm productions.

Repeal every vestige of the interal revenue law.

Enact a law to prevent alien ownership of land and a speedy extinction of all titles already held.—J. J. S.

SICK HEADACHE

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

Positively Cured by these Little Pills. They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER, &c. They regulate the Bowels and prevent Constipation and Piles. The smallest and easiest to take. Only one pill a dose. Purely vegetable. Price 25 cents.

CARTER MEDICINE CO., Prop'rs, New York.

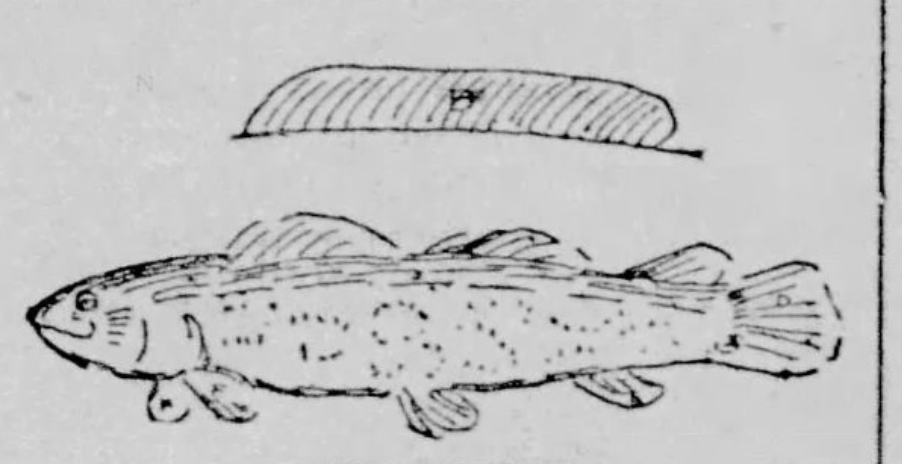
BACK TO FIRST PRINCIPLES.

How the Principle of the Screw is Exemplified in the Mud Fish.

Washington museums rank with the finest object schools of other and older nations. The Smithsonian institution, the National museum, the fish commission's exhibit, the agricultural and the Botanical Garden collections, the Patent office and other department collections make the visiting student enthusiastic. And yet all in the science of mechanics, as applied and shown in these collections, is simply the revamping of "nature's first handiwork." One of the six mechanical powers under which scientific mechanicians have reduced all laws of motion, which is probably the most used in our every-day experience and the least understood principle, is the screw.

Technically a screw is on the principle of an inclined plane. For ordinary mechanical purposes it consists of a spiral thread or groove cut around a cylinder of wood or metal so as to bring all the lines of the threads or grooves parallel to its axis at the same angle. When the thread is on the outside of the cylinder it is called a "male" or convex screw; when on the inner surface of the cylinder a female screw or nut. In common parlance when the male screw is used by itself we call it a screw, but where the nut is used with it we usually call it a bolt and nut. In inserting the simple screw into wood its own thread cuts the nut in the wood, or, more technically speaking, by turning the cylinder around on which the grooves are cut its "power" is produced by diminishing the distance between the threads, which is equivalent to lessening the height of the inclined plane.

Now we have the definition of one of the six mechanical powers as referred to, and to illustrate from nature the source from which human genius has drawn all its practical ideas of power or motion, we will commence on the common



MUD FISH,

which is peculiar to the waters of the Mississippi valley, to show from its organism the general principle as applied as a propelling power in vessels for locomotion in rivers, seas and oceans. This fish is one of the oldest known to piscatorial science. Its species and value for food or sport is not highly esteemed, but as combining in its physical mechanism the simplest illustration of propelling power we have selected it out of the almost perfect collection of fishes of all genus and species at the United States Fish Commission Museum.

We will suppose a condition anterior to our present civilization, when the native islander or coast inhabitant wanted the power to propel his simple bark canoe; when he adopted the paddle oar—the same principle which applies to "turbine" water wheels and propellers adapted to water navigation. In the engraving A is the mud fish, B is its dorsal fin when at rest, C is the same dorsal fin when in motion, D is the caudal fin with a membraneous connection with the dorsal fin B and C. Fins E and F are only for steerage purposes; that is, for raising and lowering its body with the aid of the caudal fin, which in this species is also used for aiding in propelling and steerage. Now, when the fish wished to locomote itself the native Isaac Walton caught an idea by which to propel his canoe, and afterward the national and commercial worlds adopted the principle as one of the six principles of mechanism—the screw or propeller, or simplest form of gimlet. When the fish has occasion to propel itself it simply gives a flexuous motion to its dorsal fin, as illustrated in diagram marked C. The curvatures c.c.c. are the bendings or curvings of a line or body, and that point in a curve at which the curvature passes from convex to concave is the contrary of flexure. Action and reaction are equal and in opposite directions, and are always to be estimated in the same right line.

The primitive native after having acquiring the principle of propelling his canoe, was disturbed in the engagement of his newly found pleasure by thoughts of his neighboring enemies, who might assail him in any unguarded moment. In his perplexity he again sought advice from the mud fish, one of which species suggested from the form of one of its scales the pattern of the flint arrow head. In after ages when a different civilization required an armor for protection against the arrow head the mud fish's skin furnished the idea for the "coat of mail," as used in the mediæval ages.

THEY RISE WITH THE SUN.

How Emperor William is Bringing Up His Little Boys.

The Emperor William brings up his little sons like soldiers, says the *Pall Mall Gazette*. They rise with the sun, and go to bed at 6 or 7. Five o'clock is their usual hour of rising; and they are not allowed to remain in bed for a minute after they wake, as the emperor thins that the habit of lying in bed encourages self-indulgence. The two youngest have an English governess; but the three eldest are under the care of a military tutor, and waited upon by men servants. If they run to the nursery their tutor asks if they have been there to have a "baby's bottle."

"We went there for prayers," said one of the princes when rebuked.

"Prayers will be read in my room for the future," said the tutor, who has received orders from the emperor to observe military discipline in the princes' apartments.

The crown prince is aware that he will one day be emperor. He discovered the fact for himself, although he is always styled Prince William, and, by his father's command, has never been told that there is any difference between himself and his brothers. He is a very clever boy, full of fun, but with a great idea of his own importance. Prince Eitel Frederick is a favorite with every one, partly because he is so handsome, partly on account of his sweet disposition. He is a born soldier, and delights in making mimic war with his tin soldiers, who represent all the nations of Europe. The princes are devoted to their father and mother. It is no uncommon thing to find the empress in the nursery before 6 o'clock in the morning, dressed, and ready to begin the day. In the middle of winter she may be seen walking in the Thiergarten with her husband by 8 o'clock. All day long she is busy, receiving visitors, performing public functions, or writing for the emperor until her hand aches. Both the emperor and empress are very conscientious. They are determined to fulfill the duties imposed upon them by their position. But the empress grieves over the fact that she cannot spend much of her time with her children. When she was simply Princess William she heard the princess say their prayers every night, superintended the nurseries, and insisted upon rigid economy. The clothes of one little prince were handed on to his younger brother by her orders, and nothing was wasted. Now she is obliged to content herself with embroidering the clothes of her babies. She is an accomplished needlewoman and very fond of sewing.

Congressman Reyburn, of Philadelphia, has bought an island off the coast of South Carolina.

The Sunday School.

Prevailing Prayer.

LESSON VIII., SUNDAY, AUGUST 24, 1890.

Golden Text:—He that humbleth himself shall be exalted.—Luke 18:14.

LESSON TEXT.

(Luke 18:1-14.)

1. And he spake a parable unto them to this end, that men ought always to pray, and not to faint;
2. Saying, There was in a city a judge, which feared not God, neither regarded man:
3. And there was a widow in that city; and she came unto him, saying, Avenge me of mine adversary.
4. And he would not for a while: but afterward he said within himself, Though I fear not God, nor regard man;
5. Yet because this widow troubleth me, I will avenge her, lest by her continual coming she weary me.
6. And the Lord said, Hear what the unjust judge saith.
7. And shall not God avenge his own elect, which cry day and night unto him, though he bear long with them?
8. I tell you that he will avenge them speedily. Nevertheless, when the Son of man cometh, shall he find faith on the earth?
9. And he spake this parable unto certain which trusted in themselves that they were righteous, and despised others:
10. Two men went up into the temple to pray; the one a Pharisee, and the other a publican.
11. The Pharisee stood and prayed thus with himself, God, I thank Thee, that I am not as other men are, extortioners, unjust, adulterers, or even as this publican.
12. I fast twice in the week, I give tithes of all that I possess.
13. And the publican, standing afar off, would not lift up so much as his eyes unto heaven, but smote upon his breast, saying, God be merciful to me a sinner.
14. I tell you, this man went down to his house justified rather than the other: for every one that exalteth himself shall be abased; and he that humbleth himself shall be exalted.

ILLUSTRATIVE APPLICATIONS.

He spake to the end that they ought always to pray, and not to faint (v. 1). A thing that is worth wanting is worth working for; and if it is worth working for, it is worth working for until it is obtained. As a matter of fact, persistency is one of the main factors in human attainment. "Continual dropping will wear away stone." The steady dripping of water will work its way into the granite rock. Untiring endeavor will accomplish that which seemed an impossibility. He who will never give up in his pursuit, will be pretty sure to get what he is after. This is the thought that our Lord was pressing, when he spoke to his disciples "to the end that they ought always to pray, and not to faint."

Though I fear not God, nor regard man; yet because this widow troubleth me, I will avenge her, lest she wear me out by her continual coming (vs. 4, 5.) One of the subjects of endless popular discussion has been, as to the result of "an irresistible force coming in contact with an immovable body." The suggestion of this parable is, that, in the long run, the "immovable gives way to the "irrisistable;" as the reluctant woman claimed to have married her persistent suitor "to get rid of him." It is a practical truth that is taught here. The dead-in-earnest man, in this world's affairs, will push for a thing until he gets it. Our Lord asks his disciples whether they wouldn't do well to have more of this spirit in seeking a Divine blessing. And when we stop to think of it, the wonder is that any one of us will ever cease seeking and striving for that which we feel the need of, and which we know that God has power to give us. If we realize our needs and God's power, we shall live and die praying for what is best for us.

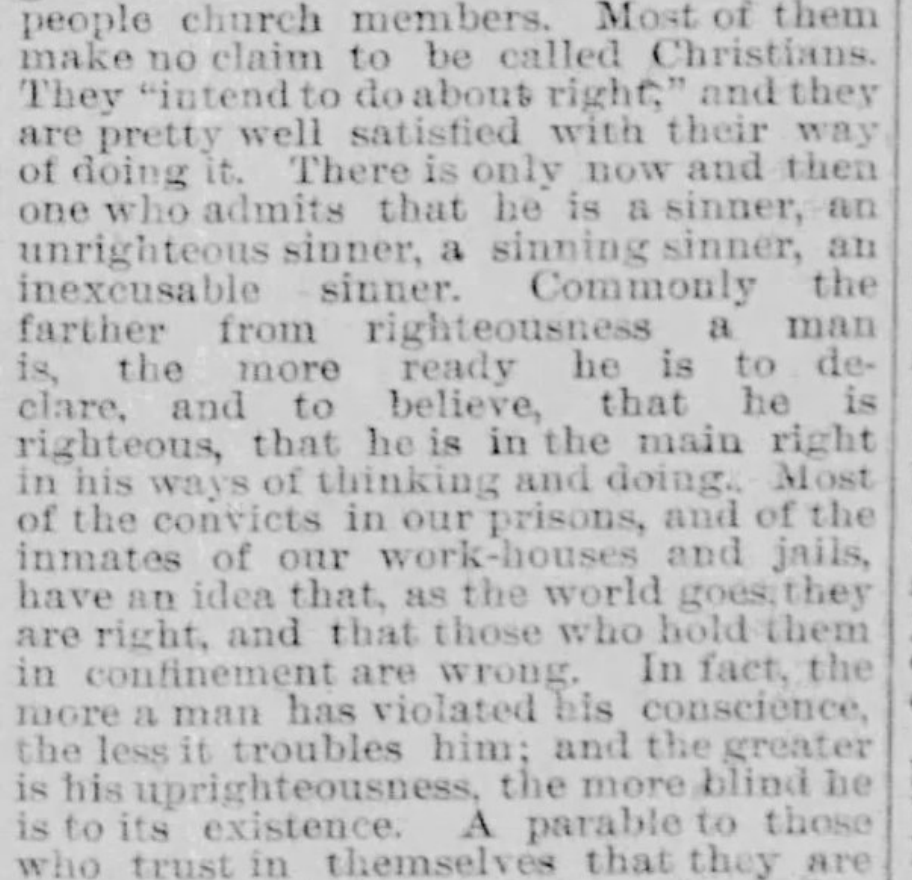
When the Son of man cometh, shall he find faith on the earth? (v. 8.) What a question that is! After the truth concerning Jesus Christ has been preached and exemplified and tested for generation upon generation, and century upon century, will there be any one in all the earth who really trusts the Lord Jesus as he ought to trust him? The fact that our Lord asked this question shows that there might fairly be a doubt on the subject; while the fact that he put the suggestion in the form of a question would indicate that there is a possibility of its being answered affirmatively. There is no reason why you and I should worry ourselves over the application of this question to other persons; but there is reason for our taking it right home to ourselves. If the Son of man cometh in our day, shall he find us having faith in him? Shall he?

He spake unto certain which trusted in themselves that they were righteous (v. 9). A great many more people trust in themselves than trust in God. They depend on themselves to deserve heaven, rather than depend on God to give them salvation. Nor are all such people church members. Most of them make no claim to be called Christians. They "intend to do about right," and they are pretty well satisfied with their way of doing it. There is only now and then one who admits that he is a sinner, an unrighteous sinner, a sinning sinner, an inexcusable sinner. Commonly the farther from righteousness a man is, the more ready he is to declare, and to believe, that he is righteous, that he is in the main right in his ways of thinking and doing. Most of the convicts in our prisons, and of the inmates of our work-houses and jails, have an idea that, as the world goes, they are right, and that those who hold them in confinement are wrong. In fact, the more a man has violated his conscience, the less it troubles him; and the greater is his uprighteousness, the more blind he is to its existence. A parable to those who trust in themselves that they are righteous hits a great many besides Pharisees. Its sweep is a long way beyond the limits of the church.

God, I thank thee that I am not as the rest of men (v. 11). Even of those who admit that they are not righeous, most feel sure that they are not the worst men in the world; and they are glad of it. Men who will lie, boast that they do not steal. Men who will lie and steal, are glad that they are not drunkards. Men who are liars, thieves and drunkards take comfort in the thought that they have never been licentious. Men who know that they have broken every commandment of the moral law, thank God they are not hypocrites; that they make no pretense to decency. Some men sit in their pews at church and congratulate themselves on their superiority to their neighbors, while others find their chief satisfaction in reading in their morning paper of "another good man gone wrong." The echo of the Pharisee's prayer fills the air to-day; and it is a very rare thing to find a person anywhere who does not think that he is better than most men, if not better than all.

This man went down to his house justified rather than the other (v. 14). "Not he that commendeth himself is approved, but whom the Lord commendeth." The man who goes to church to show himself off to the Lord cannot wonder that the Lord fails to be impressed with his goodness. He who goes to ask for mercy can confidently hope for mercy. God never justifies any man who does not feel a need of justification, and ask for it. He who expects to get to heaven because he is good, expects to get there without being saved; for no man can be saved who has not been lost. He who knows he is lost, and asks to be saved, may be sure of the help of Him who "came to seek and to save that which was lost." If you go down from the house of God, after the study of this lesson, justified in the sight of God, it will be because in the house of God your cry was, "God, be merciful to me a sinner," and not, "God, I thank Thee, that I am not as the rest of men."—[H. Clay Trumbull in S. S. Times.

SYRUP of FIGS



ONE ENJOYS

Both the method and results when Syrup of Figs is taken; it is pleasant and refreshing to the taste, and acts gently yet promptly on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels, cleanses the system effectually, dispels colds, headaches and fevers and cures habitual constipation. Syrup of Figs is the only remedy of its kind ever produced, pleasing to the taste and acceptable to the stomach, prompt in its action and truly beneficial in its effects, prepared only from the most healthy and agreeable substances, its many excellent qualities commend it to all and have made it the most popular remedy known.

Syrup of Figs is for sale in 50c and $1 bottles by all leading druggists. Any reliable druggist who may not have it on hand will procure it promptly for any one who wishes to try it. Do not accept any substitute.

CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.
LOUISVILLE, KY. NEW YORK, N.Y.

Permanent Results,

And not a mere temporary exhilaration, are produced by the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. This medicine, being an alterative, and working constitutionally, through the blood, its effects may not be immediately apparent in all cases, but the gain in health and strength, through its persistent use, is real and lasting. It reaches every drop of blood in the body.

"I have none but good words to speak regarding Ayer's Sarsaparilla. All during the winter I was languid, tired, and without any appetite, until I commenced the use of this remedy. I took three bottles. Its effects have been revivifying, and I feel as if I had entered a new life. I did not think it was in the power of medicine to produce such a wonderful change, as has Ayer's Sarsaparilla in my case."—Mrs. C. Johnson, 310 Hicks st., Brooklyn, N. Y.

"I have used Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and also other preparations of a sarsaparilla, and also other preparations of a blood-purifier, and, while receiving no good, but often positive harm, from others, I have always derived benefit from Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and have no hesitation in recommending it to any one in want of a reliable blood-purifier."—Mrs. M. C. Hopkinson, 110 Merrimack Corporation, Lowell, Mass.

The safest and most reliable tonic, alterative, and diuretic is

Ayer's Sarsaparilla FOR Debility.

"I was a great sufferer from a low condition of the blood and general debility, becoming, finally, so reduced that I was unfit for work. Nothing that I did for the complaint helped me so much as Ayer's Sarsaparilla, a few bottles of which restored me to health and strength. I take every opportunity to recommend this medicine in similar cases."—C. Evick, 14 E. Main st., Chillicothe, Ohio.

"Ayer's Sarsaparilla is one of the very few proprietary medicines that I can honestly recommend. I have seen it used in this place, in a number of cases, with very satisfactory results, and I have used it in my own family, for salt-rheum, with abundant success. I consider it to be the leading blood-purifier of the day."—Charles C. Davis, Nashua, N. H.

"I suffered from general debility for fifteen years. A few bottles of Ayer's Sarsaparilla completely cured me, and I now enjoy good health."—Mrs. J. F. McElhinney, Truro, N.S.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla,

Prepared by DR. J. C. AYER & CO., Lowell, Mass. Sold by all Druggists.

Price $1. Six bottles, $5. Worth $5 a bottle.

AGAINST PUBLIC POLICY.

An Important Decision by the United States Supreme Court.

All cases are of general interest in which the courts declare contracts to be void on the ground that they are against public policy. An instructive case of this kind was recently decided by the Supreme court of the United States, and the opinion has just been reported.

It arose out of an enterprise of the Standard Oil company in Maryland. In 1877 that corporation was instrumental in organizing the Baltimore United Oil company, and subscribed for most of the stock through Johnson N. Camden, as trustee. Mr. Camden, who was a director of the Baltimore United Oil company, negotiated a purchase by that company of the petroleum business of C. West & Sons, and William C. West, a member of the firm, was chosen vice president of the company at a salary of $5,000 a year, and continued to hold that office for about four years, his salary being gradually increased until it reached $15,000. Then some one else was elected in his place.

Mr. West thereupon brought a suit in the Circuit court of the United States for the District of Maryland against Mr. Camden, alleging that that gentleman had agreed that he should be retained permanently in his position as vice president of the Baltimore United Oil company at a yearly salary of at least $5,000, and demanding $50,000 damages for his violation of the agreement.

The Circuit court held that the contract, even if made, was void as contrary to public policy. Whenever Mr. Camden, as a director of the company, was called puon to vote on the question of Mr. West's further employment at a salary of $5,000, he was likely to be influenced by the existence of an agreement which rendered him pecuniarily liable to Mr. West in case his employment should be terminated. Thus, said the court, he was placed under a direct and very powerful inducement to disregard his duties to other members of the corporation who had a right to demand his disinterested action in the selection of suitable officers. "The defendant and the Standard oil company, for whose benefit it is alleged the contract was made, were not all the stockholders in the company, and it seems to us that it was certainly the right of those other stockholders to have the defendant's judgment, as an officer of the company, exercised with a sole regard to the interests of the company."

The same view of the contract has now been taken by the Supreme court of the United States, in an opinion delivered by Mr. Justice Blatchford. Public policy demands that the directors of private corporations, who are charged with duties of a fiduciary character, shall be faithful to the parties for whom they act, in the performance of such duties; and "a personal liability for damages on the part of the defendant, in case the plaintiff should be removed after an agreement of the character alleged, was calculated to be a strong incentive to the defendant to act contrary to the true interests of the company and of its other stockholders." The case differed from some of the cases which were cited as authorities, in the fact that it did not appear that there was to be any direct private gain on the part of the person who made the promise; but it was held that such a promise is forbidden by public policy, notwithstanding.

No one who believes in applying the rules of ordinary morality to the conduct of the directors of corporations will dissent from this decision.—[N. Y. Sun.

HYDROPHOBIA.

How the Real Disease May be Distinguished From the False.

It may be laid down in the very beginning of our consideration of the subject that the victim of false hydrophobia can only have those symptoms of which he has knowledge. Unfortunately the real disease has received so much notice from newspapers and other popular publications that a tolerably correct knowledge of its phenomena has been acquired by the laity. Hence, we find that the picture ordinarily presented by the unconscious simulator is, at least to cursory observation, not unlike the real affection. There are, however, great differences which the educated physician will not fail to detect, and which will enable him to do what has never been yet done with real hydrophobia—cure the patient.

Hydrophobia never originates, in the human subject at least, except by inoculation from a rabid animal and death always occurs in four or five days after the development of the disease. A case of so-called hydrophobia came under my notice, in which it was stated that the patient had been bitten some three months previously by a dog undoubtedly hydrophobic. I inquired as to what had become of the dog, and was informed that he was still living, having recovered. It was not necessary to examine any further into the particulars of this case, for if the dog had really been the subject of hydrophobia he would have been dead very shortly after biting my patient.

Again, it often happens that a person easily affected by suggestion has what he conceives to be the symptoms of hydrophobia developed very soon after having been bitten by a supposed rabid animal, whereas the real disease rarely supervenes until after a month has elapsed from the time of inoculation. It is true there are cases on record in which the period of incubation was less than that, but they are exceedingly rare. In my own cases the time has varied from 25 days to four months and a half. Cases in which the disease is said to have supervened many years after an alleged inoculation ought to be received with doubt. The interval probably never exceeds two years or is less than ten days.—[Dr. W. A. Hammond in North American Review.

His Sister.

It happened one time that a Mr.
Fell in love with a maiden and kr.
And he said: "Be my wife
And bring joy to my life!"
She said: "No, but I will be your sr."
—[Chicago Post.

A DAUGHTER OF THE NILE.

She, she was laid away
From the living light of day,
In the early far-off ages, while yet the Sphinx was young;
And the quiet earth had kept her
Since they who wailed and wept her
Cried their cry of lamentation in the old Egyptian tongue.

She, she has rested well,
For yet a glance can tell
The latest hands that touched her were loving, longing hands;
Then let her calmly slumber,
Through years we shall not number,
At peace for endless eons in the drifting desert sands.
—[The Academy.

Selecting Teas.

"As regards educating the sense of smell," writes a tea dealer, "I am strongly of opinion that it is possible, with constant practice, to value teas as correctly by smelling the infused leaf as by tasting. I have bought thousands of chests in public sale by smelling the infused leaf only, and have constantly valued public sale teas on the same plan. Nevertheless, for blending purposes it is absolutely necessary to taste."—[Pall Mall Gazette.

HAVE YOU GOT PILES
$100. FOR AN INCURABLE CASE.
Itching Piles are known by moisture like perspiration, causing intense itching when warm. This form as well as Blind, Bleeding and Protruding, yield at once to DR. BO-SAN-KO'S PILE REMEDY which acts directly on parts affected, absorbs tumors, allays itching and effects a permanent cure. 50c. Druggists or mail. Circulars free. Bosanko Co. Piqua, O.

PATENTS.
PATENTS.
F. A. LEHMAN, Solicitor of Patents, Washington, D. C. No charge unless patent is secured. Send for circular.
PATENTS Obtained. H. W. T. Jenner, Patent Attorney, Washington, D. C. Charges moderate. Circulars free.
Pensions, Patents, procured by Thos. Mosheshy, Washington, D.C., or Fremont, O. No pay unless success. No fee.

MEDICAL.
EARLY DECAY
WILL YOU BE ONE MORE among the thousands of unfortunates? Or will you accept A CURE

SKIN DISEASES
CONSUMPTIVE
PARKER'S GINGER TONIC
HINDERCORNS. The only sure cure for Corns. Stops all pain. 15c. at Druggists. HISCOX & CO., N.Y.

FOR MEN ONLY!
VIGOR AND STRENGTH
ERIE MEDICAL CO., BUFFALO, N.Y.

CHICHESTER'S ENGLISH PENNYROYAL PILLS
"Relief for Ladies," in letter, by return mail.
Chichester Chem'l Co., Madison Sq., Phila., Pa.

PERFECT ABSOLUTE SUCCESS CURES ASSURED to MEN of ALL AGES. MANHOOD
DR. MARSTON CO., 19 Park Place, NEW YORK.

Hay Fever, Influenza. CURES Catarrh. KIRK'S ASTHMA REMEDY QUICKLY. Price $1.00 at Druggists or by mail. Free sample. MENTION PAPER.

A BOOK FOR THE MILLION FREE.
CONFIDENTIAL ADVICE to MEN—YOUNG or OLD
FRENCH SEMINAL PASTILLES & QUEEN'S ELECTRIC BELT
Address, PERU CHEMICAL CO., MILWAUKEE, WIS.

I CURE FITS!
H. G. ROOT, M. C., 183 Pearl St. New York.

TO WEAK MEN
Prof. F. C. FOWLER, Moodus, Conn.

THE OLD DOCTOR'S COTTON ROOT PILLS
Ladies' Favorite. Always Reliable and Safe.

PILES. QUICK RELIEF.

OPIUM Morphine Habit Cured in 10 to 20 days. No pay till cured. Dr. J. Stephens, Lebanon, Ohio.

FREE TRIAL

PENSIONS.

PENSIONS
A PENSION for EVERY DISABLED SOLDIER
A PENSION for EVERY WIDOW and MINOR Child of Deceased Soldier who served three months.
PENSIONS for DEPENDENT PARENTS.
INCREASE PENSION for Invalid Pensioners.
NO FEE Unless Successful.
Address, with Stamp,
H. S. BERLIN
Attorney at-Law,
Box 392, Washington, D. C.

PENSIONS! DO YOU WANT A PENSION? LONGSHAW & BALLARD, Box 46, Washington, D.C.

PENSIONS The Disability Bill is a Law. JAMES TANNER, Late Commissioner of Pensions, Washington, D. C.

NEW PENSION LAW.—Patrick O'Farrell, Washington, D.C.

PENSIONS FOR ALL disabled soldiers, widows, &c. H. C. TANNER. Attorney, 1317 F St., Washington, D. C.

AGENTS WANTED.

FREE 1000 WATCHES
WM. WILLIAMS, 121 Halsted Street, Chicago, Ill.

$15 A WEEK.

MUST HAVE Agents AT ONCE.

$5 to $8 a day. Brewster Safety Rein Holder Co., Holly, Mich.

$50 AGENTS

MISCELLANEOUS.

GRATEFUL—COMFORTING.
EPPS'S COCOA.
BREAKFAST.
JAMES EPPS & CO., Homœopathic Chemists, London, England.

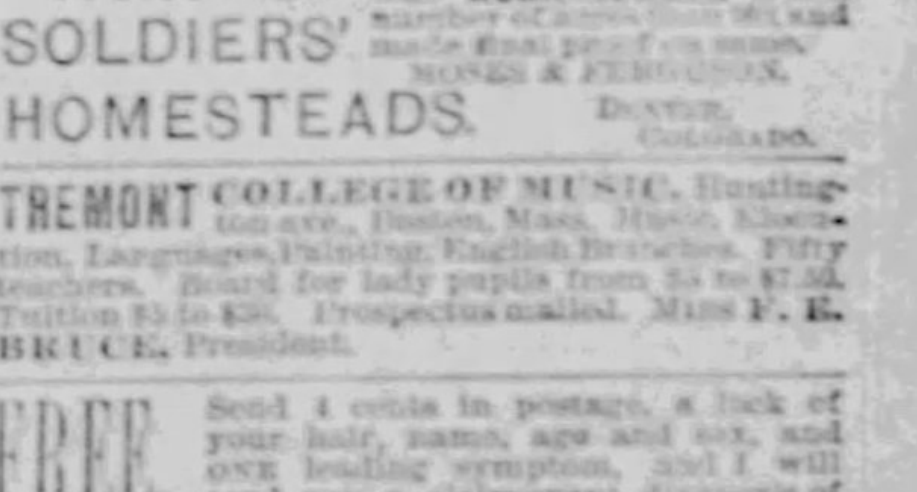
STATE LINE.
GLASGOW, LONDONDERRY, BELFAST DUBLIN, LIVERPOOL & LONDON.
FROM NEW YORK EVERY THURSDAY.
Cabin Passage $35 to $50, according to location of stateroom. Excursion $65 to $95.
AUSTIN BALDWIN & CO., General Agents, 53 Broadway, NEW YORK.

LEWIS' 98% LYE
POWDERED AND PERFUMED.
PENNA. SALT M'F'G CO.
Gen. Agts., Phila., Pa.

ROAD CARTS ONLY $10

CHICAGO SCALE CO., Chicago, Illinois, U. S. A.

Fayette, O., Normal University.



CHAMPION BALING PRESSES

MUSIC In all Departments, PIANO, ORGAN, VOICE, VIOLIN, &c.
NEW ENGLAND CONSERVATORY.

10 CENTS
T. D. CAMPBELL, B 78, Boylston, Ind.

WE LEAD

Cheap Printing

WANTED SOLDIERS' HOMESTEADS.

TREMONT COLLEGE OF MUSIC.

FREE.

FINDLAY COLLEGE.

SECRET

Pocket Reel Tape

$1.99

ANY LADY

PHOTOS

TOLEDO BLADE.

THURSDAY, AUGUST 14, 1890.

Largest and Best Weekly Published, and Largest Circulation!

TOLEDO BLADE CO.........Publishers.
ROBINSON LOCKE...............Editor.

TERMS—Postage Paid:

Single copy, one year, $1.00; six months, 60 cents; three months, 30 cents. Write for club terms.

SPECIMEN COPIES sent, postpaid, free, to any address. Send for one, and at the same time give us the address of a dozen or so of your friends. Address

THE BLADE, TOLEDO, OHIO.

☞ ENTERED AT THE POSTOFFICE AT TOLEDO AS SECOND-CLASS MAIL MATTER.

CIRCULATION LAST WEEK, 107,000.

SEND FOR CAMPAIGN TERMS!

The campaign for the election of Representatives to the 52d Congress, now opening, will be a most important one. The Democrats are making a desperate effort to win a majority, in order to tie the hands of the Republican administration. No voter who favors protection, the payment of service pensions, the increase of our foreign commerce, and other Republican legislation, can afford to vote with the Bourbons.

We want 50,000 new campaign subscribers, for we are going to make the Weekly BLADE just such a paper as no one can afford to be without if he desires intelligent, candid discussion of the issues of the campaign. We shall discuss the **Tariff Question;** we shall have our say on **Pensions;** we shall talk on **Farmers' Interests;** on **Honest Elections,** and all other topics of the campaign, and advocate strongly and fearlessly the cause of the **People,** the cause of the **Soldier,** and the cause of the **Farmer.**

Write for Campaign Terms.

We shall make the Weekly BLADE just the paper that Republican campaign committees will desire to have the voters read, as it will discuss the topics that will be all-important in the Congressional elections everywhere this fall.

We will give to clubs and campaign committees terms for THE BLADE during the campaign that will put its price down to the cost of white paper.

Write for Campaign Terms: Address, "THE BLADE, Toledo, Ohio."

FROM RIVERSIDE TO ARLINGTON.

The passage by the Senate of Mr. PLUMB's resolution that Gen. GRANT's remains shall be removed from Riverside park and be buried in the National cemetery at Arlington, provided Mrs. GRANT's consent can be obtained will meet the hearty approval of every Union veteran of the war of the rebellion, as well as every admirer of the general to whom the country owed so much. There is no doubt that the House will pass the resolution, nor that the consent of Mrs. GRANT to the transfer will be given.

Arlington is the proper resting-place for the great military hero, and his body should have been deposited there at first; but New York claimed it because the general had made that city his home during the last years of his life, and his family yielded to the importunities of her citizens. It was promised, too, that a monument of proportions commensurate with GRANT's great name and services should be erected, and that Riverside Park should become a mecca for loyal pilgrims from every portion of the country.

Five years have elapsed since GRANT's death, and the monument is still only a thing upon paper. Other cities have erected monuments to GRANT's memory, but New York, the metropolis of the country, with more wealth than any other city, and, in fact, than many states, has closed her pocketbooks and has refused to contribute the necessary funds.

When General SHERIDAN died and was borne to Arlington, THE BLADE earnestly urged that the remains of GRANT should be placed besides those of his heroic lieutenant. Then New York insisted that the monument to GRANT would soon be forthcoming and that there was no cause for disturbing the remains. This was mere talk. New York has done nothing but talk upon this subject since the general's death, and we believe that his family are disgusted with the liberality of words and the glorious inaction that has characterized the whole monument movement. There have been those who have asserted that the placing of GRANT at Riverside park was simply a gigantic real estate speculation to enhance the value of property in that vicinity and the inertia of the people of New York and the monument committee would give color to that charge. Whether that be true or not, New York never had any right to the remains of the ex-President. His proper resting place was Arlington, and there, surrounded by SHERIDAN and thousands of those who gave their lives in defense of the Union, which he did so much to preserve, will his body ultimately lie. A suitable monument, provided by the people of the whole country, will speedily follow the transfer of his remains.

THE Democratic newspapers are decidedly incorrect when they ascribe all the credit for our new war squadron, lately returned from its cruise in foreign waters, to Secretary WHITNEY. The only part WHITNEY had in the work was in the construction of a part of these vessels, in accordance with the plans selected and authorized by a Republican administration, and they were built under a law passed by a Republican Congress. Let Mr. WHITNEY have all the honor that belongs to him, but don't ascribe to him credit that is not his.

MR. BAYARD is going to again mingle in Delaware politics, and has promised to be a delegate to the Democratic state convention, which meets next week. Mr. BAYARD did not cover himself with glory during the last administration, and it would seem the part of wisdom for him not to emerge from his retirement.

THOSE who are disposed to decry the postmaster general are reminded that by a recent contract Mr. WANAMAKER will save to the country in the manufacture of stamped envelopes and stamped wrappers over $500,000 annually. That's the kind of business administration that tells before the people.

THE census returns show that the population of Salt Lake City has increased from 20,768 in 1880 to 40,625 at the present time. This sets forth one of the evils of polygamy showing the report of Mormon increase.

☞ *Send in the names of your Republican and farmer friends who do not take The Blade, that we may mail to them sample copies.*

THE ORIGINAL PACKAGE LAW.

Congress has at last done its duty with regard to the "original package" decision of the Supreme court of the United States. It may be well to recall the exact scope of that decision. A brewing firm in Peoria, Illinois, shipped a quantity of beer, in kegs, into Iowa to be sold. The beer was seized, on the charge that it was in violation of the latest law of Iowa to sell it there, in that it was an intoxicating beverage. The case was decided in favor of the Iowa statutes by the lower courts, and came to the United States Supreme court on appeal. That tribunal reversed the decision of the lower court, and remanded it for further proceedings.

The Supreme courts holds that a state can not prohibit the importation into its territory of any article, liquors not excepted, from other states; that the right to import carries with it the right to sell in original packages; hence, that the state can not prevent their sale to other parties. The ground on which this decision is made is that any such law as the Iowa one assumes to regulate commerce between the states, which is among the powers granted to Congress by the federal constitution, and hence can not be exercised by the states. The language of the decision on this point is:

> The ardent spirits are subjects of interstate commerce can not be denied. Whenever a law of a state amounts essentially to a regulation of commerce, as it does when it inhibits directly or indirectly the receipt of an imported commodity, or its disposition before it has ceased to be an article of trade between one state and another, it comes in conflict with a power which in this particular has been exclusively vested in the general government, and is therefore void.

The right of the state to tax, regulate or prohibit is expressly sustained by the decision, however, in the following words:

> Undoubtedly it is for the legislative branch of the state government to determine whether the manufacture of particular article of traffic will injuriously affect the public, and it is not for Congress to determine what measure a state may properly adopt as appropriate or needful for the protection of the public morals, life or safety.

Of course it is within the power of Congress to pass a law to prevent the Rum Power from taking advantage of the decision in shipping liquors into Prohibition localities and selling them. The question has been, the best manner of doing this. The House passed a bill for this purpose, and sent it to the Senate. The latter body considered the subject, and differing from the House as to the scope that should be given to the proposed legislation, substituted another measure, which it passed. The matter then went into the hands of the Conference committee of both houses, which, after much discussion, reported back the Senate bill without change, the members being convinced that it was the more available measure.

The House accepted the Senate measure, and the bill went to the President, who will undoubtedly sign it.

The bill applies only to liquors of all kinds carried from one state to another. It reads as follows:

> That all fermented, distilled or other intoxicating liquors or liquids, transported into any state or territory for use, consumption, sale or exchange, shall, on arrival in such state or territory (or remaining therein), be subject to the operation and effect of the laws of such state or territory, enacted in the exercise of the police powers, to the same extent and in the same manner as though such liquors or liquids had been produced in such state or territory, and shall not be exempt therefrom by reason of being introduced there in original packages or otherwise.

This puts all liquors brought into a state or territory from another, or from a foreign country, entirely under the control of the state or territorial government. It draws the line between the rights of inter-state traffic and the police powers of the state in a different place from where the Supreme court decision drew it. It places Rum in all its forms entirely within the state's control.

This bill will repair the damage done to the Prohibitory and other restrictive laws of different states. It immediately puts all "original package" saloons under the ban of the law in Prohibition states, and restores the status exactly as it was before the Supreme court rendered its decision. We presume that the Rum Power will attempt to overthrow this law of Congress in the courts. It is like the Democratic party—when it finds a law which interferes with its selfish purposes and aims, it at once assumes it to be unconstitutional.

When we consider this bill in connection with the opinions laid down in the Supreme Court's "original package" decision, however, we find the clearest indications that the court, should the question come before it, will hold this act to be a regulation of commerce by Congress within the meaning of the constitution, and therefore uphold it at all points. The passage of this act (usually called the Wilson bill) will give unbounded satisfaction to all the friends of Prohibition, and will give an impetus to the campaign in Nebraska in favor of the effort, through constitutional Prohibition, to *Pulverize the Rum Power.*

THAT CAPE MAY COTTAGE.

All doubt as to the fact that President HARRISON did not accept the Cape May cottage as a gift, but that he purchased it, the same as any private individual would have done, after ascertaining that it met his wants and those of his family, ought to be set at rest by the following letter from Mr. MCKEAN, of Philadelphia, who managed one end of the real estate transaction, in response to a request from the New York *World:*

> DEAR SIR—You write that "the New York *World* desires to know from me whether the payment for the Cape May Point cottage has been made by the President or any one for him?" To this I reply, without recognizing any obligation to give answer to the question, that the President has paid in cash for the cottage and its contents—$8,000 for the cost of the cottage and $2,000 for the cost of its furniture and equipment—$10,000 in all. That the payment is absolute, so far as the the President is concerned, he having expressed unbounded satisfaction with the cottage and property; that the payment is considered final by the subscribers, and that it is accepted as final, very greatly to their regret and against their wishes frequently and earnestly expressed to the President.
>
> Very truly, W. V. MCKEAN.
>
> Cape May Point, N. J., Aug. 2.

Now let the *World* and the other Democratic and mugwump papers that have been howling about what they called a "gift enterprise" business come out manfully and admit that they have misjudged the President, and make the *amende honorable.* This transaction will stand the most rigid scrutiny, which is more than can be said of Mr. CLEVELAND's "Red Top" purchase, engineered by his confidential friend, who was then marshal of the District of Columbia.

CANADA's shipbuilding is seriously declining. Fifteen years ago the tonnage of vessels launched in the Dominion reached a total of 188,098. Last year the total tonnage was scarce 24,000, and this year the prospect is not much better. It is worthy of note in the same connection that our own shipbuilding is steadily growing—in fact, about as rapidly as Canada's is declining.

IT IS strange that it should be so, and there is no good reason for it, but six prisoners have escaped under the present Democratic warden of the Ohio penitentiary, who has been in office only two months, while under Warden COFFIN, a Republican, in two years only three men escaped, and two of these were recaptured.

THE Farmers' Alliance is following in Gen. SHERMAN's wake, and "marching through Georgia" playing sad havoc with the Bourbon Congressmen.

THE FINANCIAL SITUATION.

The flurry in the call loan market in New York last week was occasioned mainly by the withdrawal on Tuesday of $2,000,000 gold for shipment and by a free demand for currency from the West. Speculative manipulation no doubt had something to do with the rising of rates, but the substantial foundation for the change in the situation was the causes above stated, and, further, because the Treasury outflow was short of anticipations. The average for bankers' balances for the week was about 5½ per cent, renewals being made at from 5 to 6 per cent, though the extremes were wide apart, being from 20 to 3 per cent.

There was good inquiry for time money, the supply coming not from banks but from large institutions and from foreign bankers. The demand for first-class collateral was the feature of the market, the rates being 5 per cent for 60 to 90 days and 6 per cent for four, five, six and seven months. For commercial paper the demand was light, very few of the banks being in the market, while the supply is good; the quotations are 5½ per cent for 60 to 90 day endorsed bills receivable, 5¾@6 per cent for four months acceptances and 6@7 per cent for good single names having from four to six months to run.

Money in London is somewhat easier, owing to the improved condition of affairs in South America, and discounts were 4½@5⅝ per cent. The open rate at Paris is 2¾ per cent, at Berlin 3 per cent and at Frankfort 3⅛ per cent. Foreign exchange weakened after the $2,000,000 gold shipment and nominal rates were marked down, all bankers quoting 4.85 for long and 4.89 for short.

CROPS.—The recent hot dry weather has undoubtedly done considerable damage to the growing corn crop and reports in regard to the yield of spring wheat are conflicting. It is generally believed, however, that the total production will not differ much from last year. The aggregate of the three leading cereals—wheat, corn and oats—will probably be much less than last year when the yield was usually heavy. Prices for grain are higher, however, and it is admitted that there are large supplies of last season's production in reserve. The outlook for the cotton crop is very encouraging and everything points to a very heavy yield.

GENERAL TRADE—The volume of business continues very large for this season of the year. In the aggregate of the bank clearings in July for all the cities, there is an incease of 124 million dollars over last year; and while this is only 2.7 per cent it must be remembered that it was made in the face of a heavy falling off in stock speculation at the New York Stock Exchange. Excluding New York the increase at the other cities was 195 million dollars or 11.2 per cent.

RAIROAD EARNINGS.—Evidence of steady growth in the volume of trade and business continues to be furnished by gross railroad earnings, the aggregate of which (111 roads) for July being $33,270,011 against $30,711,884 in the corresponding month last year, the increase being $2,550,127 or 8.33 per cent. The roads in this vicinity which have made handsome gains are the Mobile & Ohio, Ohio & Mississippi, Ohio River, Detroit, Lansing & Northern and the Cleveland & Canton.

WHO PAYS PENSIONS?

The following extract, which we take from a Western (Democratic) paper, puts in brief form an argument we have seen stated at length in many other of such sheets:

> The average workingman must labor two weeks every year solely for the benefit of government pensioners. It is not accurately known how many weeks he has to work for the benefit of protected monopolists, but certainly not less than two, and probably four or five. He also has to work a couple of weeks to cover his share of the ordinary expenses of the government outside of pensions, which now absorb nearly half the annual revenues of the Union. When the McKinley bill passes he will have to do still more work for the "protects," and he will get in return—his labor for his pains.

This is the sort of stuff the free traders and soldier-haters put out in the expectation of deceiving the voters of the country. Each and every assertion in it, without exception, is utterly and entirely false. Almost the entire revenue of the United States government comes from two items—the duties on imported goods, and the internal revenue tax on liquor and tobacco, in their various forms. The total revenue of the United States for the fiscal year ended July 31, 1889, (we have not the figures for the fiscal year just closed), was as follows:

Customs duties (tariff)	$223,832,742
Internal revenue	130,881,514
Sales of public lands	8,038,652
Miscellaneous items	24,297,151
Total	$387,050,059

The expenditure for pensions for that year was $87,624,779. It is clear that the bulk of the government's income comes from the two items mentioned above—the tariff and internal revenue. So far as the latter is concerned, it is a tax paid by the dealers in and manufacturers of liquors and tobacco. The persons who use these articles pay this internal tax in the shape of increased prices.

This is not true, however, of the customs revenue, arising from the payment of tariff duties on imported goods. Who are the buyers of imported goods? Largely the wealthy classes. Let you who read this ask yourself the question, "How many dollars' worth of imported goods do you buy per year?" You will find the amount very small, if any; for the average citizen does not buy any. He buys American-made goods, which is just as durable, and as good in every way as foreign-made goods. Let the people who feel themselves able to pay for imported goods do so.

We do not think any man who uses liquor or tobacco ought to object to paying a price for them which will include part of the government's expenses, including pensions to the veterans; and if any one does not want to pay any part of the pension fund, let him let those two articles alone, and buy no foreign-made goods. Then he can be assured he is not paying a cent toward pensions.

GROVER CLEVELAND's little letter, sent to the meeting at Columbus last Saturday night, protesting against the passage of the federal elections bill, was hardly as vigorous as might have been expected from the ex-president considering the fact that his accidental election was mainly by the votes from the South, where Republicans were not permitted to cast their ballots.

IT has become somewhat fashionable to treat Senator BLAIR as a crank because of his persistency in regard to his educational bill, but he stated an unpleasant but plain truth when he said the other day that not one of the important measures on the Senate calendar can be passed without the adoption of a rule for the arbitrary closure of debate. Such a rule should be adopted at once.

THREE Belgian glass blowers were recently detained by the United States immigration authorities in New York, and when their release was sought by habeas corpus, United States Commissioner SHIELDS recommended the dismissal of the writ, saying that there was sufficient cause for detaining the men as contract laborers. This decision will certainly prove satisfactory to the organized glass blowers of the country.

CHANGE THE RULES.

There is no longer any concealment of the fact that the Democratic programme in the Senate is one of obstruction. It is proposed to use the schedules of the tariff bill as a lever to knock out this federal elections bill. The whole course of the debate thus far shows that to be the purpose of the Democratic senators. With the present rules of debate in the senate this programme of obstruction can be carried on until both tariff bill and federal elections bill are talked to death and the Republican party be compelled to go to the country at the coming congressional elections without the record of pledges performed that it ought to present.

The Democrats are in the minority in the Senate, and could not prevent either of the measures referred to from being passed if they could come to a vote. This they know, and so they are determined to offer every parliamentary obstacle that their ingenuity can devise to final action upon the bill.

The Republican majority can put a stop to these obstructionary tactics if they wish. If they fail to do so it is because some of the members of the party are timid, hesitating and recreant to the duty which they owe to their constituents and to the country. The sooner the issue is made the better. The course of the Democrats will justify such changing of the rules of debate as will insure to the majority the power to secure proper and needed legislation.

If the Democrats had possessed a majority in the Senate under the last administration, would not they have changed the rules so as to limit debate and then have passed the infamous free trade bill which came over from the House? Most certainly they would. The last Presidential campaign was fought upon the principles involved in that bill, and the people decided that they were pernicious and that the party advocating free trade was not to be trusted in the management of national affairs.

Both parties admitted that the present tariff needed revision, but the Republicans insisted that such revision should be made on the lines of protection to home industries and home labor, and they promised to pass a bill which should accomplish this if their ticket was elected. The people believed in this promise, and not only elected the Republican presidential ticket, but gave the party a majority in the House of Representatives. The Senate was safely Republican, and it was believed that the three branches of the general government would work in perfect harmony.

The House has done its duty and it now remains for the Senate to do likewise. Obstructionary methods were attempted by the Democratic minority in the House but the majority firmly insisted upon its right to control legislation and it succeeded in doing so. The same challenge is now presented to Republican Senators that was given to Republican Representatives. Let the majority in the Senate be as firm in insisting upon their rights as was the case in the lower branch of Congress. Let the rules be changed so that the tariff bill and the federal elections bill can be passed without further delay.

The two issues of the tariff and the protection to voters of every party in every state in the Union will then be settled and Republican Senators may be sure that the country will stand by them.

A TARIFF QUESTION ANSWERED.

A BLADE subscriber in Creston, Iowa, inquires why it is that, with the price of steel rails the same in England and the United States, the duty is not repealed? And he asks, "as it is useless, why not repeal it?"

In reply we say, the duty is not useless—not by any manner of means. Let us go back a little, and refresh our correspondent's memory as to the history of the steel rail industry. When steel rails were first made—when there was no duty on them, and not a steel rail mill on this side of the Atlantic—the price ranged three or four times higher than now, being at one time $160 a ton. The price now is about $34 a ton. Congress imposed a duty—considerably higher than the present one—and steel rail mills were immediately started in various localities. Home competition was inaugurated, despite the fact that the price in England took a considerable tumble as soon as the duty was imposed—a clear proof that the price was kept up at an exorbitant figure through a combination of the English mills. The price has steadily declined to the present, through the active competition among our home manufacturers, until the price here and in England is practically the same.

But now suppose the plan of our Iowa correspondent were put in force. What might we expect? Simply that the English mills would flood our market with steel rails, sold at a loss, with the design of breaking down our manufacturers. They would undersell them, and compel the rail mills here to close. Then the price would be put up to an exorbitant figure, and the English combination would line its pockets with the profits. This is not an imaginary picture; it is the avowed and understood policy pursued by English manufacturers to retain their foreign trade. In an official report made to the House of Commons this spring, and read publicly in that body, the following occurs:

> The laboring classes in the manufacturing districts of this country, and especially in the iron and coal districts, are very little aware of the extent to which they are often indebted for being employed at all to the *immense losses* which their employers very often incur in bad times in order to *destroy competition*, and to gain and *keep possession of foreign markets.*
>
> Authentic instances are well known of employers having in such times carried on their works at a loss amounting in the aggregate to *three or four hundred thousand pounds in the course of three or four years.*
>
> If the efforts of those who encourage combinations to restrict the amount of labor and to produce strikes were to be successful for any length of time, the great accumulations of capital could not then be made which enable *a few of the wealthy capitalists to overwhelm all foreign competition* in times of great depression, and thus to clear the way for the whole trade to step in when prices revive, and to carry on a great business, *before foreign capital can again accumulate* to such extent as to be able to establish a competition in prices with any chances of success.
>
> The large capitalists of this country were *the great instruments of warfare* (if the expression may be allowed), *against the competing capital of foreign countries*, and are the most essential instruments now remaining by which our manufacturing supremacy may be maintained.

Here is the frank confession that British capital stands ready to flood the American market with British goods, at enormous temporary losses, for the sake of the reward that shall come in the shape of higher prices when American factories have been compelled to close.

But our correspondent may say, "Why could not Congress re-impose the duty in that case?" It could, and probably would if it were not then Democratic. But that would not amend the ruin wrought by the policy of repeal, nor would men be willing to put hundreds of thousands of dollars into a steel rail plant, with no assurance the same sort of silliness would not be repeated. If steel rails (or anything else) sell as cheaply here as in England, it is proof positive that no American buyer is injured by the tariff, then why take off the duty?

IT is stated that 2,000 cases, or 48,000 bottles, of beer were recently sold in a single day at Asbury Park. That certainly is not a good showing for a temperance summer resort.

THE "HORSE FAIR" OFFER.

Don't you want a fine picture *free*? A picture that is good enough to grace palace walls—a copy of one of the world's famous paintings—ROSA BONHEUR'S celebrated "Horse Fair?"

We will make you a *gift* of one, if you want it; the conditions are to be found in the "Publishers' Column," on the fifth page of this paper. Turn to it and read!

A RECIPROCITY OBJECT LESSON.

The Democratic press is sedulously cultivating the idea that there is something incompatible between BLAINE's reciprocity idea (which is no new thing, as we have had reciprocity for years with the Sandwich Islands), and the McKinley tariff bill. They also are endeavoring to claim that BLAINE's scheme is a step in the direction of free trade. Both these positions are erroneous. Let us take a homely but truthful illustration, that will be easily comprehended by every schoolboy in the land:

Protection is the fence around our pasture field, which prevents other people's cattle from coming to share it with our own.

Free trade proposes to tear down the fence and allow any and all cattle to come in and graze.

Reciprocity keeps up the fence, but makes a bargain with a neighbor that a specified number of head of cattle can be admitted to the pasture, if in return an equitable number of our cattle shall be allowed to graze in our neighbor's cloverfield.

The point is clear that there is absolute harmony between protection and reciprocity, and none whatever between reciprocity and free trade.

Mr. BLAINE is a protectionist, and favors the McKinley bill. The discussion on the reciprocity project at Washington among Republican leaders is not over the policy itself, but a careful consideration of the manner of doing it, and of the probability of other countries accepting it.

For, to recur to the illustration above, there isn't much use in making the proposition for an exchange of pasturage, if the neighbor doesn't care about letting our stock graze on his clover. It takes two to make a bargain.

Another point that needs careful consideration and elaboration is the method of making reciprocity effective. It is proposed that the President shall have the power to suspend our tariff with regard to certain products of another country, when that country withdraws its tariff from goods we produce for export. Here is a power that must be carefully guarded, or we may get the little end of the bargain, as we do in our reciprocity scheme with Hawaii.

These weighty questions can not be solved in a day or a week. The clamor of the Democratic press will neither hasten nor retard action on the matter. The sole question is the actual benefit of the country, not answering the clamor of an opposition press, which is all sound and fury, signifying nothing.

ELECTRICAL EXECUTION.

Various sensational newspapers are raising a hue and cry over the execution of KEMMLER by electricity, and shouting that the law authorizing that method should be repealed. This is the world-old yelp of conservation against progress. It is heard every time an innovation is made, no matter how praiseworthy or valuable the change might be.

The horrors of execution by hanging have been many. Men have been strangled slowly to death; the rope has broken numbers of times, and a sickening delay of many minutes, during which the doomed wretch suffered the mental pangs of ten thousand deaths; all kinds of horrifying mishaps have occurred; and even when the execution passed off without a hitch, no death by the rope was ever quicker than was KEMMLER's.

The facts of his execution are these: The electric current was turned on; all the physicians present agree that he lost consciousness instantly, and without pain. Dr. SPITZKA, who directed the execution, ordered the current turned off in 17 seconds. There was, after a minute or so, an attempt at respiration, in the opinion of some of the physicians; the others think it was a mere twitching of the muscles of the diaphragm, and no evidence of life. The current was turned on again, and these movements ceased. KEMMLER was dead to a certainty.

The cold fact is that there were blunders in the execution: first, a circuit of electric lights was supplied by the same dynamo, which took about half the current—hence the voltage (intensity) was not as great as it should have been; second, Dr. SPITZKA should have allowed the current to flow for a longer time; third, the electrodes were not in perfect contact with the body—and this, in connection with the turning of the current on for a second time, caused the scorching of the skin at the points of contact.

All these blunders are easy of rectification, and the experience gained at this first electrical execution will prevent any recurrence of them. We can see no reason for any of this display of maudlin sentimentality over KEMMLER. He suffered no pain; he lost consciousness instantly; and in no respect could he have had a more expeditious death by the rope, with the possibility of slowly strangling to death, and having his dying agony spread over many minutes, instead of consciousness being obliterated at a flash.

THE sudden death of JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY, the poet and editor of the Boston *Pilot*, will be generally regretted. He was a man of brilliant attainments. Some of his poetic effusions will become classic for their elevated fancy, vigor of thought and happy expression. His intense love for his native land and her oppressed people was only equalled by his devotion to the land of his adoption where he had found that freedom and recognition that was denied him in downtrodden Ireland. As an editor he was a trenchant writer, and though one might disagree with his views his clear and manly expression of them compelled admiration.

THE passage of the MCKINLEY bill will injure British manufactures, say the English free trade organs. Well, what if it will? It will also promote and extend American manufactures, and the object of Maj. MCKINLEY and his Republican colleagues in the Ways and Means committee was to present a tariff measure that would protect home industries and encourage their development. That they have accomplished this is evident from the opposition to the bill made by foreign manufacturers. Now let the Senate pass the bill without further delay.

THE recommendations made by the National Bar association at its meeting in Indianapolis are in the direction of prompt and equitable administration of justice. A uniform law on wills so that wills made in one state will be valid in another, will prevent much tedious litigation and there is no doubt that Senator EVARTS' bill providing for an additional judge in each court to facilitate business should be passed.

OUR FOREIGN TRADE LAST YEAR.

The fiscal year ended June 30, 1890, is remarkable for showing a greater foreign trade than any previous one in our history. Our imports were the largest amount on record; and our exports were never exceeded save in the year 1881. From the report of the bureau of statistics we extract the following figures as to our total imports and exports for the years named, which will be valuable in the discussions of our future economic policy during the Congressional campaign this fall:

Years.	Exports.	Imports.
1870	$392,771,768	$435,958,408
1875	513,442,711	533,005,436
1880	835,638,658	667,954,746
1881	902,377,346	642,664,628
1882	750,542,257	724,639,574
1883	823,839,402	723,180,914
1884	740,513,609	667,697,693
1885	742,189,755	577,527,329
1886	679,524,830	635,536,136
1887	716,183,211	692,319,769
1888	695,954,507	723,957,118
1889	742,401,375	745,131,654
1890	857,856,159	789,335,852

The free traders are endeavoring to create the impression among the farmers that our exports are trivial, and that they are decreasing. Our exports last year, as will be seen by the above table, were $115,454,784 greater than for the year previous. This increase is due to increased exports of the following articles: Grain of all kinds, meat and provisions, cotton, iron and steel and articles made thereof, tobacco, vegetable oils (cottonseed), and wood in various forms, including goods manufactured from it. The *increase* in the exports of cotton over the previous year was $13,190,974; of grain and flour, $30,546,437; of meats and provisions, $31,234,815; of cattle, sheep and hogs, $14,901,498. Our exports of cotton were the greatest in our history, amounting to 2,471,793,358 pounds.

The increase in our imports over the previous year was $44,204,203, the bulk being increased imports of the following articles, which are named in the order of the size of increase, that which increased most being given first: Sugar and molasses; coffee; silk, raw and manufactured goods; India rubber and gutta percha, crude; cotton goods; vegetables and fruits (chiefly tropical). On imports of raw wool, hides, and manufactures of iron and steel show a decline, which means that we are producing more of these, and consequently do not need to buy so much abroad.

Since 1876, there have been but two years in which we did not sell abroad more than we bought abroad—that is, that our exports did not exceed our imports; and it shows the indirect influence of an administration over our foreign trade that these two unfavorable years were 1887 and 1888, the two closing years of CLEVELAND's administration. From 1876 to 1887 inclusive, the average excess of exports over imports was $134,388,312 per year; during 1887, the imports were $2,730,277 greater; during 1888, the imports were $28,002,607 more than the exports—showing a tremendous jump; then came another Republican administration, and the vote of 1888 being taken to mean the protective system would remain, our trade changed in our favor again, and last year we sold above $68,520,304 more than we imported.

Take this in connection with the fact that we imported more last year than ever before, and the sudden expansion of our export trade is the more remarkable. For it must be remembered that we are gaining in national wealth when we sell more abroad than we buy, and that we are losing when we buy more abroad than we sell. The effect of the federal elections of 1888 was to change the balance of trade, which was against us, to a balance in our favor. This is a matter that our farmers should ponder well. Let the demagogues alone, and stick to the policy that the facts show to be the more favorable for the country.

FREE TRADE SHOWN UP.

During the Presidential campaign of 1888, the free traders had much to say of the duty on borax. It was declared to be iniquitous, merely levied so that the borax manufacturers could reap increased profits, with the result of making the people pay a higher price than they otherwise would. In the Senate the other day, these assertions had a startling overthrow, when the Democrats attempted to amend the tariff bill by removing this duty.

Borax was on the free list until the tariff act of 1883 was passed, which imposed a duty. Now, if the free trade theory were correct, the price ought to at once have risen, and been kept up. That is the regular free trade argument.

But what are the facts? Up to 1883, borax cost 30 cents a pound. The imposition of the duty at once set capital to work to develop the borax manufacture from the deposits in the West; but instead of a rise in price, there was a fall, as the manufacture extended; and now, after seven years of protection, borax costs *seven* cents a pound, as against 30 cents when its importation was free!

Boracic acid, largely used in medicine and the arts, has declined from 50 cents a pound in 1883 to fourteen cents now. It is obtained directly from borax, which is a compound of boracic acid and soda.

This is a fresh illustration of the working or protection—that it first led to the foundation of an industry at home, in competition with foreign producers; second, to competition among these home manufacturers, by which the price is made far cheaper than it would have been but for the development of the industry by protection. Hence the result of protection is to cheapen articles, rather than to increase their price.

OUR IRON HIGHWAYS.

The 1890 issue of POOR's "Manual of Railroads" is fruitful in figures regarding the railways of the country, interesting to every intelligent citizen. The total number of miles of railroad in the United States at the close of 1889 was 161,397. The total investment in our railroads, including capital stock, and indebtedness, funded and unfunded, was $9,680,942,249; gross earnings, $1,003,736,596; net earnings, $332,284,986, or 3.3 per cent on the capital stock.

The following table, from the Manual, gives the number of tons of freight moved each year, and the average freight rate per mile; also the number of passengers carried, and the average rate per mile for each:

Years.	Freight, tons.	Rate, cents.	Passengers, number.	Rate, cents.
1882	360,490,375	1.236	289,030,783	2.514
1883	400,453,439	1.236	312,686,641	2.422
1884	399,074,779	1.124	334,570,766	2.356
1885	437,040,099	1.057	351,427,688	2.198
1886	482,245,254	1.042	382,284,972	2.181
1887	552,074,752	1.034	428,225,513	2.276
1888	590,857,353	0.977	451,353,655	2.246
1889	619,137,237	0.976	486,124,767	2.170

The growth of both freight and passenger business for the past eight years can be noted from the above, and the fact that the rates are steadily declining. Freight cost 1 cent and 236-thousandths per ton per mile in 1882, and only 976-thousandths of a cent in 1889; and the passenger rates shows a decided diminution.

REPUBLICAN Congressmen should remember that if they are absent from their seats the Democrats have the power in their own hands. The people elected a Republican Congress, and they expect that the members of that party will attend to business.

OUR NEW STORY.

Read the Following Announcement, And Ask Your Neighbors to Read it Also.

With this issue we begin the publication of our new serial, entitled:

UNCLE SAM IN 1894;

A Story of Our Immediate Future.

This story, we can promise, from a reading of the first half dozen chapters, will be interesting to every Blade reader. In the first place, it is full of incident, true to life, and photographic in its fidelity to character; second, these incidents are made to turn upon rapidly-moving political events, happening in the immediate future, and by no means impossible—nor improbable, either.

No one can predict, of course, what the future shall bring forth; but one who has been for years a close student of American politics, a careful judge of the trend of public opinion, and a shrewd watcher of the development of national affairs (and all this can be truthfully said of the author), is able to correctly predict what will be the natural outcome of a complex political situation, if no new factor comes in to alter the status.

That is exactly what our new story will be. It is a prophecy, of results, based on causes now existent and in process of development. Hence it will be worthy of perusal by any one interested (and what intelligent American is not?) in the working out of the problems now before the people.

But there is not too much of political discussion in it; this is made subsidiary to the story itself, which, we are sure will be worth any one's reading for the narrative alone. And that there is embodied in it a lesson to the citizen will by no means be a drawback to that numerous class who read simply for the story itself; while it will be an attraction to those who like to have what they read suggestive of topics for thought and discussion.

Read the story! We can safely promise that it will give you something which you do not expect! Speak to your neighbors about it, and see if they do not want to subscribe for the campaign, and read it as it appears. If you want to help us, write and get campaign terms. Address "THE BLADE, Toledo, Ohio."

THE BANKRUPTCY BILL.

The passage of the Torrey bankruptcy bill by the House renders it probable that it will become a law at this session, unless the rush of business in the Senate shall be too great to allow that body to reach a vote upon it. This bill has been prepared with great care and is certainly a well matured measure, just in its application to the various parties and interests concerned, and severe only where any good bankruptcy law should be severe, in its penalties for deliberate fraud. It required no little patience and ingenuity to prepare a bill which, while it provided an effective working system, should avoid the antagonisms which other bankruptcy propositions have awakened in Congress, because of the suspicion that they were framed either in the interest of lawyers or of extortionate creditors.

The tone of the debate in the House showed that these prejudices are not extinct, but they are wisely met in the new bill, and the Western origin and the Western indorsements of that measure were points in its favor which counted for a good deal. If the Senate passes this bill we shall have a bankruptcy system which embodies the best features of the law which was repealed eight years or more ago, but is simpler, cheaper and more effective than that. The new bill greatly diminishes the cost of bankruptcy proceedings, provides for definite and moderate fees and charges, and tends to expedite the adjustment of a debtor's affairs. If it becomes a law it will check fraud, and will give a new element of stability and uniformity to interstate business transactions.

"FARMERS' ILLS."

On the third page of this issue of the Weekly BLADE will be found an instalment of letters from farmers, in response to the following five questions:

> "1.—What is the condition of the farmers in your vicinity—are they meeting expenses, making money, or losing it?
>
> 2.—How many in every ten, in your judgment, are mortgaged? Were these mortgages given for improvements, to pay for the land, or to raise money to live upon?
>
> 3.—Where the farmers are running behind, is it the result of bad management, poor crops, or low prices and high freight rates, or all of them?
>
> 4.—What is the judgment of the farmers of your vicinity as to the relief possible by legislation? What should the state legislature do in the way of giving relief, and what should Congress do?
>
> 5.—What are the principal crops of your vicinity? Is the climate adapted to the raising of other crops, which would be more profitable? And if so, what?

Agriculture stands at the foundation of national prosperity, and unless the farmers are doing well the nation at large cannot flourish. THE BLADE has always steadily championed all measures that it believed to be for the well-being of the agricultural community, and it will discuss the situation editorially during the summer. We are glad to receive answers to the above questions from our readers; but *make them very short.* We want them primarily for our own information, but shall publish each week a selection of representative ones. Address "THE BLADE, Toledo, Ohio," and in the lower left-hand corner write "Farmer's Column." Do *not* address them to the "Farmstead."

ITS amusing to see how the Bourbon newspapers of the South reiterate their opposition to the federal elections bill. Of course they oppose it, and that very fact is one of the strongest arguments why it should pass. If these negro haters and bulldozers were in favor of the measure its present advocates might well hesitate about voting for it.

THE St. Louis *Globe-Democrat* truthfully remarks that the law which has killed the sugar trust "can kill the other trusts, if it is enforced," and that it will be enforced "when the public becomes sufficiently aroused to the necessity of the situation to demand action."

OUR minister to Portugal, Dr. LORING, is reported as saying that the people of that country "are fast getting ready for a republic." The ideas that triumphed when Brazil overturned her monarchy and established free government, seem to be permeating the mother country, Portugal.

IT was just 100 years, on July 31, since the issue of the first patent by the United States government. It was granted to SAMUEL HOPKINS, for a process of making potash and pearlash. The total number issued within the century is 433,432.

CURRENT EVENTS.

Miss Rose Elizabeth Cleveland's novel has fallen flat.

Gen. Longstreet's new war book is looked for with much interest.

Ward McAllister will manage the ball that Newport will give to Prince George.

The Spanish statesman, Castelar, is writing a life of Christ, and is also busy on a history of Spain.

Lady Dunlo, who has just defeated her husband's divorce suit, will go on the stage as Venus.

Mrs. U. S. Grant is spending her summer months with her son Ulysses, in Westchester county, N. Y.

A machine has been invented for drilling square, oblong or hexagonal holes, heretofore found impossible.

Constantinople is believed to have founded the first hospital in the world, as we now understand a hospital.

About 4,500 species of wild bees are known, of wasps 1,100, of which 170 and 16 respectively, live in Britain.

Mr. Justin McCarthy has been ordered by his physicians to Royat, in the South of France, for the benefit of his health.

One car building company in Pennsylvania has on hand orders for 29,900 freight cars. The largest order is for 10,000.

James Yates killed an owl on Hawk Mountain, Ga., which measured four feet seven inches from tip to tip of wings.

Texas has a double-headed cat. It is perfect in form except the two heads. It has four eyes, four ears and two mouths.

Mr. Reed, the speaker, has accepted honorable membership in the Americus club, the famous Republican club of Pittsburg.

Georgia beats the world in babies. The wife of Will Lennon, a painter, in Macon, has given birth to a child weighing 40 pounds.

Many New York people who have a taste for ice cream are trying the fad of eating Boston brown bread with their cream.

Senator Wade Hampton has at last shaved off the side-whiskers which he has so assiduously cultivated for lo! these many years.

The recent dangerous illness of Count Kalnoky was induced by his reckless eating and drinking of rich food and iced champagne.

Electrically deposited copper is so ductile that it can be drawn down until it resembles the finest hair, and this, too, without annealing.

Prof. C. B. Richards, of the Sheffield Scientific school, Yale, has been made by the French government a chevalier of the Legion of Honor.

Mrs. Eva B. Hart, who died near Syracuse, N. Y., recently, at the reputed age of 113, smoked as far back as her children can remember.

Miss Mollie E. Seawall, a recently sucessful novelist, who took the $500 prize offered by a Boston periodical, is a niece of President Tyler.

Mrs. Frederick W. Vanderbilt and other ultra-fashionable people at Newport, have developed a Whatsoever Circle of the King's Daughters.

It has been discovered that the German empress is descended from Harold I., founder of the kingdom of Norway, and from Haken V., its last king.

A luminous buoy has been invented, the light for which is produced by phosphuret of calcium, and is visible two and a half miles away.

Professor C. B. Richards, of the Sheffield Scientific school, Yale, has been made by the French government a chevalier of the Legion of Honor.

Ex-Judge Sawyer, of San Francisco, who is over 60 years old, was thrashed soundly by an irate husband who caught the aged Judge flirting with his wife.

Wag Yin Wan, a Chinese millionaire, has bought 15,000,000 acres of land in Tehuantepec, where he will establish a city and doubtless start a laundry.

Miss Linbanovska, a young woman noted as one of the best horsewomen in St. Petersburg, has decided to ride from that city to Odessa on horseback.

Lieutenant Manlio Garibaldi, youngest son of the illustrious liberator, is about to be married to Miss Mantegazza, daughter of the celebrated author of that name.

Gov. Hill, of New York, is said to be especially fond of DeWolf Hopper's new opera, "Castles in the Air." The Governor has dreams of future greatness himself.

A tennis racquet, with a little mirror in the handle, is recommended for some of the anxious gentlemen in the court, who fear to play with tresses disarranged.

Bagpipes should be more fashionable than banjos next winter for the Boston girl, since all the indications are that she will wear the tartan more than any other dress.

The Rev. A. W. Wilson, one of the bishops of the Methodist Episcopal Church South, has set out on a tour around the world, to look after the interests of foreign missions.

The journals, in writing Mary Anderson's marriage, announced that she and her husband were to spend their honeymoon in Venice. They did nothing of the kind, but are in Kent.

Miss May Rogers, an Iowa girl, has compiled a Waverly dictionary, in which more than thirteen hundred characters of Scott's novels are described with illustrative extracts from the text.

Prince Herbert Bismarck cherishes carefully the wreck of a watch which he carried during the Franco-Prussian war, and which stopped a bullet which might otherwise have ended his life.

Mrs. Hetty Green's estimated wealth is put at $40,000,000. Three other women have each $30,000,000, and Mrs. Terry's 3-year-old baby is the happy, or unhappy, possessor of $50,000,000 in its own right.

Mrs. Leland Stanford has given $5,000 for the erection of a monument to Father Junipero Serra, of Monterey, which will take the place of a wooden cross that marks the spot where he landed in 1770.

Of the Rev. Dr. Theodore Pryor, who died last week in Nottoway county, Va., it is stated that in half a century of ministerial work he never missed an appointment to preach on account of ill health.

The Austrian archduke, Francis Ferdinand, is an exceedingly wealthy, but far from handsome man. He has a short body, with long limbs, a small head, perched on a long neck, and a prodigious nose.

It is reported from the City of Mexico that the famous castle of Chapultepec, one of the most imposing structures in the world, is to be sold to Jay Gould for $5,000,000, and will be the winter home of the Goulds.

Mr. Archibald Little, author of "Through the Yangtse Gorges," has sailed for New York. Mr. Little is a leading authority upon Western China, especially in its commercial relations with Europe and America.

Vegetable or fruit sandwiches are recommended as new delicacies for picnics. The newest dainty sandwich is made of nasturtium leaf, spinkled with a little salt, and set between two round slices of biscuit and butter.

A man was brought to the hospital at Eastburn, London, who had driven four nails into his skull three or four inches deep. He suffered from severe headache, and took that means to cure it. The nails were extracted with difficulty.

"Ring the bell when you want the postmaster" is the motto in an Oxford county postoffice. Having lots of other business to attend to, the postmaster has placed a button attached to an electric bell by the side of the delivery window.

In the course of his successful career Capt. McMickan, at present commander of the Cunarder Umbria, has made 478 passages across the Atlantic, carrying 165,570 passengers and sailing on all voyages over a distance of 2,129,800 miles.

A young English woman has just died from an excess of tennis. She worked so hard to prepare for a tournament, playing often in the hot sun, that she brought on brain fever and died. She raved about the game in her last hours.

The amount of water the sun raises from the earth is estimated at the enormous weight 37,000,000,000 tons a minute; the quantity of coal required to produce a heat in any way equivalent to the sun is calculated to be 12,000,000,000,000,000 tons.

By her will, Mrs. Emily Pfeiffer, the well-known English poetess, who died recently, bequeaths, with the exception of a few legacies, the whole of her personal estate of £65,000 to charitable and educational establishments for women.

It is said that the Prince of Wales is the only relative of the King of Denmark who finds life at Fredensborg wearisome. The fact is that the castle is a very small place, and the Prince is, like everybody else, "cabin'd, cribb'd, confin'd."

A huge lobster was caught by Henry Dunbar, in the bay of Penobscot. It was 34 inches long and weighed 21 pounds. The guests at the Penobscot house had the pleasure of discussing the lobster, which was served soon after the catch.

A few days ago the English Bishop of St. Asaph referred in the course of a speech at some function in his diocese to his "younger and rasher days," but the local papers reported him as having deplored his "younger and masher days!"

The river Hoang-Ho is to be put in a strait-jacket. The Chinese government can contrive to do it by stone walls and dams, and so restrain its fickle flood from devastating demeanor in the future such as has marked its course in the past.

The tombstone of the late Mrs. Ann D. Carter, of Philadelphia, bears the following lines cut in marble:

Some have children and some have none,
But here lies the mother of twenty-one.

Marie Loisinger, the pretty singer whom Prince Alexander married, did not die, as was reported a year ago. She is alive and her husband is tired of her; but he, not being born royal more than she, can not avail himself of the privilege of calling her a morganatic wife, it is said.

The Rev. Dr. Harcourt, of San Francisco, said in a recent sermon that "Job was a man of large possessions—the Jay Gould of the East." He added that in one day Job was reduced to the ranks of the poor men. There's where the parallel don't fit. It's not likely that the great railroad magnate will ever have to hustle for his daily bread.

UNION SERVICE PENSION ASS'N.

JUSTICE "to him who has borne the battle, to his widow and orphans."

NEW CAMPS.

Official Reports of the Organization of Union Service Pension Associations for the Week.

Macksburg Camp, No. 13 of Ohio.

Macksburg, Washington county, O.; 14th Congressional district; organized ——, 1890; 24 members.
Commandant—R. C. Smithson, Macksburg, O.
Vice Commandant—Wm. M. Atkinson.
Adjutant—Emanuel Yerian, Macksburg, Ohio.

Haney's Corner Camp, No. 6 of Indiana.

Haney's Corner, Ripley county, Ind.; —— Congressional district; organized August —, 1890; 28 members.
Commandant—C. H. Shelp, Haney's Corner, Ind.
Vice Commandant—N. B. Rynerson.
Adjutant—H. H. Kirk, Haney's Corner, Ind.
Quartermaster—J. W. Kirk.

Sherman City Camp, No. 6 of Michigan.

Sherman City, Isabella Co., Mich.; ——th Congressional district; organized July 22, 1890; 29 members.
Commandant—J. J. Sharp, Sherman City, Mich.
Vice Commandant—C. E. Rogers.
Adjutant—F. W. Ellis, Sherman City, Mich.
Quartermaster—Sylvester Phenix.

Kearney Camp, No. 3 of Nebraska.

Kearney, Buffalo Co., Neb.; 3d Congressional district; organized August, 1890; 101 members.
Commandant—J. W. Worsley, Kearney, Neb.
Vice Commandant—J. F. Todd.
Adjutant—J. M. Durley, Kearney, Neb.
Quartermaster—W. H. Moore.

Utica Camp, No. 4 of Nebraska.

Utica, Seward Co., Neb.; 21st Congressional district; organized Aug. 2, 1890; 32 members.
Commandant—E. S. Edwards, Utica, Neb.
Vice Commandant—Joseph M. Miller.
Adjutant—Jas. M. Carter, Utica, Neb.
Quartermaster—Volney Brant.

Mitchellville Camp, No. 2 of Iowa.

Mitchellville, Polk Co., Iowa; ——th Congressional district; organized July 19, 1890; 28 members.
Commandant—Jerry Swift, Mitchellville, Iowa.
Vice Commandant—C. C. Glenn.
Adjutant—J. K. Moller, Mitchellville, Iowa.
Quartermaster—Chas. Seiberling.

Bryant Camp, No. 2 of Colorado.

Bryant, Phillips Co., Colo.; —th Congressional district; organized Aug. 2, 1890; 18 members.
Commandant—Jas. Lawrence, Bryant, Colo.
Vice Commandant—W. B. Coats.
Adjutant—Jas. Bryant, Bryant, Colo.
Quartermaster—J. A. Ludehope.

Wellsburg Camp, No. 1 of New York.

Wellsburg, Chemung Co., New York; 28th Congressional district; organized August —, 1890; 49 members.
Commandant—H. F. Dewey, Lowman, N. Y.
Vice Commandant—D. H. McIntyre.
Adjutant—Ed Hammer, Lowman, N. Y.
Quartermaster—J. L. Corner.

Cedarville Camp, No. 10 of Kansas.

Cedarville, Smith Co., Kansas; 6th Congressional district; organized Aug. 2, 1890; 44 members.
Commandant—George D. Simmonds, Cedarville, Kan.
Vice Commandant—Alexander Barron.
Adjutant—A. H. Black, Cedarville, Smith Co., Kan.
Quartermaster—J. T. Morrison.

Some Reasons for Pushing the Union Service Pension Association.

Everything just now has to give way to the heavy rush of farm work—for it is harvest and threshing time, with all the pressing work which that implies. So soon as this rush is over, and the comrades have time to attend to it, the U. S. P. A. will be pushed vigorously. That is the tenor of the letters we receive; and as each Camp will devote itself, as soon as organized, to the two purposes of (1) increasing its membership, and (2) founding other Camps, the prospects for a rapid growth are cheering.

It may be valuable to those who are new readers to THE BLADE to give the steps which led to the formation of the U. S. P. A.

During the past winter, we published hundreds of letters from ex-soldiers, who fiercely murmured at the neglect of their interests by Congress. We were moved by them. We realized, as we never had before, the actual injustice the survivors of the war are suffering. We determined that THE BLADE, always the friend of the Union and its defenders, should take up their cause and strive to have their wrongs righted.

We tried direct appeals, by postal card, to Congress. Our readers nobly responded, and showered the cards by tens of thousands upon the Senate and House. The response was the passage of the dependent bill by the Senate, the substitution of the Morrill bill for it by the House, and the refusal of the Senate to agree to the substitution. Then it went into conference committee; the disability bill was formulated by it, reported to both houses, passed, and is now a law.

While we heartily rejoice in its passage for the sake of the thousands of broken-down old soldiers who have been compelled to live on the bread of charity, we know that the law is not satisfactory to the great majority of veterans and their friends. They will not practically show themselves paupers in order to accept the provisions of the disability bill. They will not beg for that which is theirs by right.

THE BLADE asks for justice "to him that has borne the battle, and to his widow and orphans." It will be years, if ever, before a service pension bill is passed, unless the demand for this act of justice comes in a form that can not be evaded. Hence the organization of the Union Pension Service association. The "Plan of Organization," given elsewhere, shows fully how it proposes to work.

We believe it to be the means whereby service pensions can be reached most quickly. It simply proposes to unite the voters who favor justice to the soldiers—and there are two millions and a half of them, assuredly—into a compact voting and working association for this one supreme end—no other.

Those Who Will Not Help Themselves Should Expect Nothing.

Hundreds and thousands of old soldiers, Republicans, have expressed their disgust over the dilatoriness of Congress in the matter of service pensions, and declared that they will not "vote the Republican ticket any longer." That is a cardinal mistake of theirs. If the Democratic party were pledged to the service pension idea, or if there were the slightest possibility that it would do so, their action might be judicious.

As it is at present, the only party through which they can hope to obtain justice is the Republican. The true line of action is not to abandon the party, but to unite and compel the party to keep its pledges to the soldiers. The soldiers, their sons, and the vast army of other Republicans who favor service pensions, can control the party if they *will only* unite. The "Union Service Pension Association" gives that bond of union. Enroll yourselves under its banner; for if a service pension is worth having it is worth working for.

Some Useful Points.

No matter if candidates for congress are nominated before the association can be fully organized in your district; it is several months till the election! The stronger you are, the more readily will the pledge be given! ORGANIZE!

No matter if your party is in a minority in the Congressional district; the more there are in the ranks of the U. S. P. A., the stronger pressure can the National Council bring to bear on Congress! Napoleon said that "God is always on the side of the heaviest battalions." In *numbers* only can we hope for influence; and the demand of two millions and a half voters will be *yielded* to by Congress.

There should be an Association in every voting precinct, in every state wherein there are any old soldiers, or ten American citizens who favor justice to the ex-veterans. If every one takes hold of this work in earnest, the Association will be numerous enough to *compel* the passage of a service pension bill.

PLAN OF ORGANIZATION

Of the "Union Service Pension Association."

Send for blank pledges, and a bundle of copies of THE BLADE, containing the Plan of Organization. They will be sent, *free of charge*, to you. A reading of the U. S. P. A. articles on the fifth page is all that is needed to enable any one to understand its comprehensive scope, the simplicity of its organization, its effective mode of reaching its ends by proper, just and honorable methods. And every fair-minded man who favors service pensions is willing to join, and aid in the effort to secure them.

The blank pledges have the pledge of the U. S. P. A. printed at the top, with blank spaces below for signers' names. The following is the form:

PLEDGE OF THE UNION SERVICE PENSION ASSOCIATION.

We hereby agree to become members of the Union Service Pension Association of ———, of the County of ———, [of the ——th Congressional district*] of the state of —— —.

We hereby pledge ourselves to work for the nomination and election to the national House of Representatives of no one who will not pledge himself, unequivocally and publicly, to use his best efforts for the early passage of a service pension bill, which shall grant to every honorably-discharged soldier or sailor, who served for a proper time in the army or navy of the United States, a reasonable pension, and which shall increase that minimum in proportion to the time of service, either at the rate of one cent a day for all service over a stated period, as provided in what is known as the "Grand Army per diem bill," or some similar plan which shall recognize the principle that those who served the longest shall have the largest provision; and which shall grant to the widow of every honorably discharged soldier or sailor, irrespective of the cause of his death, a pension, with suitable provision for any minor children he may leave, under the age of 16 years, and until they reach that age. And he must pledge himself unequivocally not to be bound by any caucus action in the House to support any pension bill which does not contain such provisions.

And we hereby agree that as soon as ten persons have signed this pledge, we will join with them in the formal organization of this association, in the election of officers, and in increasing the membership of the association; and that the organization shall be completed according to the "Plan of Organization" published in THE TOLEDO BLADE. In witness whereof we herewith sign our names:

NAMES.	NAMES.

*This clause in brackets is to be stricken out in forming associations in states which elect but one representative.

When you write to us for blank pledges, send us the names of all the persons in your vicinity whom you think will join, and we will send each a sample copy of THE BLADE containing the pledge and this "Plan of Organization," besides a number of copies to your address for you to use in the work. As soon as the blanks come, start at once to get signatures. Several pledge blanks will be sent; put each in the hands of a good man, and canvass for signers.

Explain that the association does not aim to found a new party; that the idea is simply to throw the solid vote of every friend of service pensions *in favor* of the nomination and election of men to Congress who will openly and honestly pledge themselves, if elected, to work for and vote for a service pension bill, as detailed in the pledge—and *against* any candidate (either for nomination or election) who will not so pledge himself.

Take the pledge among your friends, Grand Army men, ex-soldiers who are not comrades of the G. A. R., Sons of Veterans who are voters (or will be by the congressional election), and the friends of service pensions everywhere. Get as many signatures as you can before calling a meeting. Then notify the signers, and fix upon a suitable time and place of meeting. Call the meeting to order, and have a chairman and secretary *pro tempore* chosen. The meeting should not be secret. Have all come who wish, whether they sign or not.

The next thing in order is the reading of the pledge and the list of signers; and then comes the adoption of the constitution and the election of permanent officers. The constition is given below. If by-laws are needed, they can be prepared and adopted.

As soon as the result of the election is declared, let the new officers take their seats, the same evening. Let one or more Recruiting Committees be appointed, and, if possible, an Extension Committee; have them instructed by the Commandant in their duties, by his reading the sections of the constitution defining them. Fix a meeting night, if possible, not more than a week ahead; have the Working Committees instructed to report then; and adjourn. Let the adjutant report the organization to THE BLADE, for which purpose a stamped envelope is sent with the blanks. He should report as follows:

REPORT OF ORGANIZATION

Of..................Camp of the Union Service Pension Association, of..................,
in the county of............, in the............
Congressional district, state of..........:

Organized on ...., 1890.
Number of members enrolled, ...
Commandant, ...
Postoffice address.........................
Vice Commandant, ...
Adjutant, ...
Postoffice address, ...
Quartermaster, ...

☞Be sure to give postoffice, county and state, in the postoffice addresses of Commandant and Adjutant.

Sent by
.................................,
....

There are no instituting or installing officers, and, as yet, no charters needed. When the State Council for your state, or the National Council, is organized, it can issue charters, if it deems them necessary. When your Camp is organized as above, it is ready for work—ready to push the work of the Association, by enrolling every voter possible in its ranks, and organizing new Camps near you.

CONSTITUTION

Of the Union Service Pension Association of the United States.

ARTICLE I.—NAME AND OBJECTS.

SECTION 1.—The name of this organization shall be, "The Union Service Pension Association of ———, county of ———, [——th Congressional district of the] state of ———."

SEC. 2.—Its object shall be solely to work for the nomination and election of men to Congress who will pledge themselves to work for the preparation, and vote for the passage of, a bill which shall grant a pension to every honorably discharged soldier and sailor of the war of the Rebellion, the widows of such persons, and their minor children up to the age of sixteen years; and to oppose the nomination and election of any man who opposes such a measure.

ARTICLE II.—MEMBERSHIP.

SEC. 1.—Any legal voter, or any one who will have become a legal voter by the date of the next election of members of the national House of Representatives, may become a member of this association by election thereto, by the vote of a majority of the members present at any regular or called meeting of this body, and signing the pledge of this association.

ARTICLE III.—OFFICERS.

SEC. 1.—The regular officers of this association shall be a Commandant, Vice Commandant and Adjutant [and Quartermaster, if a treasurer shall be deemed necessary; if not, his duties shall be discharged by the Adjutant.]

SEC. 2.—The Commandant shall be the presiding officer, and discharge all the duties commonly appertaining to that position. He shall also detail all Working Committees for the furtherance of the objects of the association, and designate the special field of duty of each.

SEC. 3.—The Vice Commandant shall act as Commandant in the absence of that officer, and shall in such cases exercise the same powers.

SEC. 4.—The Adjutant shall keep a record of the proceedings of each meeting, including the names of all Working Committees, read the reports of the same, and discharge all the duties usually pertaining to the office of secretary.

[If a Quartermaster is appointed, a section should be added defining his duties.]

ARTICLE IV.—WORKING COMMITTEES.

SEC. 1. For the furtherance of the objects of this association, Working Committees shall be detailed by the Commandant, who shall instruct them as to the special object to be attained.

SEC. 2. One of these shall be the Recruiting Committee, whose chairman shall be styled the Recruiting Officer; and, if thought desirable, more than one of these committees shall be detailed at one time, consisting of three members or more, in the discretion of the Commandant. Their duty shall be to personally canvass every voter in the section in which their work is assigned, explaining to each the objects and pledge of the Association, and to secure as many new members as possible. The Commandant, when he details a Recruiting Committee, shall distinctly state the portion of territory which they are to canvass, which shall be small enough to allow the committee to see every voter personally. The Recruiting Committee shall report at the next meeting of the Association, and be discharged—one or more new committees being appointed for duty in their stead.

SEC. 3.—When a choice of delegates to a Congressional convention, for the nomination of a candidate for Representative in Congress, is to take place, the Commandant shall detail one or more Working Committees, of as many members each as he shall deem expedient; and at least one committee shall be so appointed for each place of meeting of a primary caucus for the selection of delegates. The Working Committees for this particular purpose shall be called Caucus Committees. It shall be their duty to be present at the caucus or its equivalent, to explain the objects and aims of the Union Service Pension association, and endeavor to obtain, by all honorable means, the selection of delegates who will vote only for a nominee as candidate for representative who will publicly and unequivocally pledge himself to work and vote for a service pension bill, in accordance with the pledge of this Association. These Caucus Committees shall report fully at the next meeting of the Association to the commandant; and he shall, after the hearing of the report of each, and the reception thereof by the Association, formally discharge that particular Caucus Committee declaring it to be "with the highest commendation," if its work has been completely successful, and he believes it to have done all that in it lay to secure that success; "with commendation," if he judges it to have done its work with reasonable diligence; "without commendation," if he considers the work not as well done as the committee was capable of doing; and "with censure," if he is convinced the committee neglected its work—which words shall be entered on the minutes of the meeting, after the entry of the discharge of the committee from duty.

SEC. 4.—At the meeting before the election for members of Congress, the Commandant shall detail a Working Committee, to be called the Polls Committee, for every voting precinct within the jurisdiction of this Association, whose duty it shall be to be present at the voting place to which it is assigned from the time the polls open until they close. It shall be the duty of this committee to respectfully call the attention of every voter who comes to deposit his ballot to the aim of this association, and to use all honorable arguments to induce him to cast his vote for Representative in accordance with the pledge of this Association. The Commandant shall appoint for each precinct a Polls Committee large enough to have at least three members present constantly, if it be practicable so to do. Each Polls Committee shall report fully on its work and its result, as shown by the vote at its precinct, at the next meeting of the Association; and the Commandant, in formally discharging it from duty, shall pronounce his verdict on its work, after the manner prescribed in the preceding section, which verdict shall be entered on the minutes.

SEC. 5.—If it shall be possible so to do, and the Association deem it necessary, at the next meetings before the date of the assembling of the caucuses mentioned in section 3 above, and before the election mentioned in section 4, the Commandant shall detail a Rallying Committee for each caucus and voting precinct, whose duty shall be to see that every member of this Association, and every voter known to be favorable to the objects of this Association, is present at the caucus or the election to take part therein.

SEC. 6.—When there shall be an election pending of members of a state legislature upon which will devolve the election of an United States Senator, the Commandant of this Association, upon notification from the State Council or from the District Council, shall appoint Caucus Committees, Polls Committees and Rallying Committees, as prescribed in the foregoing sections, with the intent and object of electing a majority of the legislature favorable to the selection of a senator who will favor a service pension law.

SEC. 7.—Any other Working Committees for other purposes connected with the general object of the Association, may be provided for by the Association, and detailed for duty by the commandant. And the order of the District Council for the detail of any Working Committee it shall deem desirable, or the order of the State Council for a similar detail, shall be promptly obeyed.

SEC. 8.—No Working Committee shall be detailed for any political purpose other than bearing upon the election of a Representative in Congress, or upon the choice of an United States Senator, favorable to a service pension law, in accord with the pledge of this Association; or to defeat the election of candidates for those offices who are opposed to service pensions.

ARTICLE V.—ORDER OF BUSINESS.

SEC. 1.—The order of business at each regular meeting of this Association shall be:

1.—Reading of minutes.
2.—Reports of any special committee.
3.—Reports of Working committees, in this order:
(a) Recruiting Committee, through Recruiting Officer.
(b) Extension Committee.
(c) Caucus Committees.
(d) Polls Committees.
(e) Rallying Committees.
(f) Special Working Committees.
4.—Admission of new members.
5.—Postponed business.
6.—New business.
7.—Order of the Day—under which head the progress of the association, communications from the District or State or National Councils, the state of the service pension question among the people, the prospects of the campaign, if one be pending, new pension legislation, or the action of Congress on any general pension matter, the utterances of party platforms on the subject of pensions, and everything pertaining to the objects of the association may come up for discussion, or be read for information.
8.—Detail of new Working Committees, to serve until the next regular meeting.
9.—Miscellaneous (under which officials report.)
10.—Adjournment to a fixed date.

[Meetings should be held weekly until the entire territory under the jurisdiction of the association shall be thoroughly canvassed by the Recruiting Committees, and the membership be brought to a maximum. The association can then fix on a regular meeting night.]

ARTICLE VI.—EXTENSION.

SEC. 1.—As soon as any Association is thoroughly organized, it shall discuss, at each meeting, under the head of Order of the Day, the matter of organizing new Associations. The most favorable localities shall be considered, and a selection made, by motion that an extension of the Association be made in that place. The motion being carried, the Commandant shall detail a Working Committee, to be called the Extension Committee, to consist of at least three members, of whom the Commandant shall be chairman *ex officio;* and if he is unable at the designated time to attend, the Vice Commandant shall take his place. This Extension Committee shall, at a suitable date, before the next regular meeting, as directed by the Commandant, go to that locality, and obtain enough signatures to the Pledge of this Association, not less than ten, and proceed at once to organize a new Association. This work shall be kept up until a sufficient number of Associations are organized to fully cover the ground; but the orders of the County Council of Administration, as soon as it is organized, are to be followed in the work of extension.

ARTICLE VII.—COUNTY COUNCIL OF ADMINISTRATION.

SEC. 1.—There shall be in every county a Council of Administration, composed solely of the Commandants of the different Associations therein, which shall have supervision of the work of extending the organization, and of extension into surrounding counties.

SEC. 2.—As soon as three Associations are fully organized in any county, their Commandants shall meet and organize by the election of a chairman, who shall preside at their sessions, and have power to call special meetings, if need arises. This Council of Administration shall meet in the county seat, if possible, but meetings may be held elsewhere, if desired. As fast as new Associations are organized, their Commandants will take their places as members of the Council.

SEC. 3.—The County Council of Administration is to determine how many separate Associations are necessary to be organized in the county to best further the objects of the Association, and where each is to be located; to determine what Associations shall send Extension Committees to these localities, and generally to harmonize and direct the work of extension, which they shall push as rapidly as possible, until arrangements are made to have every polling-place in the county under the special charge of some Association.

SEC. 4.—Whenever a county political convention is held, it shall be the duty of the Council of Administration to bring the purposes of the Association before its members, and to endeavor to obtain an endorsement of service pensions in the platform thereof; and in case of a county convention for the purpose of selecting delegates to a Congressional Convention, the Council of Administration shall take upon itself the duties of a Caucus Committee, working to obtain an endorsement of service pensions and the selection of only such delegates as are favorable to the nomination of a candidate who will endorse the pledge of this Association.

ARTICLE VIII.—MISCELLANEOUS.

SEC. 1.—This constitution may be amended by a two-thirds vote of the members present at any regular meeting, provided that the amendment or amendments shall have been submitted in writing at the previous meeting, held at least one week before the one on which the vote is to be taken thereon, and entered on the minutes.

The matter of finances has not been touched upon, as the idea is to have the officers and Working Committees serve without pay. All necessary expenses for hall, lights, stationery, postage, etc., can be provided for by a small assessment on each member, of a few cents each.

District Councils.

As soon as *five* camps are formed in your Congressional district, we will notify each that it is in order to choose a member of the District Council for your Congressional district. The time and place of its meeting will be fixed from these headquarters. The District Council will have full control of the Congressional campaign—its work being to see that the candidate chosen for Representative in Congress shall be one in full sympathy with the service pension idea, and who has taken the public pledge named in the Pledge of the U. S. P. A.

State Councils.

There will also be a State Council in every state. Its duty is so supervise the work of the Association in that state, and especially to see that, when an United States Senator is to elected by the legislature, he shall be pledged, the same as a Representatives, and to supervise the election of members of the legislature which will choose a Senator, in the interest of service pensions, by seeing that only such members of the legislature are elected as will pledge themselves to vote only for a candidate for Senator who will give the required pledge. In the states electing but one Congressmen each, the State Council will be the same as the District Council, and should be chosen as directed above. In other states, as soon as the District Councils are organized, they will be called on to choose members of the State Council, which will meet at the state capital. The State Council should be small in numbers, to save expense; hence the basis of representation has been fixed as follows:

For states having 20 or more Congressional districts, *one* member of the State Council for every District Council;

For states having more than 5 districts and less than 20, each District Council to choose *two* members of the State Council;

For states having more than two and less than five districts, each District Council to choose one member of the State Council for every *five* Associations in the district, and one additional member for a fraction of three or more Associations. This provision is but temporary, and will be considered by the National Council, when organized.

National Council.

When *five* states have fully organized by the organization of State Councils, we shall call on the District Councils of the entire Union to each send one delegate to the National Council, at Toledo, Ohio, and will fix the date of the meeting of that body. It will have supreme control of the Association of the United States, will adopt a permanent constitution for it, and take full charge.

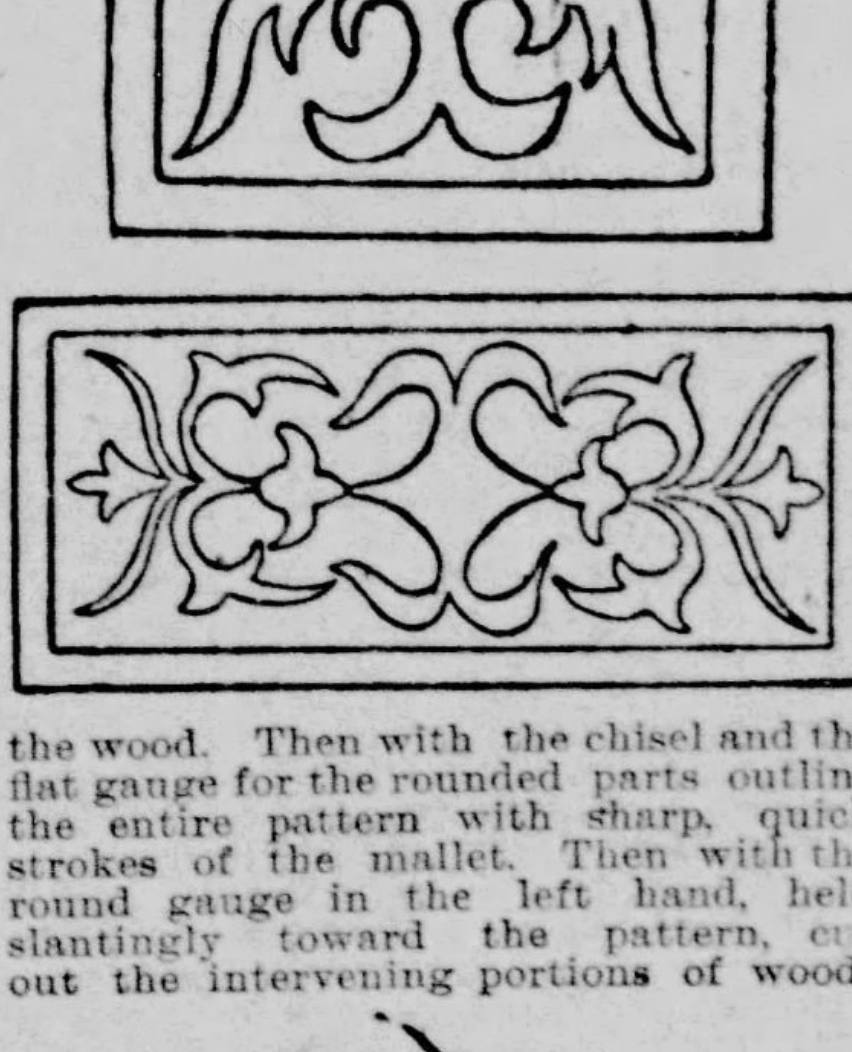
WOOD CARVING MADE EASY.

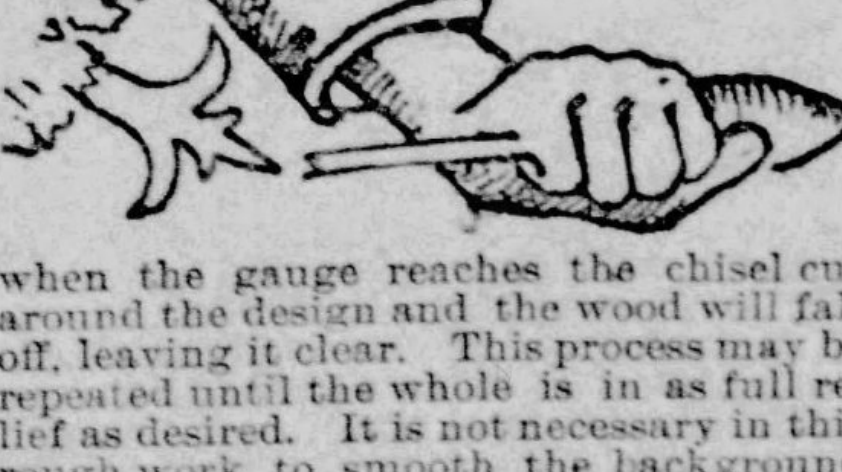
A Short Lesson in the Art. Soft Pine Works Easily.

A very easy way of wood-carving, says the New York *Tribune*, and yet one that produces very good results, is done in simple relief with a chisel, a gauge and a mallet. A child can easily do it with hardly any instruction, and any intelligent person can get a very nice effect with no instruction at all at the first trial. As examples we will take a pair of bellows and a wood-box—both useful articles for the "ingle neuk" and very easily made. To begin with the wood-box: It can be made in oak, or cherry, or Georgia pine—these woods will suit all muscles. The oak, of course, is the most durable, but it is very hard to cut, and needs a muscular person to wield the mallet; cherry is easily worked, but the easiest of all is Georgia pine, which stained afterward with raw umber can be made very effective. With sharp tools a delicate woman can easily work the wood without fatigue.

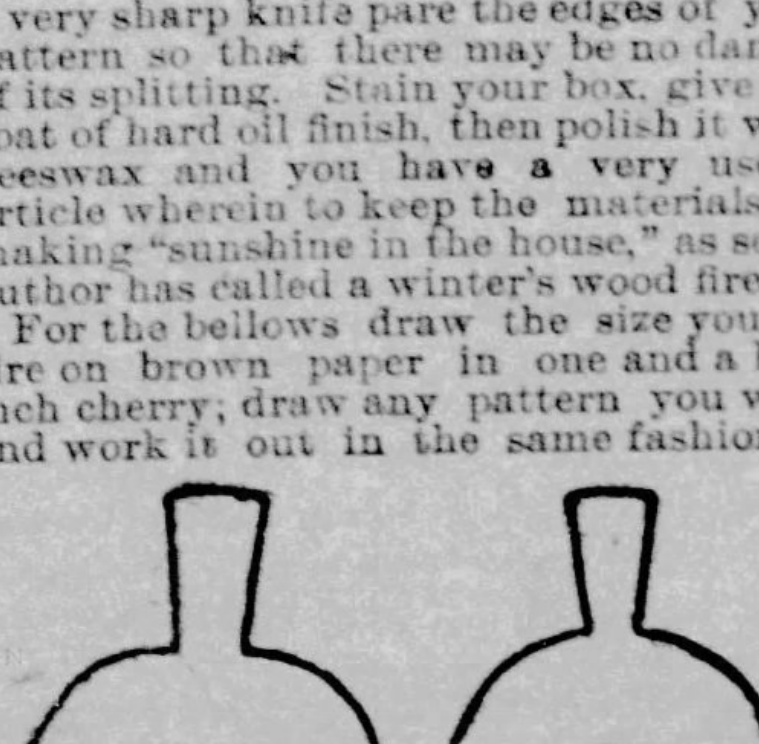
Of course we are dealing with the very simplest form of wood-carving—merely deep relief, nothing more; so the tools used can easily be procured anywhere. A good size for the box is three feet by two feet for the lid, and one and a half feet in depth. Any carpenter can make the chest, but the pieces must be carved before they are put together. The front, sides and lid should each consist of a single panel, which, after it is carved, can be put into its frame and mortised together, with hinges, of course, for the lid.

A very sharp chisel half an inch in width, a flat gauge and a round gauge of the same width, and a wooden mallet, will be a sufficient number of tools for simple relief. Take some very easy pattern with no involved lines, something in the character of the example here given, and draw the design very clearly on the wood. Then with the chisel and the flat gauge for the rounded parts outline the entire pattern with sharp, quick strokes of the mallet. Then with the round gauge in the left hand, held slantingly toward the pattern, cut out the intervening portions of wood; when the gauge reaches the chisel cut around the design and the wood will fall off, leaving it clear. This process may be repeated until the whole is in as full relief as desired. It is not necessary in this rough work to smooth the background unless desired, as the marks of the gauge are more effective than otherwise, and it saves labor to leave them. Finally with a very sharp knife pare the edges of your pattern so that there may be no danger of its splitting. Stain your box, give it a coat of hard oil finish, then polish it with beeswax and you have a very useful article wherein to keep the materials for making "sunshine in the house," as some author has called a winter's wood fire.





For the bellows draw the size you desire on brown paper in one and a half inch cherry; draw any pattern you wish and work it out in the same fashion as the wood-box. To mount it buy a 25 cent insect powder bellows at the grocer's, and by taking it apart you can easily imitate the construction and improve upon it. As a last hint make a couple of big cushions to throw on the floor before your fire and your fire-set will be complete.



TRADE AND CROPS.

ILLINOIS CROPS.

Statement Based on Reports Received up to August 1.

This bulletin is based on the data returned by the crop correspondents of the Illinois state board of Agriculture on Aug. 7. The last month has been one of unusual drought and high temperature and much damage is being done to growing vegetation of every description. The corn crop and pasturage have suffered in some portions of the state to an alarming extent. Out of the 102 counties in Illinois only four fail to complain of the lack of precipitation and its damaging effect on the growing crops. The effect on the corn can be estimated from the following conditions, given for August 1, as compared with an average:

In the northern division the condition is reported at 68, in the central at 79 and in the southern at 54—making the state average of about 67. The acreage of wheat harvested, in round numbers was 1,300,000 and the total yield 14,560,000. The estimated area seeded to oats is 3,250,000 acres; the average yield per acre for the state is eighteen bushels making a total yield of 58,500,000 bushels as compared with 142,000,000 bushels last year.

KANSAS CROPS.

The Report of the Agricultural Department for July.

The following is the crop report of the Kansas State Board of Agriculture for July: Reports received from about 500 correspondents of the board, representing every county in the state, clearly indicate that the growing crops in every portion of the state have been seriously injured. The severe drouth, intense heat and occasional hot winds prevailing throughout the state generally have been the cause of this falling off of the corn prospects. Its condition, which one month ago was reported at 90 per cent, is now reported at only 33 per cent of an average crop. This devastation of the crop exists in every portion of the state, but that portion of the state between the 97th and 100th meridians, has suffered most severely.

Gray and Riley counties report a practical failure of the crop. Seventy-five counties in eastern Kansas, eight counties west of the 100th meridian report 50 to 80 per cent of a crop. It is safe to say that the corn crop this year will not exceed 70 bushels. The yield of wheat is found to be better than was expected. Thirty to forty bushels per acre reported, testing 62 to 65 pounds per bushel. The aggregate wheat product will be 23,000,000. The flax area has been greatly increased and the crop is very good.

The oat crop, although short, is yielding better than was expected, a yield of from 40 to 70 per acre is reported from a number of counties. The following is the summary as compared with a full average condition: Corn, 33 per cent; barley, 60; flax, 84; broom corn, 57; sorghum, 62; millet, 50; tame grass, 58; potatoes, 40; prairie grass, 55; apples, 58; peaches, 4; grapes, 64.

The month has been the dryest and hottest July in twenty years. Chinch bugs are reported in many counties, but they have done no great damage.

NORTHERN WHEAT.

Elevator Men Expect to Handle More Than They Did a Year Ago.

The Minneapolis *Northwestern Miller* says as to the crop situation: The spring wheat crop is now about all made. There is very little to fear from the future, except a possible frost in some northern sections where the grain is not ripened. In nearly all parts, even of North Dakota, some fields are being harvested while others in the vicinity may not be fit to cut for ten days.

The grain not already matured generally promises well as the weather for a few days has been excellent for it. To get at an estimate of the total yield calculations have to be based on very different grounds from those of last year, and until the final result is made known through actual tests of threshing estimates will be necessarily very wide apart even from the same localities.

Elevator men, who are usually very well posted as to probabilities along their several lines, generally expect to handle more wheat than a year ago. A few only talk of anything less than last year. If results were to be figured on their expectations there would be more wheat in the Northwest than a year ago, though the grade will unquestionably be lower. In the southern part of Minnesota and Dakota very fair results are shown in all but a few counties of each.

The railroad management of all the principal lines running through those parts estimate more wheat to be hauled by their lines than last year and they hauled more last year than in any preceding year of several. A great deal of damage has been done by heat in all parts of the Northwest, and the prospective yield of six weeks ago has been cut down a very large per cent.

There is a very great difference in estimates owing to the different methods of calculating. Where the prospect has been cut down according to reports from some locality, say 50 per cent, some people will call the remainder half an average crop, and others half of what had been previously expected, making very different results.

STATE OF TRADE.

Condition of Business During the Past Seven Days.

R. G. Dun & Co's weekly review of trade, dated New York, August 9, says: Less favorable crop prospects, closer money markets and further delay in action on the tariff bill in the Senate, have increased the uncertainty which retards business. In spite of a sharp advance in wheat, corn, oats, oil and coffee, the general average of prices for commodities is a shade lower than a week ago. The present state of trade throughout the country appears satisfactory for the season, and reports are almost uniformly confident in tone. Boston notes little present change, but belief in great activity in the fall.

Wool is more freely bought.

Cotton goods move fairly, and the suspension in print cloth works is having the desired effect. Philadelphia notes no improvement in wool and scanty buying of cotton, lower prices being awaited. Chicago reports lower prices than last year of wheat, flour and corn, a heavy decrease in cheese, but a much larger movement of cattle and of hogs, because of fear as to the corn crop; wool receipts fall off a third and hides a quarter, while sales of dry goods and clothing are larger than last year, with prompt collections. St. Louis notes strong trade in nearly all commodities; Kansas City a fair trade for the season; Omaha and St. Paul a good trade, and Milwaukee improvement. At Minneapolis the lumber demand is good and flour stronger; at Detroit trade is equal to last year's, and at Cleveland satisfactory, excepting that lake freights are dull and depressed from over supply of shipping. Glass and coal are inactive at Pittsburg, but iron is stronger.

The crop outlook is on the whole less promising. The speculative news gatherers are making the most of the damage to wheat and corn. Wheat has risen 3¼c, with sales of 28,000,000 bushels, corn 3¼c with sales of 18,000,000 bushels, and oats 5c, while pork, hogs and cotton are unchanged.

Iron ore and pig iron are inactive and weak at Cleveland, but in rather better demand at Pittsburg, where the demand for finished is excellent for the season. The same is true at Philadelphia.

A contrary state of things is seen in the wool and the woolens trade; decidedly larger sales of wool and of the lower grades of woolen goods, but lower prices for wool, and depression in the manufacture, especially of the all wool and finer grades, in the belief that delay of the tariff and the heavy imports will prevent improvement this year. The fall of 20 per cent in wool abroad threatens a great supply of cheaper goods if the proposed change of duties fails, so that producers hesitate.

The copper market is slow, with some lake sold at 17c. Tin and lead dull.

The outlook depends largely on the extent of injury to crops, the action of Congress regarding duties, and the foreign complications which affect the demand for gold. Domestic exports of products continue small and imports large.

The business failures throughout the country during the last seven days number 208, as compared with 138 last week. For the corresponding week last year the figures were 201.

Nipped by Frost.

Advices have been received at Chicago to the effect that the temperature at Minnedosa fell Friday night to 30 degrees, or 2 degrees below the freezing point, and that a general frost was probably experienced throughout Manitoba.

THE FARMERS' REVIEW.

The Drouth Covers a Wide Extent of Territory.

The Chicago *Farmers' Review* of Aug. 6 says; Outside of a few counties in Michigan, Wisconsin and Minnesota, where local rains have fallen, drouth is universal in the states covered by our report—Illinois, Indiana, Ohio, Missouri, Kansas, Michigan, Wisconsin, Minnesota, Dakotas, Iowa and Nebraska. As a natural consequence the corn crop is suffering. Unless rains come soon and in abundant supply the crop will be a comparative failure.

Spring wheat, also, is experiencing the blighting effects of drouth. The average condition of that crop at present in Iowa, Nebraska, Wisconsin, Minnesota and Dakotas is about 25 per cent below average.

Oats are yielding as well as could be expected considering the average conditions to which the crop has been subject in the way of drouth and insect depredations. The crop is practically a failure in Kentucky, as also in many counties of Illinois, Missouri, and Indiana, where the ravages of the grain plant louse were most severe. The reports indicate that the average condition is 30 per cent lower than that of last year at harvesting time, and the average yield 20 per cent less than that of 1889. Minnesota and Dakota lead this year with oats, and are harvesting good crops both as regard quality and yield.

SCORCHED CROPS.

What the Hot Weather Has Done in the North.

An Aberdeen, S. D., dispatch of Aug. 6 says: The dry and extremely hot weather of the past two weeks has probably brought harvest a week earlier than was expected. There has been no rain to speak of for nearly a month, and the thermometer has frequently been above the hundred mark, especially during the past two weeks. It is over two weeks since conservative estimates placed the average for this part of the country, including Brown and adjoining counties to the south, west and north, at not over half a crop.

But now the most sanguine would be satisfied with such a proportion, and many farmers say they will not have over five bushels per acre, and that will not grade No. 1. Most of the cutting will be done with headers, the straw being too short for binding. The oat crop will not fare any better, if as well as the wheat, while corn, with favorable weather, still has a chance. On the whole the prospects for the farmers, though somewhat better than last year, are not very flattering.

A Discouraging Report from the Ohio Board of Agriculture.

The official report of the condition of Ohio crops, for the month of August shows a remarkable shortage in the product of the state, as will be seen by the following estimates of the condition or prospects of crops, figured from the returns of the regular township correspondents:

Wheat, compared with a full average, 77 per cent; wheat, average date of harvest, July 3; oats compared with a full average, 55 per cents; oats, average date of harvest, July 20; barley, average date of harvest, July 4; rye, average date of harvest, July 5; timothy, condition compared with a full average, 99 per cent; potatoes, condition compared with a full average, 55 per cent; tobacco, creage compared with last year, 84 per cent; tobacco, condition compared with a full average, 77 per cent; pasture, condition compared with a full average, 78 per cent; apples, condition compared with a full average, 20 per cent; peaches, condition compared with a full average, 11 per cent; pears, condition compared with a full average, 13 per cent; grapes, condition compared with a full average, 72 per cent.

The present report indicates a decline of six points in wheat prospect since the estimate of July 1. The result of threshing has been a disappointment to the farmers in most sections of the state. The yield is not as great as was anticipated from the appearance of the growing grain. Many correspondents report that the wheat yield at from a quarter to a third less than was expected.

While no estimate was asked this month on corn, correspondents, in their general remarks, refer to corn being badly injured and a poor prospect. The indications are that only from 60 to 75 per cent of a full crop can be expected.

The potato crop will be very short; but little more than half a crop can be expected.

Pastures have failed rapidly by reason of the continued dry weather. Hay is a full crop, and was harvested in good condition.

Apples, peaches and pears almost a total failure.

Northern Crops.

John Inglis, a well-known expert, estimates the crop of the Dakotas and Minnesota at ninety-one million bushels. "There is a good average crop throughout the Red river valley," said he. "The acreage under wheat in Minnesota is larger than ever before. The government puts the increase in acreage for Minnesota for this year at 500,000. This, of course, cannot be verified, but I believe that there is a large increase, perhaps 100,000.

"The acreage of the Dakotas will average about the same as that of last year. If there is any shrinkage in wheat acreage to be found anywhere in the Northwest it is certainly in South Dakota. The crops in the two Dakotas are poor. What the exact yield will be it is impossible to predict at this date, but it will be quite small.

"From the central line north and south running through the Dakotas, the crop gradually grows better in streaks, especially toward the north, until you reach the Red river valley where it is best. The widest portion of the area of good crops runs from Jamestown to the Red river. In the Red river valley the crop is good, beginning at the head of Lake Traverse and becoming better and better as you go North until you reach Manitoba, which will harvest an excellent crop. To sum up I might say the wheat crop is poor over the Northwest outside of the Red River valley."

Potatoes Will Be a Luxury.

The hot dry weather has had a serious effect on the potato crop as well as on grains.

Inquiry among the South Water street commission merchants elicits the information that prices ordinarily ruling for potatoes during the last month have advanced from $2.50 and $2.75 per barrel to $3.25. Said one of the dealers:

"We have been getting our potatoes from Philadelphia for several weeks past. It is a little too early yet for the Wisconsin crop to come on which we principally depend. Our advices from that state are that the crop is very short, the yield in some places being about one-third. You can't buy good potatoes to-day on the track for less than $1.35 per bushel, and you can't get them at retail for less than from $1.40 to $1.50 per bushel. The fall and winter prices will be away up."

Said another dealer: "Prices have advanced 15 to 20 cents per bushel during the last month. Our information from the Northwest is to the effect that the crop is one-third short. Onions are also short and prices advancing. Its pretty hard to get a good article even now. Best onions and potatoes will command fancy prices this winter.

What the Michigan Report for August Has to Say.

The monthly crop report for Michigan, shows a very material improvement in the wheat crop over the July estimate. Reports from 800 correspondents give the average yield in the southern counties at 14.06 bushels per acre, the central 13.78, the northern 14.55 bushels.

The threshers report an excess of the above, viz: 18.66 bu. in the southern and 19.60 in the central. The quality is reported fully up to the average, only 28 out of 512 correspondents reporting it bad. Oats yield in the southern counties 29, central 31 and northern 27 bu. per acre. The weight is light and the crop not more than ¾ of an average.

The hay crop is fully up to the average, and was secured in prime condition. The condition of corn is 73 in southern counties instead of 91 July 1. It is 92 in the central and 101 in northern counties. The very marked decline in oats, corn is owing to the severe and extended drought which has also seriously affected meadows and pastures.

Texas Cotton Crops.

The Texas crop reports are most encouraging and indicate that the present crop of cotton will be one of the largest, if not the largest ever reached in the state. Reports are full and complete, covering the entire cotton producing area and embracing 276 points in 128 counties.

The corn crop is far from a good one, the drouth cutting it short. On the whole, the outlook is favorable, however, and Texas farmers will have little cause to complain.

Kansas Crops.

The latest reports from Kansas regarding the crops are not of an encouraging nature. July ended with extremely hot weather, which has recurred twice during the present month, accompanied each time by scorching hot winds. A week ago a good rain fell in the northern and eastern portions of the state, but came too late to be of any decided benefit to the growing crops. In many counties of the state corn is an absolute failure and is good only for fodder.

A total failure of this crop is reported in nearly all of the territory in the northern part of the state from Junction City westward to the state line and from Larned westward. Only a few counties in the whole state report even a fair condition of corn and then ranging only from 50 to 80 per cent. of the average. The most favorable conditions cannot now benefit corn very much and less than a third of an average yield is expected or about 75,000,000 bushels. Wheat is nearly all harvested. The yield is better than expected earlier in the season and the quality excellent. This crop was practically made, the drouth occurring too late in the season to do any very great damage.

Iowa Drouth Broken.

The rains of the past week have broken the drouth in all sections of Iowa, and reports concerning crops are more assuring. Indications now are that the corn will average about half a crop, compared with last year, and considerably more than half a crop compared with other former years. The yield of wheat is fairly good for Iowa, but oats are not more than half a crop. The drouth damaged potatoes to a great extent.

Reports from 1,100 crop correspondents shows the following averages: Corn, 79¼ per cent; threshing yields: oats, 30 bushels per acre; winter wheat, 14¼; spring wheat, 11¾. The rains of the first week in August has brightened the outlook for corn. With good conditions the rest of the season corn will make 75 per cent average crop.

HOW HE WISHED.

A Sample of Verdancy That Was Not Appreciated.

A peculiar-looking fellow went into a Chicago restaurant, says the *Arkansaw Traveler*, and taking up a bill of fare drew a line under "sirloin steak" and leaned back in his chair. When the waiter brought the steak the fellow seized it and began greedily to devour it.

"Does the steak suit you, sir?" the waiter asked.

The fellow, without looking up, answered: "Wonderful, wonderful; how I wish pap was here."

The waiter laughed and, beckoning to another waiter, whispered: "Ask that fellow a question."

"Is everything all right?" the other waiter asked.

"Wonderful, wonderful; how I wish pap was here."

The two men ducked their heads and tittered and then beckoned to the head waiter and whispered to him. The head, eager for a compliment and thinking that one was in store, turned to the customer and said: "I hope everything suits you, sir."

"Wonderful, wonderful; how I wish pap was here."

The cashier, getting a suggestive whiff of the fun the men were having, came out from behind his desk and, approaching the customer, said: "I hope you are well enough pleased to give us another call."

The man replied: "Wonderful, wonderful; how I wish pap was here."

The cashier snorted in his handkerchief and then went out to invite a friend, who was a great student of character, to come in and see the fellow. The waiter made out the check and placed it on the table, and then, with his companions, turned round to indulge in another snort. When they looked back the fellow was gone. Just then the cashier came back with the character student. "Where is our friend gone," he asked.

"Don't know—slipped out while we were not looking."

"Did he pay his bill?"

"I made out the check, and he must have taken it up, for it ain't on the table."

"Here it is on the desk," said the cashier. He took up the ticket and read the following, written with a blue pencil: "Wonderful, wonderful; how I wish pap was here."

TALE OF A BROKEN HEART.

She was a
Beautiful,
Dutiful,
Grand
And rollicking queen of Bohemia,
With a cheek that was
Rosier,
Cozier,
And
As soft as a lily and creamier.

She was always com-
Pelling me,
Selling me;
I
Was her slave; but she treated me
Shamefully.

She went on the
Stage, was a
Rage as a—
Why,
As a page, and they spoke of her
Blamefully.

And then in the
Papers her
Capers were
Writ.
I love her no longer, I swear it!
But I oft spend a
Dollar and
Holler and
Sit
Through her antics. Oh, how can I bear it?
—[Munsey's Weekly.

Disease in the Sponges.

There are in the city a number of street peddlers who sell sponges, large ones of beautiful color, for the unreasonably small price of five cents each. The man who buys one of these sponges will regret it to the extent of a nickel. The Italians go to the wholesale sponge-dealers and buy the very cheapest and poorest grades of sponges and then "doctor" these at home by soaking them in a solution of muriatic acid. The acid bleaches the sponges to a light color and does not destroy the appearance in any way, but it completely rots away the substance. One of these cheap sponges goes to pieces in your hands the first or second time it receives any hard usage. There is another reason why these sponges should not be bought. The venders live in crowded tenement-houses and usually keep their stock in trade in their dirty sleeping-apartments over night. Sponges, if at all moist, absorb and retain any disease-germs with which they come in contact. Surgeons always throw away or destroy the sponges used upon a wound or in the treatment of infectious or contagious diseases. Such diseases are common in the tenement districts, and it seems not not only possible, but probable, that dangerous diseases may be spread through the sale of these sponges. Would not the health department do well to investigate the matter?—[Chicago Herald.

Protestantism in France.

Protestantism in France sprang from the same general causes which gave birth to similar reactions against the Roman Catholic church in other countries of Europe. But, almost from the first, a peculiarly secular character was stamped upon the French movement, partly by the character of its leader, partly by the early adhesion of the nobility, partly by the establishment of the reformed churches as a separate political power. The leaders of the Huguenots were rather statesmen, politicians or captains than men of spiritual mind. Calvinism, with its logical completeness and systematic theology, quickly stiffened into an academic, controversial, acrimonious form. It would be difficult to name a single book of devotional piety which was the work of French protestants in the sixteenth century. Secondly, most religious movements have ascended from the people to the nobility. In France the contrary process was the rule; protestantism descended from the nobles to the people. It was, therefore, never, in a strict sense of the word, popular, but was always associated with aristocratic privileges or municipal independence. Lastly, the edict of Nantes established the reformed churches as an "imperium in imperio," a state within the state, a protestant republic in the heart of a catholic monarcy. It gave them a compact organization, based on representative principles, guaranteed by some of the strongest fortresses in France. In a word, it materialized and secularized the faith of the Huguenots.—[The Edinburgh Review.

FOE DID NOT WRITE THIS.

It Was an Oregon Reporter's Thrilling Experience.

Shortly before midnight on Monday George Collins, assistant marine reporter for the merchants' exchange, sighted the schooner Letitia passing up the bay, inward bound from Port Madison, says the Portland *Oregonian*. He at once put off alone in his boat to board the schooner and gather the report. Collins had pulled away from the wharf about thirty-five yards when he heard a splash, as if some one had fallen or jumped into the bay. He pulled in the direction from which the sound came and found a man floundering in the water. After great exertions Collins succeeded in getting the man into his boat. The man assisted and seemed to wish to be rescued. When he got into the boat Collins saw that he was middle-aged and of robust build, weighing fully 250 pounds. No sooner had the man been lifted into the boat than he stood up, and, approaching Collins, who was also standing up in the stern of the boat, place his arms with a vise-like grip around his neck. Collins struggled with all his might and main, and the two tumbled overboard, locked in each other's embrace, and sank. The stout man held on to George with a grip of steel. The reporter at last, however, managed to shake him clear and rose to the surface exhausted. Had he not been a swimmer he would certainly have been drowned in the suicide's embrace. After scrambling into his boat he saw nothing of the would-be murderer.

Quite Excusable.

Pretty young lady (to middle-aged gentleman as she falls against him on rounding a curve on the "L")—Excuse me, sir; I hope I didn't hurt you.

Middle-aged Gentleman—Not much! I shall only feel hurt if you don't do it again.—[Judge.

The Shopping Instinct.

Cumso (desparingly)—What on earth made you get a divorce when you were in Chicago?

Mrs. Cumso—Really, dear, they were selling so cheap—in fact they were going at a bargain, and I couldn't resist buying at least one.—[Epoch.

Contrary William.

"Did you see my boy Willie this morning?"

"Yep."

"Where was he going?"

"The other way, mum."

"That's like him. He always was contrary."—[Puck.

Publishers' Column.

THE BLADE'S PORTRAIT GALLERY

We have published ten different portraits which we offer to our readers at a price that will enable all to decorate their homes cheaply and well, viz:—

MILITARY HEROES—Grant, Sherman, Sheridan and Logan.

RELIGIOUS HEROES—Charles Wesley, John Calvin and Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage.

EMINENT MEN—Robert Lincoln.

These portraits are all printed upon heavy plate paper, size 19 by 24 inches, just the size for framing for the parlor or sitting room, and good enough for any house in the land. They are all exquisite works of art, and are certain to give satisfaction. We pack them securely in pasteboard tubes and send them postpaid at the following prices.

Any one portrait	$ 25
The three divines	50
The four generals	65
The entire set of seven	1 00

Agents can do a good thing for themselves selling these pictures. Special rates made known upon application. Address

THE BLADE, Toledo, Ohio.

ROSA BONHEUR'S "HORSE FAIR."

The price of the Weekly BLADE has always been 30 cents to three-months' subscribers, as all know. We have sold an enormous number of ROSA BONHEUR'S "Horse Fair"—a magnificent colored engraving of the celebrated original painting—which has always been retailed by everybody else at 50 cents but of which we have sent out thousands at 25 cents each. We have now a supply of 10,000 copies, which we propose to present to new subscribers of the Weekly BLADE, who send us 30 cents each for a three-months' subscription. Remit the 30 cents, either in silver by registered mail, or by postal note, or current funds, but not in postage stamps; we will enter your name for the Weekly BLADE for three months and send a copy by mail, postpaid, of this celebrated picture. Be sure to mention in your letter that you want the "Horse Fair," as otherwise it will not be sent. We ask our subscribers to mention this offer to their friends, in order that they may avail themselves of it. Address all orders: "THE BLADE, Toledo, Ohio."

THE UNION OR FAMILY SCALE.

The price of this Scale is $5 00, and we offer with THE WEEKLY BLADE one year for $4.25. Useful in every family. Weighs from ¼ oz. up to 40 lbs.

These scales are sent by express or freight at the expense of the purchaser. Address

THE BLADE, Toledo, O.

REWARD OF $500.

Rowe's French Female Pills are safe and reliable; contain Tansy, Pennyroyal and Cotton Root. Never fail. At drug stores, or by mail, securely sealed, for $1; 3 boxes, $2.50.

I. N. REED, Agent, Toledo, O.

SALESMEN WANTED—In every locality to manufacture and wholesale our new process cider, made without apples. Excellent wages. Particulars free. Missouri Cider Mfg. Co., Box 536, St. Joseph, Mo.

OPIUM OR MORPHINE HABIT Cured at Home. Trial FREE. No pain. Add. Compound Oxygen Association, Fort Wayne, Ind.

FAYETTE NORMAL UNIVERSITY.

EXCELLING IN METHODS AND RESULTS.

Full complement of well-trained teachers. Location beautiful; Associations pure; Growth phenomenal; Advantages unsurpassed. Students and teachers should investigate our exceptional advantages and low expenses before choosing a school home. $96 pays tuition, board and room rent for one year of forty weeks. Fall term begins Aug. 26, 1890. Send for beautiful little "gift-book" and catalogue. Address the President, J. E. DODDS, Fayette, Ohio.

VARICOCELE—Painless relief without drugs or surgical operation; no hindrance to business or labor. Particulars free. Address Lock Box 445, Belle Centre, O.

THE BEST 25c. SELLER Ever offered to agents. 78 sold in 4 hours. Every horseman in the country will buy at sight. Sample prepaid, 25c. Particulars free. Milan Mfg. Co., Milan, O.

MANAGERS WANTED Everywhere to take charge of our business. Advertise, distribute circulars & employ help. Wages $50 to $125 per month. Expenses advanced. State experience. Wages expected, also your preference for home work or traveling. SLOAN & CO. Manufacturers, 294 George Street, Cincinnati, Ohio

LOWEST PRICES ON BICYCLES 300 Cycles in stock. Rare bargains (best makes, new and second hand. EASY PAYMENTS WITH NO EXTRA CHARGE. Lowest prices guaranteed. Low freight rates. We are headquarters and our superior inducements bring us orders from all parts U. S. & Canada. Cata free. ROUSE, HAZARD & CO. 47 G ST., PEORIA, ILL.

GOOD BOOKS

Published by the Toledo Blade Co.

REDUCED PRICES.

In order to reduce the stock on hand we mark down the price of books of our own publication to cost of manufacturing and postage. The books in this list cannot be obtained elsewhere, and before next spring most of them will be out of print. Subscribers in renewing for THE BLADE should take the opportunity to possess one of these books. For a brief time we offer with or without THE BLADE, at the following prices:

STRUGGLES OF PETROLEUM V. NASBY, by D. R. Locke, cloth, ill., 300 pp. Retail price, $3.00. Will mail copy, postpaid, for $1.00, or with WEEKLY BLADE, one year, $1.80.

"HEALTH AND BEAUTY," by Miss Emily S. Bouton, cloth. Retail price, $1.00. Will mail copy with BLADE one year for $1.80.

"SOCIAL ETIQUETTE," by Miss Emily S. Bouton, cloth. Retail price, $1.00. Will mail copy with BLADE one year, for $1.80.

Address,

THE BLADE, Toledo, O.

Household.
Miss Emily S. Bouton Editor.

HOME TALKS.

CHEERS WITHOUT INEBRIATING

The Bessamers at Dinner Again—Coffee Comes Under Consideration—They Learn About It What They Did Not Know.

MRS. BESSAMER was a thrifty housewife, and while she delighted in the possession of fine china prettily decorated, it was not used every day, something a little plainer being substituted, the frescoing of which with numerous nicks and cracks, the certain result of hurried washing, would not move her heart to such an intensity of sorrow—a sorrow not always unmixed with anger. On this "coffee" day, however, she had caused that beverage to be served in her exquisite after-dinner set, a proceeding that elicited from Bob an emphatic boyish exclamation of "golly, ain't they fine, though?" which of course brought forth the not unexpected reproof from his mother. Jamie preserved a dignified silence, being filled to the brim with content at being allowed on this occasion to partake of his favorite beverage.

When Bob had subsided after his little outburst, Mrs. Bessamer proceeded to give the result of the family investigation into the origin and use of a drink which is, perhaps, more widely employed and liked all over the world than any other.

"Very little is known," she said, "with certainty of the first discovery of the delicious qualities of the little berry which we call coffee. There is an Eastern legend to the effect that a Dervish who was driven out of Mocha to die of starvation, in the extremity of his hunger gathered some of the berries, roasted and ate them, and then steeping them in water to quench his thirst, thus discovered their agreeable qualities. The story goes on to say that the effect was to make him stronger, so that when his persecutors came to see if he were dead, they found him very much alive, and so, regarding his preservation as a miracle, forthwith made a saint of him.

"Beginning of a big manufactory, if drinking coffee qualifies a fellow for saintship," said Mr. Bessamer *sotto voce.*

Mrs. Bessamer regarded him severely a moment but proceeded:

"In a treatise published about the middle of the Sixteenth century, by an Arab sheik, it is stated that coffee was used as a beverage in Abyssinia in a very remote period. Whether this be so or not, it is agreed that it was first found there growing wild in the woods, in the province of Coffa, from which it probably takes its name, though some derive it from the Arabian Khawah.

"A manuscript of an Arabian scribe of the Fifteenth century, which belonged in the Great Library of Paris, states that a certain Mahometan high-priest, while visiting in Persia, observed black coffee to be used there as medicine. Returning to Arabia Felix, he shortly after was taken very ill, and resolving to try the Persian remedy he found the effect not only curative but exhilirating. He then made up his mind that it would be a good thing to use to overcome the tendency of the priests to drowsiness during the long Mahometan services.

"Through his influence coffee acquired a reputation. It was carried by the Dervishes to Mecca, and thence its use spread to other towns through Syria, Damascus, Aleppo, and finally, by the middle of the Sixteenth century, it had become the favorite drink in Constantinople. The same trouble began there as had been in Arabia. The mosques were deserted for the coffee houses, and the orthodox priests made fierce war upon it forthwith. They declared that it was an intoxicant, and as such was prohibited by the Koran. Dreadful penalties were affirmed upon all who became addicted to its use, but it all made no difference. The habit spread, as it had done in Arabia, and though aroused by the representations of the religious orders, the Sultan laid heavy taxes upon it, still it was universally used, and a chronicler of the time says that 'the refusing to supply a wife with coffee was admitted in law as a valid cause of divorce.'"

"Think I'll have to get a divorce from mama if she don't stop forbidding me to drink coffee," broke in Jamie at this point.

"No time for interruptions, Jamie," said Mrs. Bessamer, going on with her reading.

"It was at least three centuries after coffee was widely used in the East before it was introduced into Western Europe. In 1615 it reached Venice; in 1644 it was known in Marseilles, and in 1652, a Greek named Pasqua Rossie, who came to London with a Turkey merchant, won considerable reputation through preparing coffee for his master and friends. The result shows how much may be hinged upon a trifle. Rossie's master was so overwhelmed with company drawn thither by the serving of this drink, that in self-defense he gave the Greek permission to open a public coffee-house, and from this beginning they grew numerous.

"History says that the frequenters of these first coffee-houses in London were not the most reputable class, and that women waged war against their continuance, upon the ground that they were excluded from them—"

"A confoundedly selfish thing to do," grumbled Mr. Bessamer.

"And the matter grew into a lively controversy," proceeded his better-half, only giving him a *look* in reply. "Squibs and lampoons abounded, but it all did no good, for the popularity of the coffee-houses increased, even though the opposition finally managed to have the government issue a proclamation to close them all. This had to be withdrawn, for the popular sentiment was strong against it. It is a curious fact that they became the places through which the public opinion of the city was expressed and the news circulated. One old song says:

"You that delight in wit and mirth, and long to hear such news,
As come from all parts of the earth—Dutch, Danes, and Turks and Jews;
I'll send you to a rendezvous, where it is smoking new;
And coming from the coffee house, it cannot but be true!'

"Coffee was introduced in France at about the same time it was in England, and attained a tremendous popularity there. History says that a sum equal to $15,000 a year was expended in supplying the daughters of Louis XV with this beverage. At the time of the breaking out of the Revolution the consumption of coffee in Paris was something enormous, and it is said that it was to this demand that the adulterations may be traced.

"Of course, coffee came to the United States with the French and English settlers. New York history is full of references to the old coffee houses in that city. Prominent among them is what was known as Burns's Coffee House, where the merchants met and adopted resolutions to import no more goods until the Stamp act was repealed.

"It would be very interesting to follow up the history, not only of this one but of the noted ones of London and Paris, had we time, but you can look that all up yourselves."

"How does coffee grow, mama?" queried Jamie.

"Didn't you find that out, my boy? It is a shrub or tree about eighteen or twenty feet high, when full size, an evergreen, with sharp-pointed, shining leaves about six inches long. The flowers are beautiful. They grow out of the angles made by the leaf stalks, and are pure white, resembling the jessamine. A coffee plantation in bloom is described as one of the loveliest sights imaginable, and the fragrance is delicious. The flowers fade very quickly, lasting only a few hours.

"The fruit, when ripe, is a dark red color, and looks much like a cherry. Inside are two seeds, which, when the pulp is taken off and they are dried, is the coffee that we use.

"The cultivation of coffee, beginning in Arabia, has now extended over most of the civilized tropical regions of the world. The largest production is in Brazil, but what is generally considered the best, comes from Yemen, in Arabia, usually called Mocha from the principal place of export, though much that is so termed does not come from there but is simply prepared after the same fashion.

"A great deal more might be said about coffee, of its preparation, of the way it is often adulterated with chiccory and other things, but I think you have a fair idea of the subject and will leave it, only adding, even at the risk of intensifying Jamie's 'divorce' project, that almost everybody likes this beverage, and genial Sydney Smith said, 'If you want to improve your understanding, drink coffee.' That we people of the United States approve of his advice is evident from the fact that, as a nation, we are the greatest coffee drinkers in the world.

"Now, will somebody tell us what we shall study to-morrow?"

"Mamma," spoke up Bob, who was holding up his delicate, fragile looking coffee cup to the light, "would there be any harm in taking something we use at the table instead of what we eat or drink, just for a change, you know?"

"Certainly not, my boy. What are you thinking of?"

"Well, I'd like to know how people ever came to make and use plates and cups and saucers."

"You hear, gentlemen," said Mrs. Bessamer to Mr. Bessamer and Jamie, "our next subject of consideration is "DISHES."

EMILY S. BOUTON.

Follow Directions.

One of the strongest reasons why so many housekeepers fail in producing good results in various kinds of cookery, is that they do not follow out directions carefully. There is a lack of exact measurements. They do not see that a pint means that, neither more nor less; that if three eggs are called for, two will not do; that if ingredients are to be put together in a certain way, some other way may not do as well, and more than likely will cause a failure. It is always to be presumed, unless you have proved it to be otherwise, that a recipe is given in the form that will bring the best results.

It is true that there is sometimes carelessness in the writing of such as are sent for newspaper publication, and one is obliged to guess what is intended, but these are exceptional.

There is one rule that each individual should make for herself and abide by, and that is to do thoroughly whatever is undertaken, no matter if it seem a trifle. Let this rule govern everything you do, for it is the easiest thing in the world to grow careless. And this is especially true in housekeeping, of which cooking forms so important a part. Anybody can be a good cook in these days of excellent cook-books, and with such a variety of *the* best of recipes as are given in THE BLADE, if they FOLLOW DIRECTIONS.

Fancy Work and House Decoration.

SILK QUILT.—A correspondent writes to know how to line and finish a silk quilt. They are usually lined with silk, but that seems to give them a malicious delight in slipping and sliding everywhere. A better thing is some delicate color of cashmere or nun's veiling, which is less expensive, very pretty, and is not objectionable in the way silk is.

Now as to the edge. It may be finished in various ways. One is to put a narrow border of velvet or plush around it and then a heavy cord, or if the quilt is too large for a border, put a heavy cord of velvet around. Another way is to use, with or without a border, a handsome upholsterer's fringe. Another beautiful finish is the heavy white lace, say six or eight inches wide, in which the figures are followed around by etching done with rope silk or linen in colors. This is very beautiful as well as unique.

PINCUSHION.—Take nine inches square of lavender satin. Either buy or make the cushion, which should be very full and firm, and the same size as the satin. After the latter is made and put on, finish with fine cream lace, one-and-a-half yards long and two inches wide. Then take a piece of bolting cloth, pink round the edge, and six by seven inches in size, and paint on it with fine brush and French dyes (which are so popular now) a pretty little landscape. And old castle, overlooking a lake surrounded by trees and flowers and having a pleasure boat on it, makes a nice study. Place this on the top of cushion, take the edge of lace and bring it up in the center of each side of bolting cloth and fasten there at each place with one-half yard of *picot* edge ribbon to match the cushion in color.

Now is the time for our correspondents to send in their descriptions of pretty fancy-work articles. Where are the aprons?—ED.

Knitting and Crocheting.

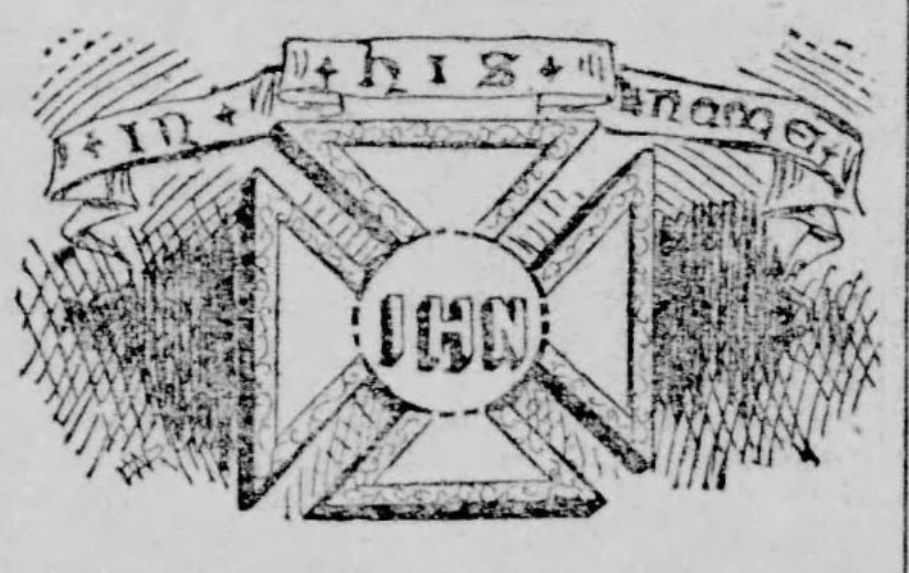
Knitting Abbreviations—k, knit; p, purl or seam; p 2 tog, purl two together; n, narrow; s and b, slip and bind; tto, throw thread over; b, bind; o, over; sl, slip; m, make.

Crocheting Abbreviations—l, loop; s c, single crochet; d c, double crochet; ch st, chain stitch; cl ch st, close chain stitch; d ch st, double chain stitch; p, picot; r c, ribbed crochet; c t st, crossed treble stitch; sh st, shell stitch; o sh st, open shell stitch; tr, treble; sh c, short crochet.

STAR TIDY.—Two balls No. 14 knitting cotton, 4 needles. Fifteen stars will make a good-sized tidy. Cast on 8 stitches, 3 stitches on 2, and 2 on 1 needle. 1st row—plain all round; 2d row—t o 1, 1 plain, all round; 3d row—plain all round; 4th row—t o 1, 2 plain, repeat all round; 5th row—plain all round; 6th row—t o 1, 3 plain, all round; 7th row—plain all round; 8th row—t o 1, 4 plain, all round; 9th row—plain all round; 10th row—t o 1, 5 plain, all round; 11th row—plain all round; 12th row—t o 1, 6 plain, all round; 13th row—plain all round; 14th row—t o 1, 7 plain, all round; 15th row—plain all round; 16th row—t o 1, 8 plain, all round; 17th row—k plain all round; now you ought to have 27 stitches on each of 2 needles, and 18 stitches on 1 needle; 18th row—t o 1, 1 plain, t o 1, n, 6 plain, all round; 19th row—plain all round; 20th row—t o 1, 1 plain, t o 1, n, t o 1, n, 5 plain, all round; 21st row—plain all round; 22d row—t o 1, 1 plain, t o 1, n 3 times, 4 plain, all round; 23d row—plain all round; 24th row—t o 1, 1 plain, t o 1, n, 4 times, 3 plain, all round; 25th row—plain all round; 26th row—t o 1, 1 plain, t o 1, n, 5 times, 2 plain all round; 27th row—plain all round; 28th row—t o 1, 1 plain, t o 1, n, 6 times, 1 plain, all round; 29th row—plain all round; 30th row—t o 1, 1 plain, t o 1, n, 7 times, all round; 31st row—plain all round. You now have 48 stitches on each of 2 needles, and 32 stitches on 1 needle. Bind all but 16 stitches on the needle which has the least number of stitches. Knit across plain twice, seam across, plain across; this makes 1 rib. You want 6 of these ribs on the right side. Sew stars together, putting star opposite block. —[Fancy Work Recreations.

NARROW LACE.—Julia wanted some one to send directions for crocheting lace in thread, about an inch wide. I will try to tell her: 1st row—18 ch; 2d row—1 ch; 3 dc, in 3d st of ch; turn; 3d row—*3 ch fasten between 1st and 2d crochet of dc, in 2d row; repeat from *; 4th row—like 3d row; 5th row like 1st row, except the scollop, for that make 12 dc in loop of 3d row, turn *1 sc between 1st and 2d double crochet, ch 5—1 sc between 2d st and 3d ch, repeat from *. This makes 1 scollop. You can make insertion by leaving off the top of the scollop. Repeat from 2nd row. I hope I have made this plain enough for Julia to understand. I know how to make a great many nice fancy things. I will send some directions to the TOLEDO BLADE if you wish me to—COUNTRY GIRL.

Correspondence.



THE KING'S DAUGHTERS.—The following from the *Silver Cross*, relating to one whom King's Daughters everywhere have learned to love very dearly, will give but a faint idea of the work that she is doing every day in inspiring women and men to do more and better work for the King, and in encouraging and stimulating the weak and timid who are in doubt as to what they are able to do:

"In November of the third year of the life of the Order, Mrs. Davis assumed, not only the duties of the corresponding secretary, but also those of business manager. The success of our magazine is the best testimony of the efficiency of that management, but it is not the only one. It is shown in everything connected with her work. Her gift of reaching the hearts of women through spoken words enables her to do even a grander service for our work. In connection with her labors for the order Mrs. Davis has visited at different times the provinces of Canada, the states of Ohio, Michigan, Illinois, Kansas, Pennsylvania, Maryland and North Carolina, traveling many thousands of miles, speaking every day in the week, and sometimes twice a day; holding meetings for information, for conference and suggestion, and every where inspiring and strengthening the souls of women to noble efforts for their own spiritual development, and for every work for God or humanity to which they are reaching out their helpful hands. And from every place come back records of lonely souls brought into personal contact with the Master, of faltering souls strengthened in faith, of idle souls stirred to good works, and of blessings outpoured by eager and loving hearts. Surely, when God gives us such a glorious work to do, and such workers to do it, we may look forward to the day when all of us, however heartsick and tired, shall "run and not be weary, when we shall walk and not faint."

The "day nursery" has been established by some of the circles, the object of which is to furnish, by donations, a room in some suitable part of a city where poor mothers, who are obliged to go out to work, can leave their little ones through the day. Suitable persons are in attendance all of the time, and some of the ladies—the younger ones especially—heartily enter into the work themselves.

"Think what is left—forget the losses—
Let sunshine still the shadows drown;
Let Faith, 'mid past and present crosses,
Still point thee toward the coming crown."

PHOTOGRAPHY FOR WOMEN.—The readers of THE BLADE HOUSEHOLD have been told so many things they could do that were both pleasant and profitable, but I have not heard (or seen) one word said about photography being suitable for women. Now, why is this? I often wonder if there are no professional photographers among the many women who read THE BLADE. If there are, they surely will speak up some time and encourage others to learn this beautiful, fascinating and profitable art. I know the reason that men do not encourage or give women a good chance to learn. It is because they are afraid to have them enter the ranks, as they know that in anything that requires brains, skill and careful work, that women equal and often surpass them.

Now, I do not mean to say that all male photographers are so selfish, for I have found some very gentlemanly and kind, but as a whole they are trying to keep their sisters out. You will often find ladies who know only a part of the business; they are only taught a part, so they cannot run a studio of their own, but must be employed by some one else. This is not as it should be. Of course, some women (as well as men) could never learn, and others would never learn to be careful enough to do good work, but women, as a general thing, are more careful than men, and, in my opinion, this is a work especially adapted to their capabilities.

There is nothing requiring hard work. There is considerable water to be carried, but a tub can be set in a convenient place, and a boy can fill it in a few minutes for you. Of course good instruments, chemicals and plates cost considerable, but you can begin on a small scale and work up. Now, if any of you ladies want to learn something that will give you pleasure every minute you work at it, I would advise you to get a place with a good, kind (not selfish) artist. If you cannot secure such a place, then, if you know you have a real taste for it, I believe you could learn by printed instructions. You would have to "buckle right down to it" though, and study pictures that you consider good, in order to make negatives yourself that will produce the same kind of pictures.

I have only been at work a short time, but am more infatuated with it every day, and would be glad to see very many more women taking this up as a business.—MRS. J. D. R., Iowa.

LOVERS WOES, (concluded)—In neither of the cases which I have spoken of was I at the bedside of the sick and dying, though I knew the persons and was acquainted with all the circumstances which I have related. But now I shall tell you of those whom I never saw. Harry Palmer was sick, and he too loved and was beloved, for the poet told but the truth when he said,

"All souls must have a loved one."

Maria was not called to see him because his disease was considered contagious. One night she fainted in her room, and, when consciousness was restored, she told her friends that she had seen Harry's ghost; that it came and looked in at her through the open door, and, as he was a corpse when the morning came, she really believed that she had seen a spirit; that he had looked in upon her after he had left the body. But, perhaps five or six years later, a dying woman called for her and she responded to the call. And the woman told her that she did not see a ghost the night of Harry's death, but that it was himself that she had seen; that he had taken advantage of the carelessness of the nurses and had run to see her; and, that through fear of censure, they had kept the secret of his flight through the years. He had raced with death to see her, for those who had neglected him followed him, and picked up a corpse and placed it in the bed, and said nothing.

In and through all the trials, cares and sorrows of life people should use discretion, but they should not permit their notions of propriety and prudence to lead them to the commission of deeds of cruelty. In all cases in which a parting is feared, as far as this world is concerned is final, the loved and loving should certainly have all the privileges granted them which they desire. So sure am I of that fact that were I to stand by the dying bed of a young woman asking to see her lover, she should see him if he could be found; or were I requested by a sick man to bring his fiancee, I should most surely honor his request, and take her to see him, if I had to fight a host imbued with old-fashioned prejudices, and I should pray God to assist me.—MOSS ROSE, Pulaski county, Ky.

MAKE HOME TRULY ATTRACTIVE.—Too many wives do not seem to realize that a lot of fancy work spread over the house won't make it comfortable, or console their husbands for a frivolous, unsympathetic wife; and that an account of the last meeting for the benefit of some heathens or a list of the neighbors' faults and failings, collected in a calling tour, won't take the edge off an indigestible dinner or a cold supper, but will, on the contrary, induce a craving for a social evening with the boys. I married a lively, thoughtless young fellow of 25, brought up by the best old people in the world, but without the first idea of discipline, and in consequence, he had in a fair degree, all the faults of the average American youth, which are not at all to my taste. As I considered it unlikely that he could drop the habits of years without occasional relapses, there were neither sermons, lectures, or tears over his peccadillos, but he understood. I studied his habits, tastes and business, always found time to read politics, though that is out of my line—and tried to be interested in the dryest details of his office work. It was uphill work the first year, but it paid, for now, after four years of married life, my husband can say no to the tempter be it beer or quid; his friends are supplanted, and the wife is his only chum and confidante. She is no "church widow," is courted every day and stands a fair chance of being spoiled by overdoses of flattery, and better than all, has a husband who spends every hour he can spare from business at home. It took no wonderful qualities to effect the change. I am neither very handsome nor talented, can't play a tune, paint a plaque or embroider possible or impossible flowers. I have only a fair share of common sense, an ability to hold my tongue at a trying moment and right smart of backbone, but my husband and my brother think me a complete success and we are absurdly happy.—ANNE MARIE.

A WORD TO HUSBANDS.—Various writers for the HOUSEHOLD have been lecturing the boys, the girls, and the wives, so if you will permit, I would like to say a word to husbands. My subject is an old one, but if anything I can say here would ever cause one man to stop and think over his conduct to his wife, I will not deem my effort in vain.

While I do not deny that women are often the cause of domestic unhappiness, yet I firmly believe a man can make his home a paradise if he will only take the trouble. He is generally too careless, and accepts everything his wife does for him, as a matter of course, and does not show to her that he appreciates it. But it is a woman's nature to crave appreciation, love and sympathy, and when these are withheld from her, she, too, will becomes careless and have no ambition to do her part.

When a man chooses a woman for his wife and endows her with his name and fortune, and tells her he loves her, he expects that to satisfy her ever after, without ever repeating it. In the meantime, she misses all the tender attentions that won her, and does not seem as affectionate as he would like, and he falls to wondering if he has not been deceived in her.

Oh, blind, unreasonable man! Will a fire burn always without adding fuel or fanning the blaze? Will a plant unfold its bloom to you without sunshine and rain? You must give love, honor, trust to your wife if you would have her render the same to you. Show her that you appreciate her efforts for your comfort; try to sympathize with her in her trials peculiar to womankind and she will (unless a heathen from the Feejee Islands) yield to you all the love, and trust, that her nature is capable of, and that is no small amount. Don't expect her, because you have made her your wife, to take it all for granted that you care more for her than all others, but tell her so every day in some way or other. If you are a fool and ashamed to speak in words how much you prize her, you can find ways to act it out, but tell her some way. When you are thirsty, does it quench your thirst to know your well is full of water? No! Then don't expect your wife to be satisfied, because it is understood you are full of love for her, but let her taste it in loving words, and kind deeds.—JONATHAN FOX.

ENCOURAGEMENT.—I felt when reading "Mistakes," that the writer is looking at the dark side of life; while I agree with her that all through our lives we make mistakes, many of them serious ones, yet instead of being stumbling blocks in our way they may become helps, as they ought to give us a broader charity towards others who make failures, and make us more watchful of self lest we yield to some similar temptation.

There can be no one who, if given the opportunity to live their life over again, retaining the knowledge gained by experience, would not rectify many of the mistakes of the past. But that cannot be, and while we have much to repent in that past, yet the present is ours, and if rightly used we may be a help to many, and bring peace and joy to our own hearts.

Although "the one that should have been our lover is another's," the years need not be long and weary, and the "heart break at last." If, instead of looking mournfully back upon the past, we keep our thoughts in the present, and determine to embrace every opportunity to do good to others, to lighten all the burdens we can, and bring cheer to all the despondent ones, almost unconsciously our own lives, while growing better, will grow brighter, and when the "last leaf is turned," it will be the brightest of all, for then we will hear the "Well done" of the Master.—MARY.

Inquiries.

I have read the article in THE BLADE of July 10, by C. R. Clifford, with interest, on the subject of women with artistic taste furnishing decorative work for the upholstery trade. I would like to inquire what would be the first step by an artist whose work is considered good in flower, landscape and marine painting on canvas, who is anxious to make money by the use of the brush, to procure such a trade? Would C. R. Clifford or some of the readers of THE BLADE please give what information they can as to how and what to do to proceed?—MAMIE.

I would like to have some of the sisters of THE BLADE tell me which would be the better employment for a girl to follow: Teaching or book-keeping?—KENNEDY.

Will you ask some of the sisters to send a good recipe for spicing suet. Also for some good suet cake or pudding recipe?—LOIS.

How must I piece my worsted quilt? For half of quilt I have dark grizzled-gray; 2 yards of deep, rich wine color; 1 yard of a lighter shade; 1½ yards of a pretty, bright royal purple; the same of dark navy blue; large scraps of light blue and light gray, then a large bundle of every size, shape and color, all bright and pretty. I had thought of piecing it sunshine and shade, using the dark gray for the shade and the bright scraps for the sunshine, but would be glad if some one would suggest a newer or prettier way.—CONTENTED SIS.

Will some one kindly tell me, in full, how to start an aquarium; also what plants will grow best?—EVA BOTTORFF, Iowa.

Can any reader of THE BLADE tell me how to cultivate the ice plant? I have some very pretty plants, but they keep dying. How often should they be watered? How often should plants put away in the cellar for winter be watered? And will some one tell me what will keep the hair from coming out?—OLLIE.

The remainder of Ollie's questions, being written upon both sides of the paper, could not be inserted.—ED.

Will some of the good housekeepers send us explicit directions how to pickle small onions so they will keep firm and white?—A SUBSCRIBER.

Will some reader tell me of a cure for blackheads? They are ruining my complexion.—D. B.

Please let me know through the Weekly BLADE what would be good for cracked tongue. I have been bothered with it for some time.—MRS. REBECCA ORNDORF.

A healthy stomach is the cure.—ED.

Will you, or any one, please tell me how to finish a silk quilt, what to line it with, and how to finish it around the edge? I have my quilt almost done and would like to take it to the fair this fall. Would like an answer as soon as convenient.—ADDA M.

The editor's suggestion will be found in the Fancy Work Department. Also in "Answers to Inquires," a word in regard to the World's Fair.

Answers to Inquiries.

The editor of the HOUSEHOLD has received a good many letters in regard to having some way by which its members may recognize each other at the coming World's Fair. That some arrangement would be very pleasant is certain, and our correspondents may rest assured that it will be made and announced in good time. We trust it will be such as to be satisfactory to all.—ED.

If "Pansy" will get a few cents' worth of oxalic acid and dilute it with rainwater (her druggist can tell her how) and will rub it on her hands after paring potatoes she will find the stain will wash off.—KENNEDY.

I would like to tell "Nine-pins" or any other reader of THE BLADE, who may have the same trouble, that varnish is the most efficacious remedy I ever used. Varnish the bedsteads, the cracks in the floor, or any other place where the pests make their home. Any cheap varnish will do.—MARTHA.

I agree with the sister that advised mothers to save the scraps of our little ones' clothes and piece them into quilts. I have two little tots and I have pieced each one a quilt out of the scraps of their little dresses. The pattern was a basket, using the scraps for the body of basket. The handle and bottom was bright orange filled out to make square, with oil green. Then set it all together with bright red. It is real pretty and something that any child will be proud of.—CONTENTED SIS.

For the benefit of Mrs. F. McDaniel, who asks for a remedy for dizziness: You do not want medicine; what you want is rest; you are weak, and perhaps feel obliged to work. In the words of scripture, "I have been young, now I am old," and I think I understand your case. Take no white work in your hands for a month, at least, as that is a greater trial to the nerves than anything else of the kind. You will do well to make for yourself a tea of catnip and drink a dozen times a day.

To Lois: Embroider the band of the cap, if your boy is delicate and spends his time in the house; otherwise, not; it would not correspond with a sunburned cheek.—MRS. A. E. S. TAYLOR, Erie Co., Pa.

In reply to question in THE BLADE of July 10, of Mrs. Frank M., Idaho, will say that the yarn or warp-beam should be higher than the breast-beam, so that the warp will spring open good. In my loom the yarn-beam is 10 inches higher than the breast-beam. I have measured several old harnesses; some of them vary ¼ of an inch in length from the eyes. Others are about equal. I presume they were intended to be the same length from the eyes. I have used harnesses that varied a little. So long as they work good it is all right.—MISS E. C. C.

Anna Sohn, Henrysville, Ind., has a stock of old Sunday school leaflets, quarterlies, etc., that may be had for the asking. She has also some copies of the *Christian Standard.*

Mrs. L. C. E.: There is no reason why you should not attend a business college if you can so arrange your household duties that they will not be neglected. The only question is whether you can get there precisely what you want.

As to acquiring a knowledge of literature, one of the very best ways is to join a literary society which takes up a course of reading, and in which each member takes a part. The latter necessity will call you out and compel you to overcome your diffidence, and will teach you to express your opinions in good language. A Chautauqua course would also be a good thing for you. You can have an intelligent understanding of what is going on now in the world by carefully reading one good paper and looking over two or three of the leading magazines.

What you desire to know about the "King's Daughters" you will find in late issues of the HOUSEHOLD.—ED.

Recipes.

FIG PRESERVES—Take ripe figs, wipe them and quickly immerse them in a strong lye, made from 1 qt. water and 2 heaping spoonfuls of soda. Drain and with a sharp pointed fork prick each one in several places. Have ready on the stove a rich syrup made from 1 lb. sugar and 1 cupful water. Drop in a few figs at a time, cook slowly until clear. Remove from the syrup and add more figs. Continue until all are done. Put in cans and pour the hot syrup over them. Seal tightly and keep in a dark place. They are delicious.

SPICED FIGS—Prepare as for preserves and make the syrup with 1 cup of vinegar to 1 lb. of sugar, 1 teaspoonful each of cinnamon and cloves to each lb. sugar and proceed the same as for preserves, only cook the figs a little longer and put the spice in a bag. If you make them once you will always be a friend to them.

Please tell Mrs. Annie M. to slice her potatoes very thin and soak in ice water several hours, then fry a few at a time in very hot fat and she will not have any trouble with soaking fat.—MRS. E. L. CRANE.

KOUMISS.—Let me give you a recipe for home-made Koumiss, which is so fine in sickness, as well as in health. Were there more of it used there would be much less dyspepsia and general debility. Take of new milk a beer bottle full at blood heat, add to each bottle full a tablespoonful of yeast (liquid) or the size of a pea of baker's yeast, and 1 tablespoonful of sugar. Place in a warm place until it begins to work, then cork tight, tying corks down, and set in a cool place for three days. It is from thence, until six weeks old, ready to use. It will be composed of liquid and solid, and will pop when the cork is removed. So act accordingly before opening a bottle and have a large dish under it so as to save the carpet.—BLACK HILLS HENRIETTE.

BRAN COFFEE.—To 1 gall. of pure wheat bran add 1 cupful of molasses; mix it thoroughly together; put it in a large pan and brown it in the oven. Brown it a light brown. Make the coffee just as you do other coffee, using about the same quantity. Put in a little coffee essence (often called extract) and always use good cream. This makes a delicious coffee, much better than the coffee we buy, and much more wholesome. I have given this recipe to several of my neighbors and they all like it and say it is the best coffee they ever drank.—D.

SOUR MILK CAKE.—4 eggs, whites and yolks beaten separately, 5 teacupfuls of sifted flour, 2 cupfuls sugar, 1 cupful butter, 1 of sour milk, a teaspoonful of soda and 1 grated nutmeg. Bake quickly. —MRS. C. M. BETTS.

ESCALOPED TOMATOES.—Put in a baking dish a layer of cracker crumbs, seasoned with bits of butter; then a layer of sliced tomatos, seasoned with salt, pepper and sugar if desired; then a layer of crumbs, and so on, until the dish is full, finishing with crumbs. Bake from three-quarters of an hour to an hour.—MRS. W. S. H.

FOR DIZZINESS.—I noticed in the "Inquiries" "Mrs. F. McDaniel" asked for a cure for dizziness, for which I send the following: Take the root of burdock (a plant the leaves of which look very much like rhubarb), wash the root and let it boil in milk for about ten minutes, then thicken with flour until it becomes a thick paste. Then bind on the back of neck as warm as you can bear, wear over night, and the next morning you will (I think) feel like a different person. I have tried this, so I recommend it.—MISS L. CHANNON.

"Just as Good,"

Say some dealers who try to sell a substitute preparation when a customer calls for Hood's Sarsaparilla. Do not allow any such false statements as this induce you to buy what you do not want. Remember that the only reason for making it is that a few cents more profit will be made on the substitute. Insist upon having the best medicine—Hood's Sarsaparilla. It is Peculiar to Itself.

The Young Folks.

BLADE TEMPERANCE LEGION.

MOTTO: "Of Ourselves We Will be Masters."

Pledge:

We do hereby promise ourselves that, from this time until we are 21 years old, we will not taste intoxicating liquors of any kind, and that we will exert all our influence to prevent their use by others. Witness our names:

RED ROCK, MONT.
Mary Walz.

Names this week, 1. Total, 29,747.

The above embraces all names received up to August 11.

The Scarecrow.

It was a regular Scarecrow-man,
Made on the old and well-known plan:
A cross of sticks in a garb forlorn,
That stood on guard in the field of corn.
And, indeed, it made the old farmer smile
As he put it up and whistled the while:
It would look to the crows so very ferocious,
So truly astounding and atrocious
That it tickled his fancy to think how they
Would catch a glimpse and flutter away.

Well, two black crows sat off on a tree,
And the young crow said to the old one, "See!
Now, what is that frightful thing out there?
It's enough any honest crow to scare!"
But the old crow chuckled and then looked wise,
Shook in his feathers and winked his eyes;
Something tickled him, but if 'twas a joke,
His voice didn't show it a bit when he spoke,
As looking down at the younger crow
He said, "What is it?" "Ah! don't you know?

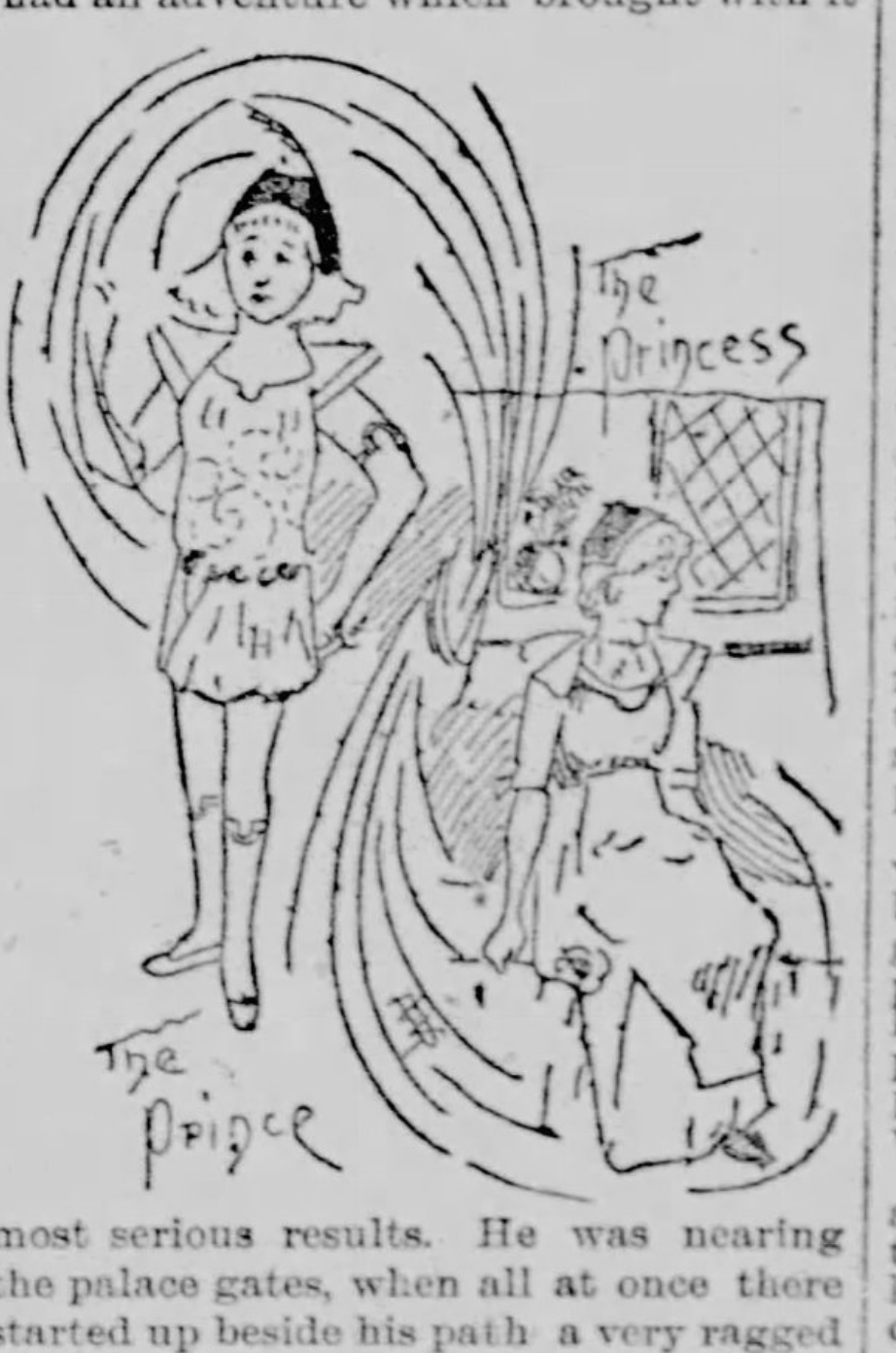
Why, that, as we wise ones all suppose,
Is the special patron saint of the crows!
We watch for his coming every year,
To tell when the Feast of the Corn is here.
See how he stands with his arms stretched out!
He is calling the crows from all about!
Such a kind invitation is most alluring—
So very cordial and reassuring!
I think we had better accept—don't you?
And down to the field of corn they flew.
—[Wallace E. Mather, in August Wide Awake.

What the Prince Wanted.

BY FRANK M. BICKNELL.

In old times there lived a little prince who had been made into a spoiled child almost before he had learned to talk. His father and mother doted on him with such foolish fondness that they never could refuse him anything he asked for. It mattered not how much inconvenience it caused, all his wishes must be gratified. The king was ready to turn the palace out-of-doors, or to plunge the whole city into a turmoil, if that were necessary, to humor even the slightest whim of his darling son. It was forbidden, under severe penalty, to speak the word "no" in presence of the little prince. If one of the royal counsellors had dared to hint that a little denial would have done the prince no harm once in a while, when his demands were particularly unreasonable, such an offence would have been worse than high treason, and immediate death would have been its punishment.

One day, not long after his ninth summer had passed, the prince went out for a ride. As he was returning home he had an adventure which brought with it most serious results. He was nearing the palace gates, when all at once there started up beside his path a very ragged and ill-looking old woman. So suddenly did she appear that she might have come out of the ground, and had she really done so, she could not have been dirtier or more repulsive looking than she was. Startled by this strange figure, the prince's pony halted, and before his master could urge him forward again, the old hag had hobbled up and laid one hand on the saddle-bow. Then, outstretching the other, palm upward, she said, with a doleful whine:



"Blessings on you, my pretty prince! May the south wind blow softly for you all the days of your life! For the love of charity, bestow a few pence upon a poor creature whose best wish is that you, who have never wanted for anything since you were born, never may want for anything as long as you live."

Now, although the prince was not by nature bad-hearted, the unwise indulgence of his parents had done much to make him so. Being unused to disagreeable things, he shrank from the touch of this old woman, whose wretched appearance and whining tones made her particularly unpleasant to him. So instead of answering her civilly, he drew quickly back, exclaiming, in disgust: "Get away, you unclean person! How dare you stop me thus?"

At the same time he gave his pony a sharp cut, and tried to ride onward. But in some way—it may have been wholly by accident—the whip struck the beggar-woman across the face. At this she straightened her bent back, and with a wicked light shining from her eyes, she shook her clinched fist at the prince, crying, in a voice that trembled with rage:

"My curses on you, ungrateful viper! May the north wind blow harshly for you all the days of your life! You, who have wanted for nothing since the hour of your birth, the worst wish I have for you is that the next thing you want you may want till you die."

The prince was furiously angry at hearing such language, and whipped up his pony smartly, thinking to ride over and trample on the insolent beggar who had dared to use it. But the moment she ended her speech the old woman took her hand from the saddle, and, stepping back, disappeared as if by magic.

Now, whether she was a witch, with power to work evil, or whether she was merely a very good prophet of the weather, no one knows; but certain it is the old woman's words were quickly followed by a marked change in the direction and force of the wind. Ere the prince had ridden ten rods the mild southerly breeze that hitherto had been stirring gently the leaves and grass blades veered about until it became a boisterous north wind. And as he was hastening onward a violent gust snatched the prince's cap from his head, and carried it far away out of sight. Some of his attendants at once gave chase, but all efforts to recover it were vain. So he was obliged to go home bareheaded, his long hair streaming, and his fair brow buffeted by the fierce gale.

About an hour after the prince's return to the palace a remarkable thing took place. In spite of himself the beggar-woman's curse had made him uncomfortable, and wishing to be alone he had dismissed all his servants except one, who remained in an ante-chamber next his master's room, that he might be at hand in case he should be wanted. By and by, after a long and gloomy silence, his highness suddenly raised his head, and opening his lips, said:

"I want—"

The attentive valet, who had been watching him through the half-open door, now stepped promptly into the room to receive his commands. But instead of finishing his sentence, the prince made up a very queer face, and began again:

"I want—"

"Yes, your royal highness," responded the servant, anxiously waiting for him to go on.

But this the prince seemed quite unable to do. Beyond the point of repeating his former strange grimace he could not get. After a moment he pronounced for the third time the words "I want"; then, without another distortion of the face, he stopped short, in evident distress. As the same thing continued again and again, and bade fair to do so indefinitely, the puzzled servant grew alarmed, and at last, leaving his master, he went to call some one to his aid. But none of the other servants had any better luck than he in making out what was the matter, or what the prince wanted. In fact, not only were all the footmen, cooks, scullions, coachmen, grooms, and hostlers summoned, but even the guards within the great gates, and a regiment of soldiers from without them, came and racked their brains until their heads ached, in trying to guess what the prince could possibly want.

Of course the news of this affair was noised about through the palace, till finally it reached the ears of the king and queen. No sooner did the royal pair hear what was going on than they hurried to the apartments of the prince in great alarm.

"What does my precious child want?" cried the agitated mother, as she ran into the room and threw her arms about the prince.

"Whatever he wants he shall have," quoth the king; "even though it be the heads of all my court."

The latter speech made the assembled courtiers rather uneasy, and some of them who, for certain reasons, felt their heads sit a little insecurely on their shoulders, tried to hide themselves behind others more courageous or less agile than they were. This confusion soon subsided, however, for their fears were groundless; the prince did not want heads, or anything like them. What he did want it seemed quite impossible to discover. The king called his advisers, and had a talk about it, but it was all in vain. Not one, even the wisest among them, was able to conjecture what the prince wanted. To every suggestion that could be offered he only shook his head. What made the thing especially puzzling was the fact that, apparently, he had everything he could possibly wish for already. At last, in despair, the king promised a large reward to any one who should solve the riddle. But even that step was useless; no one succeeded in winning the reward, and the riddle remained as preplexing as ever.

Meantime the affair caused a great stir throughout the king's dominions. Everybody, high or low, rich or poor, was interested in it. There was but one topic of conversation for all occasions. Nobody ever thought of discussing business, or of talking about the weather now. When people went to each other's houses or met in the street, instead of saying, "It has been a lively day in the market-place, neighbor," or, "Friend, we are likely to have rain soon," they put to each other such queries as, "What do you suppose the prince wants, neighbor?" or, "Friend, have they found out yet what the prince wants?" Yet these questions, so often asked, were never answered to the least purpose, for if any one had an idea on the subject he kept it to himself until he had had a chance to go to the palace and try for the reward.

There are always plenty of wiseacres to be found who think themselves a little more knowing than any one else, so before very long the guesses as to what the prince wanted became so numerous that the king was compelled to order two great books to be opened to record them in. While one of these was being written in by certain court officials chosen to receive the guesses, the other was being read from in the prince's apartments by other officials, who stood before his highness, and asked him if he wanted this, that, or the other thing, according to the suggestions that had been made on the previous day.

But all of this trouble might just as well have been spared; no one seemed to be able to hit upon the right thing, or get even an inkling of what the poor prince could possibly want. Before long his health began to fail. He lost all appetite, and could not sleep; he grew so pale and thin that his distressed parents were wild with anxiety.

But just at the time when things were at their worst, and when every one thought the Prince was going to die, relief came to him in a way that hardly could have been hoped for.

It chanced that the old woman who had cursed him fell ill. It also came to pass that she was nursed and cared for by a gentle and kind-hearted maiden who was the granddaughter of a king. In time the old woman got well, thanks to the good little maid, and to show that she was not wholly a bad person, she determined to reward her. It happened that the old king, the maiden's grandfather, had a very small kingdom and a very large family. Consequently he had more than he could do to provide for his sons and daughters, to say nothing about his grandchildren, so this maiden's lot in life did not look very brilliant. For this reason and others the old woman resolved on taking a very unusual step. It was quite against all rule in such cases, but she decided to lift the weight of her curse from the prince and serve the maiden at one and the same time. Perhaps she had begun to be sorry for her harsh treatment of the former, who was really less to be blamed than his over-indulgent parents. At any rate, she gave to the maiden a certain magic power, with directions for using it, and sent her off to cure the prince.

In due time the maiden arrived at court, where she boldly announced that she knew just what the prince wanted. Some weeks had passed since anything had been done for the sufferer, and after so many had tried and failed, no one had the least idea that the new-comer would succeed. Still there was some interest felt as to how the youthful doctress proposed to set to work, and everybody wanted to be present and see her attempt the cure. But the maiden baffled all curiosity by insisting that she must be left alone with her patient. This she did by order of the old woman, who wanted her remedy kept a secret for the time. Accordingly, she was shown into the presence of the prince, and the doors were closed after her. But this did not prevent a good deal of listening at key-holes by certain inquisitive persons, who were presently startled nearly out of their wits by a tremendous and quite incomprehensible noise. While they were trying to guess what this could possibly mean, the maiden opened the door softly and came out.

"The prince has fallen asleep," she said. "If he is left in quiet he will awake feeling much better, and then, with proper care, he will soon recover his usual health."

These words were entirely true. After a long slumber his highness awoke greatly refreshed, and from that day he began to mend, until, within a fortnight, he was as well as he ever had been in his life. In one respect, indeed, he was vastly better. His sufferings had taught him a lesson he did not forget. Thenceforth he was much more thoughtful and considerate in his behavior, and was careful to keep his wants within reasonable bounds, so as not to give unnecessary trouble to others. The result of which was that whereas formerly he had been feared and disliked by his father's subjects, he now grew to be much beloved by them.

Meantime the little maiden staid at court, and was brought up as the companion and playmate of the prince until she was a little maiden no longer. Then the two were married, which was just what the old woman had been planning for from the first, although, of course, she said nothing to the maiden about that.

On the wedding day, being released from her vow of secrecy, the young bride told her father-in-law what the prince had wanted, and how she had cured him of his malady. Her explanation in brief was this:

In riding home bareheaded against the north wind the prince had caught a bad cold, and, for the first time in his life, he had wanted to sneeze. This he had been prevented from doing by the old woman's curse. But the effects of the curse had been overcome, and the patient at once relieved, when the maiden gave him a pinch of the magic powder—a powder, by-the-way, which in these times people are wont to call snuff.—[Harper's Young People.

Our Wonder Column.

1.—WHAT AM I?

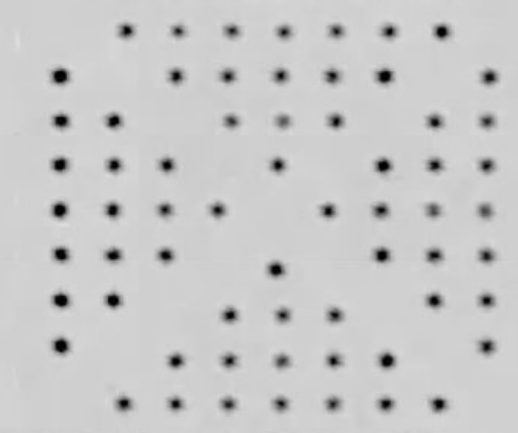
I belong to a very large family, one that is found over a large part of the world. Europe, Asia, North and South America, and North Africa furnish us with homes, but we do not like South Africa, nor can we be found in any part of the Australian system. My own immediate circle of relatives reside in Northern and Central Europe, Northern Asia, and in the Arctic regions of North America.

We are called awkward-looking creatures, with a heavy body and no tail to speak of, and we sprawl all over everything when we walk or run. We are about six feet long, and three feet high at the shoulders, so that you see we are rather formidable in appearance. Our fur is brown and woolly.

We do most of our eating in summer, for we find our food so much more easily then, and we get so fat that we can hardly do more than waddle. It is too hard work to forage much in that condition, so we hunt out a nice place and go into winter quarters; that is, we just go to sleep, and slumber away until spring. A good long nap I guess you think. We are pretty thin and hungry when we wake up, but are in a good state to hunt around and satisfy our appetite.

We live principally upon roots, berries and vegetables. Honey is our delight, and we sometimes get our noses stung pretty severely by the bees who object to our helping ourselves. We never attack human beings unless they attempt to interfere with our little ones, and then we make things pretty lively.

2.—MALTESE CROSS.



To be worked out from the center, each section beginning with one letter and ending with a word of seven letters. The upper and lower sections to be read as usual from left to right; the two side sections to be read from the top downward. When arranged correctly there will be a vacant place in the center, in which insert the letter S and you will have the badge and motto of a certain religious society.

Upper Section.—1, a personal pronoun; 2, an exclamation; 3, a sweet product mentioned in one of Isaac Watts's hymns; 4, signifies wisdom, sagacity or prudence.

Lower Section.—1, a consonant; 2, a man's name; 3, the female of the highest order of animals known to us; 4, the tree, bearing a spicy fruit, mentioned in the first Wonder Column.

Left Section.—1, a personal pronoun; 2, an exclamation; 3, something every one of us uses, and could use more of it; 4, a body of soldiers.

Right Section.—1, a consonant; 2, not merry—unhappy; 3, an acid fruit much used in summer time; 4, a small animal thoroughly disliked by farmers' boys.
L. A. F.

3.—DECAPITATION.

I am a small craft; behead me,
I am a kind of grain; behead me,
I am a preposition; behead me,
I am the favorite drink of nearly all old ladies.
L. F.

4.—RIDDLE.

I'm a strange contradiction, I'm new and I'm old;
I am often in tatters, and oft decked with gold.
Though I never could read, yet learned I'm found;
Though blind I enlighten, though loose I am bound.
I am always in black, and I'm always in white;
I am grave and I'm gay, I am heavy and light.
In form, too, I differ, I'm thick and I'm thin;
I've no flesh and no bone, yet I'm covered with skin.
I've more points than the compass, more stops than the flute;
I sing without voice, without speaking confute.
I'm English, I'm German, I'm French and I'm Dutch;
Some love me too fondly, some slight me too much.
I often die soon, though I sometimes live ages:
And no monarch alive has so many pages.
MABEL.

5.—CHARADE.

My *first* some men will often taste
Entirely for my *second's* sake;
But very few indeed there are
Who both together well can bear.

6.—ENIGMA.

I have no head, and a tail I lack,
But oft have arms and legs, and back;
I inhabit the tavern, the palace, the cot,
'Tis a beggarly residence where I am not.
If a monarch were present (I tell you no fable),
I still should be placed at the head of the table.
WILL.

7.—SQUARE WORD.

1, an animal; 2, words spoken; 3, a body of water; 4, an insect.
MIRIAM.

8.—NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

I am composed of 28 letters.
My 6, 2, 4, 7, 12, is the coming of light.
My 14, 1, 18, 22, is an animal of the 19th century.
My 13, 3, 16, 19, is to descend.
My 26, 11, 1, 20, 8, 18, is to be praised.
My 15, 25, 28, is very sick.
My 21, 17, 2, is to gain.
My 23, 5, 9, 10, 3, 6, 19, is joyous.
My 21, 5, 4, is not dry.
My whole is an old saying.
MINNIE BARTLETT.

9.—CHARADE.

My *whole* is to *first* my *second* away and is used by farmers a great deal.
NED.

ANSWERS.

1.—Beaver.
2.—Facetiously.
Your Name.
3.—A Sponge.
4.—Restless.
5.—BLADE.
6.—BLADE.
7.—John G. Whittier.
8.—The World's Fair.

The "Wonder Column" seems to be growing in favor, judging from the many letters which come pouring in from young folks all over the country. The names of the winners of the July prizes will be announced as soon as the promised two weeks of grace have expired. We hope all will work for the August prize.

One word about the Natural History puzzles. The editor hopes that these will be preserved in your scrap books with the answers as they are given, for, perhaps, we may by and by call upon you to use them. They are designed to teach you facts as well as to give you entertainment.

Peals of Merriment.

Calico—Did you notice Snickerton just now? He laughed so much that he tumbled clean over!

Cassimere—Indeed! Slipped up on a peal, eh?—[Dry Goods Chronicle.

CHETOPA, KANSAS, Aug. 22d, 1889.
A. T. SHALLENBERGER & CO.,
Rochester, Pa. *Gents:*—I enclose you money order for another dozen Malaria Antidote. In our own family we cannot do without these pills. They have cured the lung fever, prevented typhoid and chills by their use, and we have not needed a doctor since I have kept the pills for sale—more than two years. I gave them to a two-month's-old baby that had chills, half a pill at a dose, and it worked like a charm. The medicine does not sicken the stomach, and does not effect the nerves like quinine.
Truly yours,
W. McI. MARTIN.

Question Bureau.

Rules.—1. Send your real name and address, and make your questions plain.

2. Do not ask us where you can *buy* or *sell* anything, nor ask for addresses of business men or firms. This would be free advertising.

3. Do not ask whether any business man or firm is reliable.

4. Send only questions whose replies will be of general interest to our readers. We reserve the right not to answer queries which we consider are not so. Mathematical problems, puzzles, etc., are barred by this rule.

5. No replies by mail to questions, in any case.

Sunday Observance.

A. J. H., Hoopeston, Ill., writes on this question: The Sabbath was instituted in Eden as declared in Gen. ii, 3, and we read of no other appointment. That the Israelites observed the Sabbath before Moses delivered the law is clear from the manna not falling on that day. The commands received by Moses from the mount, only direct how that day, already appointed and recognized, should be observed. But even admitting it was first instituted then, it was not a part of the ceremonial law, for that was spoken to Moses. But the law of the Sabbath was written by the finger of God on tables of stone, to show its permanency in distinction from the ceremonial law. Nor does Leviticus xxiii indicate that it was submerged in the ceremonial laws, as claimed. But in verse 3, the Sabbath and its observance are referred to, while the feasts and Sabbaths that are enumerated in verses 24, 32, and 39, are ceremonial Sabbaths. This is also confirmed from verse 38. It is to these ceremonial Sabbaths and feasts that the prophets Isaiah and Hosea refer, and also the epistle to the Colossians. Besides, in Exodus xxxi, 16, the Sabbath is declared of perpetual obligation, "a perpetual covenant." If believers are the seed of Abraham, as the apostle declares, then this covenant is in force to-day with them.

Then, too, Christ explicitly declares in Matthew 17-18, "That one jot or tittle shall in no wise pass from the law till all be fulfilled." Now whether the "law" here includes the five books of Moses, or the whole of the Old Testament, or simply the commands, as understood in different places, yet it always includes the Ten Commandments. And does not this same statement of Jesus, Matt. v, 17-18, overthrow the idea that the Old Testament is only valuable historically? "Not pass till fulfilled." Then clearly only what has been fulfilled of prophecy or types has passed away, except as additionally annulled by authority of Christ or his apostles. All else is in force and as binding as ever. Christ quotes from it some collection of books as now as his standard, and tells us "The servant is not greater than lord"; if it good enough for him, surely it is fit for and binding on his followers.

It is true there was some confusion in the early Christian church as to the day that should be observed, yet Christ's resurrection and even appearing to his disciples on the first day instead of the seventh, as before his death, inclined them to keep that day. Then his pouring out of his holy spirit at Pentecost on this first day, shows unquestionably his approval of this day. But the converted Jews could not easily give up their Sabbath, and so till near the close of the first century some observed one, and some both days. It is to this Paul refers in Romans xiv, 5: "Some regard one day above another, and some each day." Not wishing to burden, he leaves to choose which of the two. The morality of the day consists in the one-seventh of rest and devotion to God. But by the close of the first century, the first day was usually observed by the Christian church as the Sabbath. Surely the approval of Christ, and the practice and direction of the Apostles should be enough to establish the right of the day.

British and American Navies.

A. M. C., Burlington, Iowa, asks: "1.—Do you think we will have war with Great Britain over Behring sea? 2.—In case of war, which has the larger navy?"

1.—We might drift into war over the question. 2.—Great Britain, by far. When all the steel vessels, either launched, building, or to be built, for which money has already been appropriated are finished, our navy will have two armored cruisers, one armored battle ship, one coast defense vessel, five monitors, one dispatch boat, thirteen protected cruisers, four gunboats, one dynamite vessel, one torpedo boat, one practice vessel—in all 30 vessels, and of nineteen-knot ships of 3,000 tons displacement and upward there will be eight, placing the United States second in the list of nationalities possessing such fleet and powerful men-of-war, Great Britain being first.

In January, 1889, there were in commission in the British navy 400 vessels of all kinds, besides 105 engaged in harbor service and 23 Cunard, White Star, Peninsular and Oriental line steamers available in case of war as merchant cruisers. The effective navy consisted 258 vessels, comprising 193 steamships, of which 29 were armor plated, 31 corvettes, 31 sailing vessels and 35 stationary ships. The new ship building programme sanctioned by Parliament in 1889, provide for 70 new ships. Of these 8 are to be first-class battle ships, with a displacement of 14,000 tons apiece, a speed of at least 17½ knots and four 67-ton guns; 2 second-class battle ships, with a displacement of 9,000 tons each; 9 first-class cruisers of 7,300 tons each; 28 smaller cruisers of 3,400 tons each, and 18 torpedo gun boats of 735 tons each.

Grant as a General.

E. A., Middleville, Mich., writes: "Please give a little history of U. S. Grant as a general, and tell where he was to be found in time of battle—whether in front of his troops, or behind them, out of reach of the enemy's shots?"

This question evinces a lack of knowledge of military matters, which is, however, not surprising. E. A. should understand that a commanding general's place is *not* "at the head of his troops." It is at some convenient spot, where he can see as much of the field as possible, and be easily reached by his aides and those of his subordinate commanders, by whom orders are sent and information received. A modern battle extends often over miles, and it would be absolutely impossible for a commander to lead his army in person. Even if it were possible, it would be foolhardy, for at the head of his troops the general would be the target for every gun of the enemy at once, and would be killed to a certainty as soon as he came within gunshot. The death of a commander-in-chief in the midst of a battle would mean defeat to his army, and the slaughter and capture of thousands of his men. As for Grant's personal courage, no well-informed person questions that. It was proved long before he became a commander-in-chief. He was often under fire, and in danger of his life. E. A. and many others get entirely erroneous ideas of battles from pictures in books and papers. You can safely set down all pictures which represent a general as riding at the head of his troops on the battle-field as utterly false.

Natural Gas Cities.

W. M., Toledo, O., asks: "In how many prominent cities have they discovered natural gas?" In Pennsylvania, gas has been found in nearly every city of prominence in what is known as the "oil region." Some of the largest wells are close to Pittsburg and Allegheny. There is a good well at Rochester, others at Beaver Falls and Washington. All around Bradford, and in the city, are gas wells. Findlay, O., has many wells in the city. Lima has two large producers in the corporate limits. St. Marys, O., has gas in the city. Kokomo, Portland, Huntington, and Peru, Ind., are the principal towns in that state with gas in their limits. These are the principal places.

There are numerous small towns in the country where there are gas wells, and several large cities where small flows of gas have been found, but not enough to utilize to any extent. Recently a well was bored at Warrenton, Oregon, and a heavy flow of gas obtained. Kentucky, Wyoming and Michigan, New York and West Virginia have small gas wells in many places. Toledo uses gas piped 30 miles; Indianapolis is supplied by a pipe line. Gas fields are usually in the country, and cities are supplied by piping gas, sometimes as far as 70 miles, which is the distance gas is carried to Erie, Pa., from the McKean county field.

Three Dissimilar Questions.

J. W. B., Belden, Ind.: 1.—What is the meaning of "Like the sword of Damocles?" 2.—What is the story about the infant Hercules and the snake? What about his club or cane? 3.—What is the "Copernican system?"

1.—Damocles sighed for the pleasures of a king's life. The king had him dressed in royal robes, and seated at a table loaded with dainties. Damocles was enjoying himself hugely, when, casting his eyes upward, he saw a sharp sword suspended over his head by a single hair—typical of the dangers of exalted station.

2.—Hercules is fabled to have, while an infant in his cradle, strangled two immense serpents sent to destroy him. He is usually represented in sculpture clothed in a lion's skin and carrying a club—symbolical of his strength.

3.—The Copernican system of astronomy is that of Corpernicus, who taught that the sun is the center of our system, and that the earth and planets revolve around it.

If you send more than one question and want full answers, let them relate to the same subject, and not be entirely dissimilar, as are the above.

"Original Packages."

S. C. W., Yaquina City, Ore.: "To what political party do the Supreme court judges belong who rendered the decision in favor of original packages of beer and whisky to be sold in prohibition states, Democrats or Republicans?"

All the Democrats on the Supreme bench, and all the Republicans except three, were in favor of the decision. The Supreme court does not decide a question on political grounds. The question was raised whether a state had the constitutional right to prevent the importation of liquor from another state, and the court decided that it could not. It is not a political question, but whether a state law violated the federal constitution.

Railroad Tickets.

M. G. B., Ligonier, Pa., asks: "1.—Are what is known as 'scalpers' tickets,' 'cut-rate tickets,' etc. (sold by parties not in the employ of the railroads), accepted on all railroads and all trains? 2.—What is the price generally of thousand-mile tickets? 3.—What is the shortest running time between Pittsburg and Chicago?"

1.—If unused or partially used tickets are regular, and have not expired by limitation, they are good for passage, whoever may hold them; but even experienced travelers sometimes get fooled in buying "scalped" tickets. 2.—The price of thousand-mile tickets varies according to the road and the section of country; from $20 to $30. 3.—Thirteen hours.

Search the Scriptures.

G. S. C., Benbrook, Texas, writes: "1.—I read in Genesis, 1st chapter, that God created all things. When was hell created? 2.—Does a person have to believe in a hell to be a Christian?"

If you will take the trouble to read the first chapter of Genesis, you will find that it does not say that "God created all things." 2.—That depends upon what you mean by a "Christian." If you mean "one who believes in Christ," then we know a number of very intelligent people who believe that, but who do not believe there is a hell; and we know a number, too, who believe that there is one.

The Largest City in Area.

W. M., Sandusky, O.: Chicago has the largest area under municipal government in this country or in the world. The city now has an area of 174 square miles, which is four times the area of New York and nearly nine times the area of Brooklyn. It is larger than Philadelphia by forty-five square miles, and larger than London by fifty-two square miles. The statistics given by these cities are: London 122 square miles; Philadelphia, 129; New York, 42; Brooklyn, 21.

Two Questions on Etiquette.

Hoosier, Portland, Ind.: 1.—Is it proper for a young man to ask permission to come to a young lady's house to church, providing he wants to, or should he wait to be invited? 2.—Is it proper for a young man, at any time to ask permission to call on a lady?

1.—If public service is held at a private house, there is no reason he should not attend without an invitation. 2.—It is always permissible for a young man to ask the privilege of calling.

Wild Pigeons.

W. T. G., Graysville, Tenn., asks: Do you know where the wild pigeons are? Have they deserted America?

We presume this query relates to the pigeons once so common in the west. They have been killed off by hunters, and by the reckless practice of destroying them by hundreds at their roosts, or nesting places. They are not extinct, but they have largely been destroyed.

Who Knows About This?

E. E. D., Yutan, Neb., asks: "Will you please give a summary of 'the House roll bill' as passed by Congress some time ago, and in detail that portion concerning the teaching of the German language and religious liberty in our public schools?"

We never heard of any such bill. None such has ever been before Congress, nor has Congress any constitutional power to pass such a law.

An Error.

J. W., Bridgeport, O.: "Is it truth that Mr. Lincoln made a proposition to the slave holders to lay down their arms and they could keep their slaves, if they did not he would make them all free. Please state the time he made the proposition, if ever he did."

He never made any such proposition, and it is doubtful if, even in the exercise of the war power, he would have had any authority to make it.

Brief Answers.

G. H. H., Attica, Ind.: See Rule 2.

D. M. L., Pedro, Mo.: We know nothing of the person you inquire about.

D. T. K., Stewartsville, Minn.: We can not republish poems that have once appeared in THE BLADE.

J. C. N., Williamstown, Kan.: The war song you ask for was published in THE BLADE last year.

W. B. J., East Lynne, Mo., asks: "Give the population of the ten largest cities of Ohio." We will as soon as we get the official returns.

G., Leighton, Iowa: A stenographer should be able to write about 100 words a minute. It is impossible to give any definite idea of their average wages, as these vary so greatly.

E. O. S., Quimby, Iowa, asks: "Can you give the counties that the land lies in which railroads have forfeited of the different states?" We can not. Apply to the nearest United States Land office.

J. H. S., Tunnel Hill, Ky.: We have said nearly a dozen times in this column that "The Demagogue" will be published in book form this fall, and that when it is ready, it will be announced on the 5th page, in the "Publishers' Column."

J. P. S., Armour, N. C.: 1.—We have no idea how many colored editors there are in the United States. 2.—The United States minister to Liberia it Hon. Ezekiel E. Smith. 3.—We published a long account of Pompeii a few months ago.

E. R., Metomen, Wis.: 1.—We never saw a list of the names of the men who entered Ticonderoga with Ethan Allen, and doubt if any such list is in existence. 2.—If some one will send us the song, "Brave Wolf," descriptive of the battle on the Plains of Abraham, we will publish, if not too long.

G. G., Lincoln, Kan.: We can not take space to give directions for stuffing birds, etc., etc., as it would not be of general interest. There are several cheap works on taxidermy published, costing a dollar or less, any one of which will give you very minute instructions. Get a bookseller to order for you.

——.: 1.—We published a long description of Yellowstone Park a few months ago. It belongs to the government and is set aside as a park. 2.—In "Washington, D. C.," the letters "D. C." stand for "District of Columbia." It is not in any state. It is a tract ten miles long by about six wide, under the direct control of Congress.

—, Minersville, O.: To measure an angle, use a protractor—a semicircle divided into 180 degrees. 2.—When a ship is said to be of 500 tons' burden, it means that she will carry 500 tons of 2,000 pounds' weight, and that her capacity is 500 tons' of space—each ton being 40 cubic feet; that amount is allowed as the proper space in the hold for every ton of weight she carries. 3.—The World's Fair at Chicago is to be held in 1893; a celebration is to be had on October 12, 1892, of the anniversary of Columbus' discovery, but the exposition is to open the next spring. —The interest of the Bureau to readers is measured by the nature of the questions asked.

Blood Poison

Is very liable to follow contact of the hands or face with what is known as poison ivy, especially in hot weather or if the body is perspiring freely. The trouble may subside for a time, only to appear in aggravated form when opportunity offers. The great purifying powers of Hood's Sarsaparilla thoroughly eradicate every trace of poison from the blood, as the cures it has accomplished conclusively show. It also cures scrofula, salt rheum and all other affections arising from impure or poisoned blood.

FASTER TIME AT SEA.

A New Cruiser to be Driven by Three Screw Propellers.

An experiment of much interest to naval men, and to builders of swift steam packets as well, is now in progress in the French navy. The experiment is nothing less than the building of the new cruiser Depuy de Lorne, a vessel of 6,296 tons displacement, to be driven by three screw propellers. Although not exactly a novelty, the use of three propellers instead of two, as heretofore, is sufficiently new to be worthy of all the attention it is likely to attract.

Although as a matter of fact one of the first steamers ever built was a twin screw propeller, it is only within a very few years that twin screws have found favor even in the navies of the world, while the performances of such flyers as the twin screw steamers City of Paris and Teutonic are so recent as to be in everybody's mind. The advantages of the twin screws were readily seen after they had been tried, and chief among them were these: The ship was wonderfully handy; she could be steered to the right or left with a celerity that was astonishing even to the most experienced seamen, and thus dodge other ships and icebergs where they unexpectedly appeared; she could be steered into docks and alongside piers with ease without the aid of tugs.

There was less liability of becoming disabled at sea, because if one shaft did break she could still make two-thirds speed with the sound one. There was less danger of fatal disaster in case of collision, because with twin screws there was a fore and after bulkhead that would keep one-half the ship dry. The existence of this bulkhead, as the reader will remember, was all that saved the famous City of Paris from sinking. She could carry more power because two engines of say 7,000 or 8,000 horse power were much less unweildy and less liable to damage than one of 10,000 or 12,000 horse power. Two screws of say 23 feet in diameter were found to get a better hold on the water than one of 26 or 27 feet diameter. It is argued that where two screws and two sets of machinery are better than one, three will be better than two, and the French alone are enterprising enough to make the experiment on an extended scale. It is not uninteresting to note that novelties make much more rapid headway in these days than they did formerly, as the present popularity of twin screws shows. It is not at all impossibly that, following the experiments with the Dupuy de Lorne, a triple screw steam packet may sail into this port within five or six years with bunting flying all over her and tugs screaming on every side because of a marvelous reduction in the time required to cross the Atlantic—even, possibly, because she is the first four-day ship.—[Wash. cor. N.Y. Sun.

John P Buchanan, the Democratic nominee for governor of Tennessee, is a cousin of the late President James Buchanan. He joined the confederate army at the age of sixteen and remained with it until the close of the war.

—All humors of the scalp, tetter sores, and dandruff cured, and falling hair checked; hence, baldness prevented by using Hall's Vegetable Sicilian Hair Renewer.

Talmage's Sermon.

IN THE PROMISED LAND OF CANAAN

The Bread From the Heavenly Bakeries Gave Place to the Old Corn—Christ the Bread of Life.

LONG BRANCH, N.J. Aug. 10.—The great Brooklyn preacher who is staying here discourses this week on the gospel provision for ordinary and extraordinary needs. His text is Joshua v. 12: "And the manna ceased on the morrow after they had eaten of the old corn of the land."

Only those who have had something to do with the commissariat of an army know what a job it is to feed and clothe five or six hundred thousand men. Well, there is such a host as that marching across the desert. They are cut off from all army supplies. There are no rail trains bringing down food or blankets. Shall they all perish? No. The Lord comes from Heaven to the rescue, and he touches the shoes and the coats which in a year or two would have been worn to rags and tatters and they become storm-proof and time-proof, so that, after forty years of wearing, the coats and the shoes are as good as new. Besides that, every morning there is a shower of bread, not sour and soggy, for the rising of that bread is made in heaven, and celestial fingers have mixed it, and rolled it into balls, light, flaky, and sweet, as though they were the crumbs thrown out from a heavenly banquet. Two batches of bread made every day in the upper mansion—one for those who sit at the table with the king, and the other for the marching Israelites in the wilderness.

I do not very much pity the Israelites for the fact that they had only manna to eat. It was, I suppose, the best food ever provided. I know that the ravens brought food to hungry Elijah; but I should not so well have liked those black waiters. Rather would I have the fare that came down every morning in buckets of dew—clean, sweet, God-provided edibles. But now the Israelites have taken their last bit of it in their fingers, and put the last delicate morsel of it to their lips. They look out, and there is no manna. Why this cessation of heavenly supply? It was because the Israelites had arrived in Canaan, and they smelled the breath of the harvest fields, and the crowded barns of the country were thrown open to them. All the inhabitants had fled, and in the name of the Lord of hosts the Israelites

Took Possession of Everything.

Well, the threshing floor is cleared, the corn is scattered over it, the oxen are brought around in lazy and perpetual circuit until the corn is trampled loose; then it is winnowed with a fan, and it is ground and it is baked, and, lo! there is enough bread for all the worn-out host. "And the manna ceased on the morrow after they had eaten of the old corn of the land."

From among the mummies of Egypt and Canaan have been brought grains of corn, exactly like our Indian corn, and recently planted, they have produced the same kind of corn with which we are familiar. So I am not sure which kind of grain my text refers to, but all the same is the meaning.

The bisection of this subject leads me, first, to speak of especial relief for especial emergency; and secondly, of the old corn of the gospel for ordinary circumstances.

If these Israelites crossing the wilderness had not received bread from the heavenly bakeries, there would, first, have been a long line of dead children, half buried in the sand; then there would have been a long line of dead women waiting for the jackals; then, there would have been a long line of dead men unburied, because there would have been no one to bury them. It would have been told in the history of the world that a great company of good people started out from Egypt and Canaan, and were never heard of, as thoroughly lost in the wilderness of sand as the City of Boston and the President were lost in the wilderness of waters. What use was it to them that there was plenty of corn in Egypt.

What they wanted was something to eat right there where there was not so much as a grass blade. In other words an especial supply for an especial emergency. That is what some of you want. The ordinary comfort, the ordinary direction, the ordinary counsel, do not seem to meet your case. There are those who feel that they must have an omnipotent and immediate supply, and you shall have it.

Is it pain and physical distress through which you must go? Does not Jesus know all about pain? Did he not suffer in the most sensitive part of head and hand and foot? He has a mixture of comfort, one drop of which shall cure the worst paroxysm. It is the same grace that soothed Robert Hall, when, after writhing on the carpet in physical tortures, he cried out, "Oh! I suffered terribly, but I didn't cry out while I was suffering, did I? Did I cry out!" There is no such nurse as Jesus—his hand the gentlest, his foot the lightest, his arm the strongest.

For Especial Pang Especial Help.

Is it approaching sorrow? Is it long, shadowing bereavement that you know is coming, because the breath is short, and the voice is faint, and the cheek is pale? Have you been calculating your capacity or incapacity to endure widowhood or childlessness or a disbanded home, and cried, "I cannot endure it?" Oh, worried soul, you will wake up amidst all your troubles, and find around about you the sweet consolation of the gospel as thickly strewed as was the manna around about the Israelitish encampment! Especial solace for especial distress.

Or is it the grief of a dissipated companion? There are those here who have it, so I am not speaking in the abstract, but to the point. You have not whispered it, perhaps, to your most intimate friend; but you see your home going away gradually from you, and unless things change soon it will be entirely destroyed. Your grief was well depicted by a woman, presiding at a woman's meeting in Ohio, when her intoxicated husband staggered up to the platform to her overwhelming mortification and the disturbance of the audience, and she pulled a protruding bottle from her husband's pocket and held it up before the audience and cried out: "There is the cause of my woe! There are the tears and the life-blood of a drunkard's wife." And then looking up to heaven she said: "How long, O Lord! how long?" and then looking down to the audience, cried, "Do you wonder I feel strongly on this subject? Sisters, will you help me?" And hundreds of voices responded, "Yes, yes, we will help you."

You stand, some of you, in such a tragedy to-day. You cannot even ask him to stop drinking. It makes him cross, and he tells you to mind your own business. Is there any relief in such a case? Not such as is found in the rigmarole of comfort ordinarily given in such cases. But there is a relief that drops in manna from the throne of God. Oh, lift up your lacerated soul in prayer and you will get omnipotent comfort!

But after fourteen thousand six hundred consecutive days of falling manna—Sundays excepted—the manna ceased. Some of them were glad of it. You know they had complained of their leader, and wondered that they had to eat manna instead of onions. Now the fare is changed. Those people in that army under 40 years of age had never seen a corn-field, and now, when they hear the leaves rustling and see the tassels waving and the billows of green flowing over the plain as the wind touched them, it must have been a new and lively sensation. "Corn!" cried the old man, as he opened an ear. "Corn!" cried the children, as they counted the grains. "Corn!" shouted the vanguard of the host, as they burst open the granaries of the affrighted population, the granaries that had been left in the possession of the victorious Israelites. Then the fire was kindled, and the ears of corn were thrust into it, and, fresh and crisp and tender, were devoured of the hungry visitors, and bread was prepared, and many things that can be made out of flour regaled the appetites that had been sharpened by the long march. "And the manna ceased on the morrow after they had eaten of the old corn of the land."

There are men here who hardly know what is the matter with them. They have tried to get together a fortune and larger account at the bank, and to get investments yielding larger percentages.

"Get Wisdom."

When you get that you will get Pearline. A million wise women have got it already. With it, they have clean clothes that are not worn out with rubbing or injured by chemicals, and everything in the house is spotless. Without it, they have harder work and worse results. But they'll never be without it.

Beware of imitations which are being peddled from door to door. First quality goods do not require such desperate methods to sell them. PEARLINE sells on its merits, and is manufactured only by

200 JAMES PYLE, New York.

They are trying to satisfy their soul with a diet of mortgages and stocks. There are others here who have been trying to get famous, and have succeeded to a greater or less extent; and they have been trying to satisfy their soul with the chopped feed of magazines and newspapers. All these men are no more happy now than before they made the first thousand dollars; no more happy now than when, for the first time, they saw their names favorably mentioned. They cannot analyze or define their feelings; but I will tell them what is the matter—they are hungry for the old corn of the gospel. That you must have, or be pinched, and wan, and wasted, and hollow-eyed, and shriveled up

With an Eternity of Famine.

The infidel scientists of this day are offering us a different kind of soul food, but they are, of all men, the most miserable. I have known many of them; but I never knew one of them who came within a thousand miles of being happy. The great John Stuart Mill provided for himself a new kind of porridge; but yet, when he comes to die, he acknowledges that his philosophy never gave him any comfort in days of bereavement, and in a roundabout way he admits that his life was a failure. So it is with all infidel scientists. They are trying to live on telescopes, and crucibles, and protoplasms, and they charge us with cant, not realizing that there is no such intolerable cant in all the world as this perpetual talk we are hearing about "positive philosophy," and "the absolute," and "the great to be," and "the everlasting no," and "the everlasting unity," and "the latent potentialities," and "the cathedral of the immensities." I have been translating what these men have been writing, and I have been translating what they have been doing, and I will tell you what it all means—it means that they want to kill God! And my only wonder is that God has not killed them. I have, in other days, tasted of their confections, and I come back and tell you to-day that there is no nutriment or life or health in anything but the bread made out of the old corn of the gospel. What do I mean by that? I mean that Christ is the bread of life, and, taking him, you live and live forever.

You say: "That is such a simple gospel?" I know it is. You say you thought religion was a strange mixture of elaborate compounds. No; it is so plain that any abecedarian may understand it. In its simplicity is its power. If you could, this morning, realize that Christ died to save from sin and death and hell, not only your minister and your neighbor and your father and your child, but you, it would make this hour like the judgment day for agitations, and no longer able to keep your seat, you would leap up, crying, "*For me!* FOR ME!" God grant that you, my brother, may see this gospel with your own eyes, and hear it with your own ears, and feel with your own hearts that you are a lost soul, but that Christ comes for your extrication. Can you not take that truth and digest it, and make it a part of your immortal life? It is only bread.

There is another characteristic about bread, and that is, you never get tired of it. There are people here seventy years of age who find it just as appropriate for their appetite as they did when, in boyhood, their mother cut a slice of it clear around the loaf. You have not got tired of bread, and that is a characteristic of the gospel. Old Christian man, are you tired of Jesus? If so, let us take his name out of the bible, and let us with pen and ink erase that name wherever we see it. Let us cast it out of our hymnology, and let "There is a Fountain" and "Rock of Ages" go into forgetfulness. Let us tear down the communion-table where we celebrate his love. Let us dash down the baptismal bowl where we were consecrated to him. Let us hurl Jesus from our heart, and ask some other hero to come in. Let us say: "Go away, Jesus; I want another companion, another friend, than thou art." Could you do it? The years of your past life, aged man, would utter a protest against it, and the graves of your Christian dead would charge you with being an ingrate, and your little grandchildren would say, "Grandfather, don't do that. Jesus is the one to whom we say our prayers at night, and who is to open heaven when we die. Grandfather, don't do that." Tired of Jesus? The Burgundy rose you pluck from the garden is not so fresh and fair and beautiful. Tired of Jesus? As well get weary of the spring morning, and the voices of the mountain runnel, and the quiet of your own home, and the gladness of your own children. Jesus is bread, and the appetite for that

Is Never Obliterated.

This is the nutriment and life of the plain gospel that I recommend you. I do not know how some of our ministers make it so intricate and elaborate and mystifying a thing. It seems as if they had a sort of mongrelism, in religion—part humanitarianism, part spiritualism, part nothingarianism; and sometimes you think they are building their temple out of the "Rock of Ages," but you find there is no rock in it at all. It is stucco. The gospel is plain. It is bread. There are no fogs hovering over this river of life. All the fogs hover over the marsh of human speculation. If you can not tell, when you hear a man preach, whether or not he believes in the plenary inspiration of the Scriptures, it is because he does not believe in it. If, when you hear a man preach, you cannot tell whether or not he believes that sin is inborn, it is because he does not think it is congenital. If, when you hear a man talk in pulpit or prayer-meeting, you cannot make up your mind whether or not he believes in regeneration, it is because he does not believe in it. If, when you hear a man speak on religious themes, you cannot make up your mind whether or not he thinks the righteous and the wicked will come out at the same place, then it is because he really believes their destinies are conterminous.

Do not talk to me about a man being doubtful about the doctrines of grace. He is not doubtful to me at all. Bread is bread, and I know it the moment I see it. I had a cornfield which I cultivated with my own hand. I did not ask once in all the summer, "Is this corn?" I did not hunt up the *Agriculturist* to get a picture of corn. I was born in sight of a cornfield, and I knew all about it. When these Israelites came to Canaan and looked off upon the fields the cry was "Corn! corn!" And if a man has once tasted this heavenly bread, he knows it right away. He can tell this corn of the gospel, Canaan from "the chaff which the wind driveth away." I bless God so many have found this gospel corn. It is the breed of which if a man eat he shall never hunger. I set the gladness of your soul to the tunes of "Ariel" and "Antioch." I ring the wedding bells, for Christ and your soul are married, and there is no power on earth or in hell to get out letters of divorcement.

A Fortunate Ailment.

Wriggles—That feller Skinny allus wuz lucky. He sleeps in de park every day.

Scraggles—How is it dat de cop lets him?

Wriggles—Dat's where Skinny's luck comes in. De cops don't know when he's asleep, for Skinny's a somnambulist.—[Epoch.

News of the Week.

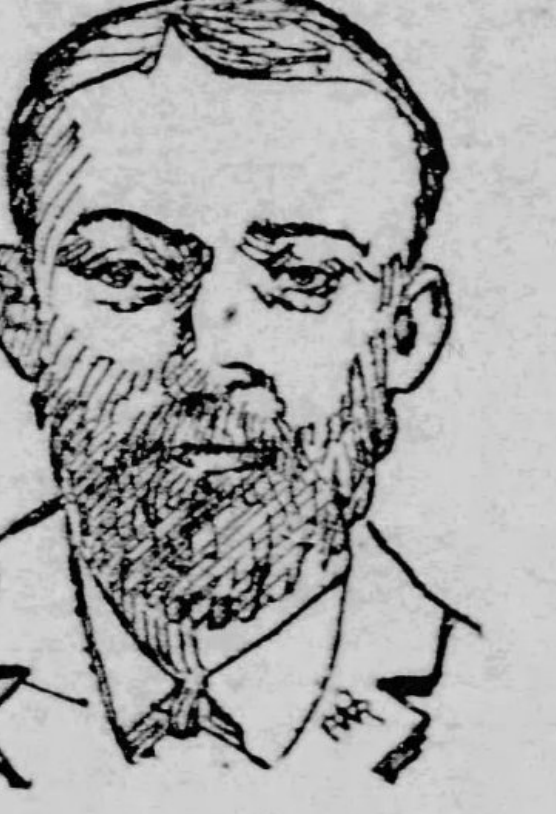
Under this head we aim to give a summare of all important events occurring within thy week, in compact yet easily understood form, accompanied by such explanations as may be necessary to a perfect comprehension. We regard this as a feature of the greatest value to all our readers, and especially to the younger members of the family.

ELECTRIC EXECUTION.

KEMMLER THE FIRST TO SUFFER

By the Use of Electricity Instead of the Rope.

At 6 o'clock on the morning of August 6, William Kemmler, the murderer of his mistress, was executed by electricity at the New York State prison at Auburn—the first criminal to die under the new law.



WILLIAM KEMMLEʀ.

At 6:38 the door at the right of the execution chair, leading toward the execution room, opened and Warden Durston's figure appeared in the doorway. Behind him walked a spruce-looking, broad-shouldered little man full bearded, with carefully arranged hair clustering around his forehead. He was dressed in a suit of new clothing, a sack coat and vest of dark gray material, trousers of mixed yellow pattern, a white shirt whose polished front was exposed directly below a little bow of lawn of a black and white color. This was William Kemmler, the man who was about to undergo the sentence of death. Behind him walked Dr. W. F. Houghton and Chaplain Yates. Kemmler was by far the coolest man in the party. He did not look about the room with any special degree of interest. He hesitated, as the door was closed behind him and carefully locked by an attendant on the other side, as though he did not know what to do.

"Give me a chair, will you?" said the warden.

Some one quickly handed him a wooden chair, which he placed in front, a little to the right of the execution chair, facing the little circle of men. Kemmler sat down composedly, looked about him, and then up and down, without any evidence of fear, or of especial interest in the event. His face was not stolid, it was not indifferent.

He looked, if anything, as though he was rather pleased at being the center of interest. Warden Durston stood at the left of the chair with his hand on the back of it, and almost at the moment that Kemmler took his seat he began to speak in short quick periods, as follows:

> Now, gentlemen, this is William Kemmler. I have warned him that he has got to die and if he has anything to say he will say it.

As the warden finished, Kemmler looked up and said in a high-keyed voice, without any hesitation, and as though he had prepared himself with the speech:

> "Well, I wish everyone good luck in this world, and I think I am going to a good place, and the papers has been saying a lot of stuff that isn't so. That's all I have to say."

With the conclusion of the speech, he turned his back on the jury, took off his coat and handed it to the warden. This disclosed the fact that a hole had been cut from the band of the trousers down, so as to expose the base of the spine.

When his coat was off, Kemmler turned in the direction of the door through which he had come into the room and began to unbutton his vest. At the same time the warden was drawing the interfering drapery of his shirt through the hole in the trousers and cutting it off so as to leave the little surface of flesh against which one of the electrodes was to press, absolutely bare.

Warden Durston called attention to the fact that it was not necessary to remove his vest, and Kemmler calmly buttoned it again and carefully arranged his tie.

No Evidence of Fear.

When his tie was arranged he sat down on the electric chair as quietly as though he were sitting down to dinner. Warden Durston stood on the right and George Vieling, of Albany, on the left. They began immediately to adjust the straps around Kemmler's body, the condemned man holding up his arms so as to give them every assistance.

When the straps had been adjusted about the body, the arms were fastened down and then the warden leaned over and parted Kemmler's feet so as to bring his legs near the legs of the chair. While the straps were being arranged, Kemmler said to the warden and his assistant:

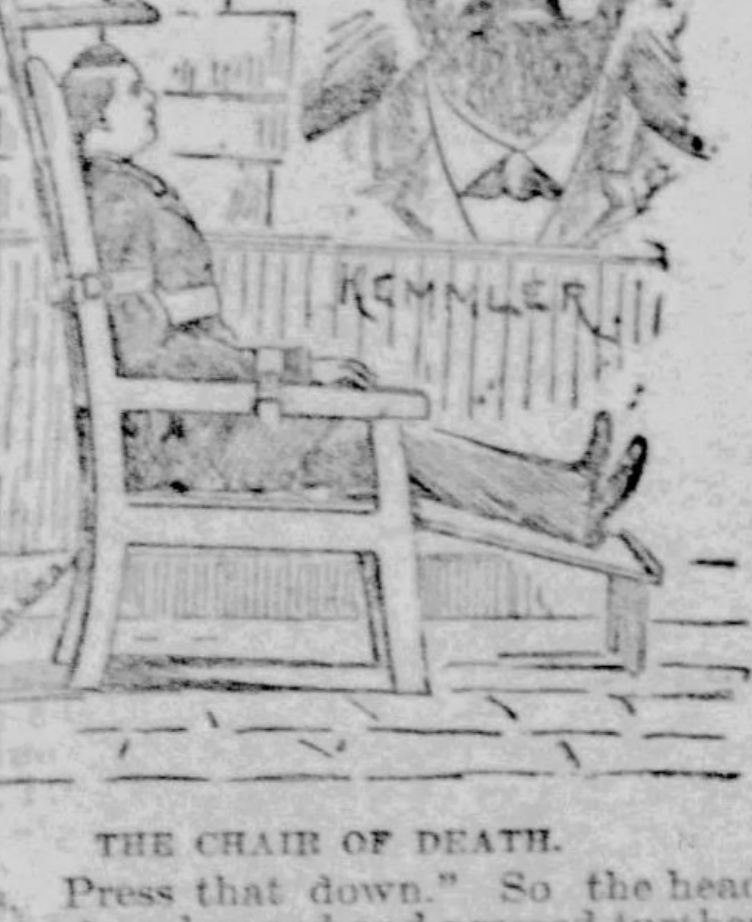
> Take your time. Don't be in a hurry. Be sure that everything is all right.

Two or three times he repeated these phrases. Warden Durston reassured him with the remark that it wouldn't hurt him and that he (Durston) would be with him all through. But it was not fear that Kemmler felt. It was rather a certain pride in the exactness of the experiment. He seemed to have a greater interest in its success than those who had made the preparations for it, and who were watching its progress to its final fatal conclusion.

When the straps had been adjusted to the body and limbs, the warden placed his hands on Kemmler's head, and held it against the rubber cushion which ran down the back of the chair. Kemmler's eyes were turned toward the opposite side of the room. Before they had followed the warden in his movements about. Then the condemned man made one or two remarks in a perfectly clear, composed tone of voice, "Well, I wish everybody good luck," was one of them, and "Durston, see that things are all right," was another.

Deputy Vieling unfastened the thumbscrews which held the figure "4" at the back of the chair in place, and began to lower it so that the rubber cup which held the saturated sponge pressed against Kemmler's head. The warden assisted in the preparation by holding Kemmler's head.

When the cup had been adjusted and clamped in place, Kemmler said, "Oh, you'd better press that down further, I guess. Press that down." So the head piece was unclamped and pressed further down. While it was being done Kemmler said: "Well, I want to do the best I can. I can't do any better than that."



THE CHAIR OF DEATH.

Warden Durston took in his hand the leather harness which was to be adjusted to Kemmler's head. It was a muzzle of broad leather straps which went across the forehead and the chin of the man in the chair. The top strap pressed down against the nose of Kemmler. Then it flattened down slightly over his face.

God Bless You, Kemmler.

As the harness was put in place, Dr. Spitzka, who was standing near the chair, said softly: "God bless you, Kemmler." The doomed man answered "Thank you." Softly the door opening into the room where the switches were, was partly opened. A man stood in the doorway. Beyond him there were two other men. Which of them was to touch the lever and make the connection with the chair was not known.

Warden Durston says it never will be known. The dynamo in the machine shop was running at good speed and the volt meter on the wall registered a little more than 1,000 volts. Warden Durston turned to the assembled doctors—those immediately around the execution chair—and said: "Do the doctors say it is all right?" Hardly a minute had elapsed since the adjustment of the straps.

He Was Cool to the Last.

There was no time for Kemmler to have weakened even if his marvelous courage had not been equal to the test of further delay. But there is no fear that he would have lost courage. He was as calm in the chair as he had been before he entered the room and during the process of his confinement by the straps which held him close.

At the warden's question, Dr. Fell stepped forward with a long syringe in his hand and quickly but deftly wetted the two sponges which were at the electrodes—one on top of the head and the other at the base of the spine. The water which he put on them was impregnated with salt. Dr. Spitzka answered the warden's question with a sharp "all right" which was echoed by others about him. "Ready," said Durston, again, and then "Good-bye."

Ready for the Lightning.

He stepped to the door and, through the opening, said to some one in the next room—but to whom will probably never be known with certainty, "Everything is ready." In almost immediate response, and as the stop watches in the hands of some of the witnesses registered 6:43½, the electric current was turned on There was a sudden convulsion of the frame on the chair.

A spasm went over it from head to foot, confined by straps and springs that held it firmly so that the limbs of the other part of the body stirred less than a small fraction of an inch. The twitching of the muscles of the face gave to it for a moment an expression of pain. But no cry escaped from the lips which were free, yet no sound came forth to suggest that consciousness lasted more than an infinite small fraction of a second beyond the calculation of the human mind.

Quiet With the Stillness of Death.

The body remained in this rigid position for seventeen seconds. The jury and the witnesses who had remained seated up to this moment came hurriedly forward and surrounded the chair. There was no movement of the body beyond that first convulsion.

sight—this man in his shirt sleeves, bound hand, foot, body and even head, with a heavy framework pressing down on the top of his skull, still with the stillness of death.

Dr. McDonald held a stopwatch in his hand, and as the minutes flew by he noted their passage. Dr. Spitzka, too, looked at the stopwatch, and as the 17th second expired, he cried out: "Stop." "Stop," cried other voices about. The warden turned to the doorway and called out "stop" to the man at the lever.

The Current Turned Off.

The quick movement of the arm and the electric current was switched off. There was a relaxation of the body in the chair—a slight relaxation—but the straps held it so firmly that there was not a quarter of an inch variation in the position of any part of the frame. The quiet little group around the chair grew business-like.

"He's dead," said Dr. Spitzka, calmly.

"Oh, he's dead," re-echoed Dr. McDonald, with firm confidence. The rest of the witnesses nodded their acquiescence. There was no question in the mind of anyone but that the stiff upright object before them was lifeless. This was the programme:

The next question was, what's to be done with the body? Dr. Spitzka stepped forward and called attention to the appearance of the nose, which, he said, had an undoubted post mortem color. No one disputed this. Dr. Spitzka turned around in a business-like way, and, pointing to the harness, said: "Oh, undo that. Now the body can be taken to the hospital."

The warden replied that he could not let any of the witnesses go until he had their certificates. All of this conversation took but a minute. Dr. Batch was bending over the body, looking at the exposed skin. Suddenly, he cried out sharply, "Dr. McDonald, see that rupture." In a moment Dr. Spitzka and Dr. McDonald had bent over and were looking where Dr. Batch was pointing, a little red spot on the hand that rested on the right arm of the chair.

Kemmler Was Not Dead.

The index finger of the hand had curved forward as the flexor muscles contracted, and had scraped a small hole in the skin at the base of the thumb on the ball of the hand. There was nothing strange in this alone, but what was strange was that the little rupture was dropping blood. "Turn on the current instantly. This man is not dead," cried Dr. Spitke.

Faces grew white and forms fell back from the chair. Warden Durston sprang to the doorway and cried: "Turn on the current." But the current could not be turned on. When the signal to stop had come, the operator had pressed the little button which gave the sign to the engineer to stop the dynamo. The dynamo was at a standstill and the volt-meter registered almost an imperceptible current. The operator sprang to the button and gave a sharp, quick signal. There was a rapid response, but quick as it was, it was not quick enough to anticipate the signs of what may or may not have been reviving consciousness. As the group of horror-stricken witnesses stood helplessly by, all eyes fixed on the chair, Kemmler's lips began to drop spittle, and in a moment more his chest moved, and from his mouth came a heavy sound, quickening and increasing with every respiration—if respiration it was. There was no voice but that of the warden crying to the operator to turn on the current and the wheezing sound, half groan, which forced itself past the tightly closed lips sounded through the still chamber with ghastly distinctness.

The Witnesses Fainted.

Some of the witnesses turned away from the sight. One of them lay down, faint and sick. It takes a long, long time to tell the story. It seemed a long time reaching a climax. In reality there were only but seventy-three seconds in the interval which elapsed between the moment when the first sound issued from Kemmler's lips until the response to the signal came from the dynamo room.

It came with the same suddenness that marked the first shock that passed through Kemmler's body. The sound which had horrified the listeners about the chair, was cut off sharply as the body once more became rigid. The slimy ooze still dropped from the mouth and ran slowly in three lines down the beard and on to the gray vest.

Twice there were twitchings of the body as the electricians in the next room threw the current on and off. There was to be no mistake this time about the killing. The dynamo was run up to its highest speed and again and again the full current of 2,000 volts was sent through the body in the chair. As the anxious group stood silently watching the body, suddenly there arose from it a white vapor bearing with it a pungent and sickening odor. The body was burning.

The Second Relaxation.

Again there were cries to stop the current, and again the warden sprang to the door and gave the quick order to his assistants. The current stopped and again there was the relaxation of the body. No doubt this time that the current had done its work, if not well, at least completely. Dr. Fell, who stood at the side of the special correspondent of the Associated Press turned and said: "Well, there is no doubt about one thing. The man never suffered an iota of pain." In after consultations the other physicians expressed the same belief. It was some mitigation of the horrors of the situation to believe this.

[Kemmler was a man of low mental and moral qualities. The surroundings of his birth and early life were very bad. His father was a butcher in Philadelphia, where William, the murderer, was born in 1860. The boy grew up in the shambles and in the market place. His parents sent him to school for a brief period, and several times he saw the inside of a church and heard the service there. These feeble influences constituted the only contact the boy and man ever had with things pure or good. Kemmler's was a life that grew rankly. On no side did it bear the impress or polish of any training or efforts to ennoblement. He was a sample product of conditions existing to-day in all large cities. He worked in the slaughter-house with his father, then he became a brick-yard worker, and finally he became a huckster on his own account. Of his rascally devices to cheat customers, while huckstering, Kemmler since his imprisonment has told with chuckles and much gusto. In 1887, Kemmler married a worthless woman named Ida Porter, in Camden, New Jersey. Two days later he found she had been previously married, and he left her to live with Matilda Ziegler. They moved to Buffalo, N. Y. Kemmler frequently found his mistress purloining money from his clothing, and he suspected infidelity on her part. They quarreled, blows were exchanged; Kemmler became a hopeless drunkard. On the morning of March 29, 1889, all Buffalo was shocked by

WEEKLY GUARANTEED PAY
Samples, outfit, &c. worth $12 to reliable persons, (either sex). If you want a strictly first-class permanent, pay position, send at once. Employment Dep't.
BORDEN M'F'G CO.,
P.O. Box 2126, New York.

AGENTS WANTED FOR OUR NEW PRONOUNCING PARALLEL BIBLES

All proper names are divided and properly pronounced. Contain many other new features never introduced into any Family Bible. Magnificent illustrations and embellishments. Beautiful and durable bindings. Nothing like it ever offered. Prices very low. It outsells all other editions. GOOD PAY to canvassers. *Why sell Bibles with worn-out type?* Get an agency for this Grand New Edition. Prospectuses exchanged on easy terms. Address A. J. HOLMAN & CO., Philadelphia, Pa.

the news of the brutal butchery of a woman at No. 526 South Division street. The woman killed was "Tillie Ziegler," and the murderer was the Philadelphia butcher's son, Kemmler. The murder was the first that had been committed in the state of New York after the law to kill murderers by electricity had become operative. Kemmler was arrested, and in the meantime the unfortunate woman was removed to a hospital. Her face, arms and breast were covered with blood, and she was quite insensible. A casual examination resulted in the discovery of twenty-six distinct gashes on the face and head, and five bad wounds on the right hand, arm and shoulder, she having evidently tried to defend herself from the savage attack of her paramour. She lingered in a comatose condition until the next day, when death ensued before she had once regained consciousness, and she was, therefore, unable to make an ante-mortem statement. The only eye-witness was the 4-year-old daughter of the victim, who said: "Papa hit mamma with a hatchet when she was lying on the floor." The couple in Buffalo had lived under the name of Hort. The victim's father, a Philadelphia huckster, named Tripner, came to Buffalo and identified the body of the dead woman as his child. With him came Henry Kemmler, the murderer's brother, who had married a sister of the dead woman. The woman was described by the Buffalo papers at the time as a prepossessing brunette of about 125 pounds, and quite stylish looking. After his arrest the murderer refused to talk of the crime and at one time there were doubts as to his sanity. He made no attempt to escape after the assault. When pressed to give a reason for the deed he only said, "I wanted to kill her, and the sooner I hang for it the better." Nearly $500 in cash was found at his room. The coroner's jury pronounced Kemmler a murderer, and immediately after the inquest he was taken from the jail to the police court and arraigned on a charge of murder in the first degree. He pleaded guilty, saying he had no use for a lawyer. Judge Childs sentenced him to die within the week beginning June 24, 1889, by the application of electricity as provided by the code, at Auburn state prison. Counselor Hatch took exceptions to the sentence, upon the ground that the punishment was cruel and unusual and contrary to the spirit of the constitution. Kemmler reached Auburn Friday, May 24, at midnight. A writ of *habeas corpus* was served upon Warden Dursten just before the fatal day arrived, and upon June 25 an exhaustive argument was heard by County Judge Day. The whole argument was as to the constitutionality of the law substituting electricity for the gibbet, upon the ground of the former being cruel and unusual. Judge Day dismissed the writ, and the case was taken to the general term of the Supreme court at Rochester, where the constitutionality of the law was upheld. The last resort was the court of Appeals, and here, too, the decision was adverse to Kemmler's counsel. The criminal was re-sentenced to die in the week beginning April 28, 1890. It is likely Kemmler would have been electricized on April 30, but on the 29th a United States writ of *habeas corpus* was served on the warden, and the case was then carried to the United States Supreme court on the point of constitutionality of the law on the same grounds as urged in the state courts. The New York courts were upheld in the final appeal, and Kemmler was again sentenced to be killed in the week beginning August 4.]

The Autopsy.

The autopsy was begun at about 9 o'clock. It was in charge of Dr. Jenkins, of New York, (who handled the knife), Dr. Daniel, Dr. McDonald and Dr. Spitzka. Dr. Fell prepared the blood drawn from the body for examination under the microscope.

The physicians had been slow to move in the autopsy until indubitable post mortem indications should be observed. Upon their return, therefore, they were made. The corner of the eye was found much sunken and the iris was relaxed.

"There can be little question when these indications are present," remarked Dr. Spitzka. *Rigor mortis* was also well marked in the upper extremities, but less in the lower parts. Dr. Balch pulled off the shoe from Kemmler's left foot and with the edge of his hand struck the knee sharply just below the cap. But the foot, upon repeated trials, failed to jerk forward. The electrodes were withdrawn from contact with the body, hair adhering to the rim of the upper disc.

The doctors then lifted the body to the dissecting table and laid it upon the back. Doctors Macdonald and Shrady examined the head. They found that there was a deep circular imprint on the top of the head made by the sharp pressure of the electrode's rim. The spot where a tuft of Kemmler's hair had been cut off just before death, was found to constitute not more than one-third of the area of contact with the electrode and close examination disclosed that the edge of the copper within the electrode had slightly burned the scalp just where the hair had been cut. Had not Kemmler's desire to avoid disfigurement by the cutting of his hair prevailed, the contact would have been more perfect.

The chances of instantaneous death would have been greater and possibly disfigurement, which he dreaded, would have been avoided. Soon after the arrival of the witnesses a convict, with a bucket of water and sponges entered and undressed the body. Death evidences were found where the buckles of the straps had sunk into the flesh. The lividity was tending downward and death palor was ensuing.

Kemmler's head measure was found to be 21½ inches or 54½ centimeters, being the horizontal circumference of the skull. The temperature at the back of the neck was found to have sunk in the interval of two tests, 20 minutes apart, from 99½ to 97½, which was declared to be post mortem temperature.

Then, at 9:47 a. m., three hours and six minutes after the current through Kemmler was stopped, the table was wheeled beneath the windows, through which the sunlight was then streaming, and at the call for inspection all gathered around, while Dr. Jenkins, of New York, prepared to use the scalpel and the saw. Dr. Shrady sat near and in short hand took the running description of conditions developed, himself prompting and at times directing.

Examination of the electrodes on the fatal chair disclose that the sponge in the one at the base of the spine was dried and scorched by heat generated owing to imperfect contact or to insufficient wetting of the sponge during contact. The result was a terrible burning of the back, clear to the spine.

Burned Black as Coal.

The skin in contact had been burned to a black cinder, and the flesh above had been cooked until yellow, while the inner tissues had been baked. In the upper electrode the flesh had been singed, though not so much as the other, and the scalp was only singed instead of incinerated.

Why Death was not Instantaneous.

Finally, as to the cause of failure to kill Kemmler instantly. There is said by all the physicians to be no doubt that consciousness was stricken instantly from his brain. The fact that he was not instantly killed is the result of improper contact or of insufficient voltage or pressure. Contact certainly was not perfect at the head, for two-thirds of the contact was upon the man's thick, smoothly brushed hair, the clipped spot being one third the size of the electrode's diameter.

Warden Durston says 1,700 volts, or pressure of current, was first applied to Kemmler. When questioned by the Associated Press correspondent if the twenty incandescent lamps on the circuit to indicate presence of current were burning when the bolt was discharged into the murderer, he stated they were. They should not have been. The moment before switching the current into Kemmler the test lamps should have been cut out. Each lamp consumes fifty volts, hence the twenty took 1,000 volts at once out of the current sent to Kemmler. That left 700 to cause dnath. The best authorities state that 16 per cent of a current is stopped at the points of a contract, and that 85 is thus expended in the body. Eighty-five per cent of the 700 volts not consumed by the test lamps is 595 volts of presure. This is not enough to surely kill a man instantly with good contact.

The report of the autopsy as made public by Dr. Shrady shows that the body was fairly well nourished. *Rigor mortis* was marked. There was an oval depression of the scalp upon the vertex corresponding to the cup on the electric chair. There was a burn on the head one and a half inches in length, and half an inch in width, superficial in character. The lung showed a marked emphysematous condition. The spleen was normal. The kidneys were intensely congested. The stomach contained a pint of undigested food. The gall bladder was distended with bile. The heart weighed 5¾ ounces. The valves were healthy. The scalp on being removed showed the vertex of the skull to be in a dessicated

WEAK MEN CURED.

Send at once for full directions (sealed) FREE of Common Sense Home Treatment, will positively cure all the effects of early abuse, emissions, impotency, etc.; the only cure known for varicocele, new and certain method, no electric nonsense, no stomach drugging. Ad. ALBION PHARMACY CO. Albion, Mich.

condition, corresponding with the contact of the electrode. The spinal cord was removed entire, but showed no gross appearances of pathological condition. Portions of its structure as well as those of the brain tissue were preserved by the members of the staff for purpose of hardening and microscopical examination. The blood taken immediately after death showed under the microscope markedly granular condition almost suggesting an electrolytic dissolution of the red corpuscles.

Fish the Next Victim.

Warden Durston has been through a terrible ordeal, and the knavery of men has been pressed upon him so much where least expected that, as he said, he scarcely knows whether to trust himself. He will approach the electricizing of Fish, now here, with more light. The concensus of opinion among the witnesses here is that not the slightest doubt exists that a human being may be instantaneously killed by 1,000 volts, applied through perfect contact and continued twenty seconds.

ANTI-LOTTERY LEAGUE.

An Appeal to the People of the Nation Against the Lottery.

The anti-lottery league met in convention at Baton Rouge, Louisiana, on Aug. 7. There were between 400 and 500 delegates present, including the delegates to the Farmers Alliance and about 200 who came in on a special train from New Orleans. When the committee on Credentials made a partial report a Farmers' union delegate from Catahoula said that no election for delegates had been held in that parish, but that it could be relied upon to give 1,200 majority against the lottery. This was loudly applauded and the applause was renewed when Mr. McManus, of Orleans, said that he was authorized to cast the vote of Mayor Shakespeare against the lottery.

The Address.

To the People of the United States:

Your fellow citizens of the State of Louisiana, opposed to lottery gambling and lottery charters, assembled in convention at Baton Rouge this 7th day of August, 1890, make to you this appeal for aid in the struggle they are engaged in with the powerful corporation which sits here among us like a giant octopus and stretches its arms to the remotest hamlet in the land.

For your sympathy they ask not, because that they have this well, they know by the unanimous voice of the free press of this country which, untouched and untouchable by lottery influence, has denounced in no uncertain tones, the infamy we are combating. We desire briefly to state to you the facts. In 1868 the carpet bag legislature of Louisiana, at the instigation of a syndicate of gamblers, formed in New York in 1868, composed of John A. Morris, Ben C. Wood, C. H. Murray and others chartered the Louisiana Lottery company with a capital of $1,000,000, giving it a monopoly of drawing lotteries in the state for 25 years. This grant was obtained by bribery and corrupt means. At that time the public regarded it with horror, and the men connected with it were pursued with public and private condemnation and disgrace. For ten years it maintained itself against constant legislative assault by similar corrupt means.

In 1879 the legislature repealed this charter, a result accomplished by a majority of only two votes in the Senate. This repeal was practically nullified by an injunction issued by Edward C. Billings, United States district judge for Louisiana, who held in the very teeth of the decision of the Supreme court of the United States, rendered in the similar case of Boyd vs. Alabama, that an immoral bargain, such as this barter, was a sacred contract, protected by the constitution of the United States, and binding upon the police power of a sovereign state.

The same legislature that repealed this charter called a constitution convention. This convention was attacked by the lottery people with money, with Judge Billings's decision, with promises to give up its monopoly, to retire from politics and to allow a provision to be inserted in the constitution prohibiting all lotteries after January 1, 1895.

Purchasable Respectability.

Several distinguished attorneys of the lottery company were elected to this body. The whole convention was surrounded with a strong lobby of purchased respectability. Under these combined influences a provision was inserted in the projected constitution reinstating the repealed charter without the monopoly feature, permitting the legislature to charter other lotteries, providing that after January 1, 1895, all lotteries should be prohibited.

This provision was intended and regarded as a compromise, and rather than defeat the whole constitution in which it was imbedded the people adopted it with the belief that in a few years the evil would be beyond any prospect of resurrection, and such was the pledge of the lottery company.

Mark the result.

With this new lease of life came a new lease of power and prosperity incredible. They have practically enjoyed their renounced monopoly by preventing every legislature elected since 1880 from granting additional charters. This has been accomplished by the unlimited use of money, by playing upon the opposition of good men to the application for such charters, and by their control, through the ownership of certain dominant politicians of both political parties, of nominations to the legislature. The market value of their stock has risen from $35 per share in 1879 to $1,200 per share in 1890, so that now it is more than double that of the whole banking capital of the state.

They have built up the original capital which was never subscribed, and have accumulated an enormous surplus of unknown amount, while declaring dividends of 80 to 100 per cent per annum, and that, too, out of only one-half the net earnings, as the other half belongs to the lessees, Howard and Morris. Definite information as to their list of stockholders, officers, profits and business affairs, cannot be obtained, as they are kept studiously secreted from the public. The scheme of their drawing has increased from a monthly capital prize of $30,000 to a monthly capital prize of $300,000 and a semi-annual prize of $600,000.

Fabulous Sums.

The aggregate of the schemes of the monthly and semi-annual drawings is the fabulous sum of $28,000,000 per annum, and the aggregate of their daily drawings is over $20,000,000 more. They receive annually a million and a quarter from the written policies sold on the numbers of daily drawings apart from the sale of the regular printed tickets.

They receive annually about $32,000,000 from their monthly and semi-annual drawings. The schemes of the last drawings are so arranged that they can sell 75 per cent of their tickets, pay 10 per cent for selling them, lose all the prizes provided for in the schemes, pay $1,000,000 for expenses, and still make $3,000,000 profit per annum.

We make no idle assertion when we denounce these schemes as fraudulent. Even from a lottery standpoint this company offers to distribute less than 52 per cent in prizes. No authorized lottery on earth that we know of, outside of Mexico, is allowed to distribute less than 70 per cent. The chance to win a prize of any sort in one of these drawings is about one in thirty, whereas, if it were an honest lottery, it would be at least one in ten. These were the reasons, which induced two postmasters-general of the United States to exclude it from the mails as a fraudulent lottery. What is known as the daily drawings take place every day except Sunday, 311 per annum. The scheme is based on the ternary combination of the natural numbers from 1 to 78, and on some days from 1 to 75, giving in the one case 76,076, and in the other 67,525 different combinations of three numbers each.

The Chances of Winning.

The prices paid are out of all honest proportions to the cost of tickets or the chances of winning. For instance for a $1.00 ticket the chances of winning a prize of 85 cents is one in three; winning a prize of $1.65, one in nineteen, and of winning a prize of $4.25 is one in 1,237. In addition to these printed tickets written policies or bets on the numbers of the daily drawings are taken at the fancy of the bettor with a percentage of from 22 to 41 per cent in favor of the lottery. There are more than a hundred policy shops in the city of New Orleans, where such tickets are written. They are placed at points where they waylay the wage-earners in his progress to and from his work. From the best information we can get the receipts of these shops average about $30 per diem.

They swarm daily with women, barefooted children, bloused workingmen, youthful clerks and household servants sent to market or on some purchasing errand. None but the poor and ignorant enter these dreadful doors. Some of these shops keep "dream books" and other stimulants to aid the superstitious in selecting lucky numbers.

By daily repetition of play thousands of poor wretches become affected with the "lottery craze," and to gratify this, theft and embezzlement enter innumerable households. We have the authority of the lottery that 93 per cent of this enormous revenue of $22,000,000—a revenue greater than that of any five average states in this union, comes from the people of this country, outside of the state of Louisiana, because its advocates have the effrontery to use this fact as an argument for its re-charter by the people of the state of Louisiana.

Through the purchase of stock by its stockholders and friends it has obtained control of a large portion of the organized capital of the State. Its strong hand on the financial springs of a commercial community is so masterful as to silence the opposition of the cautious and to attract the support of the timid.

By the force and glitter of its money power, it has warped the judgment and conscience of many good people, making them, too, first apoligists for, and then desirous of such riches, even though they be obtained without honor and in desecration of the dignity of labor and long pedigree of toil. It has captured three-fourths of the Louisiana press either by control of capital invested, or by purchase, or by proprietorship.

Questionable Methods.

In localities where it couldn't purchase the local press it has started a hireling press of its own. To emphasize this position we state the fact that the most blatant anti-lottery papers of the state a few years ago are today violent partisans of the lottery. Its iniquitous business is blazoned by advertisements of winnings all over the country and it has thus stimulated a gambling thirst in tens of thousands of ignorant and credulous persons from whom it monthly receives its enormous ill-gotten gains.

While the United States postoffice department is the principal instrument of its robbery of the people outside of Louisiana, yet the express companies also lend material aid. Being itself excluded from the mails as a fraudulent lottery it skulks under the individual name of its president and the name of a national bank chartered by the national government. It is estimated that one-third of the whole local mail matter that passes through the New Orleans postoffice is lottery mail, and that $30,000 per diem in postal notes and money orders are paid to its stalking-horse bank.

The temptation to hold on to this power and to continue to amass this wealth has induced these lottery people to violate all their promises and pledges made to the framers of the constitution, and to the people of Louisiana, reiterated again and again to its political leaders, and in pursuance of this broken faith they have precipitated the present conflict by agitating for a renewal of the charter. This agitation has drawn the attention of the good people of this state heretofore sleeping to the acts of the Louisiana lottery and the results of that investigation by the legislature just adjourned.

The Plan of Campaign.

An attempt has been made to submit a constitutional amendment to be voted on in 1892 giving to John A. Morris, a member of the original gambling syndicate of 1866, one of the original promoters of the Louisiana lottery company and now its lessee and largest stockholder, and his unnamed associates, the executive privilege of drawing lotteries in Louisiana for 25 years from January, 1894, in consideration of the payment to the state of $1,250,000 per annum.

The statement of the proposition demonstrates the enormity of the crime involved in it. John A. Morris and his associates, who neither toil nor spin, who take by no honest wage, make no product, till no field, sow no crop, reap no harvest, who add nothing to the sum of human wealth or happiness, are to be authorized by a sovereign state for a paltry participation in the plunder to convert her territory for a generation into a gambling snare for the unwary of this whole country, and filch from them by fraudulent lottery schemes untold millions. There are no limitations on the proposed grants; there are no penalties for its abuse; they are beyond the regulating power of the legislatures. All amendments tending to prevent the drawing of fraudulent lotteries schemes were voted down. This vast corrupt money power is to be confronted; we know that we have a battle to fight, such as no people ever fought before. We shrink not from the contest; the true sons of Louisiana have never failed her in her hour of need.

They are as ready now as ever to spend their fortunes and shed their blood in defense of her honor. But this fight is not only ours, but yours also. Aside from the pollution of its presence, a great part of the harm done and to be done is the robbing of the people of our sister states of the Union. If the taint of a state organized crime could be confined within the limits of the organizing state, the evil might be small and the ground of complaint local, but we present that it is against the fundamental principles of this union, and violative of the sacred sisterhood of the states, that one of their number should, for a pittance of revenue, allow a piratical corporation to prey upon the ignorance, the credulity and the cupidity of the citizens of all the other states, and to station its minions broadcast through the land and to violate their laws.

Favor Federal Action.

If any state is so shameless thus to use its, at present, untrammeled power, it ought to be, and must be restrained by the united power of the American people.

To that end we recommend the immediate adoption of an amendment to the federal constitution prohibiting any state from chartering or licensing any lottery or gift enterprize, and abolishing those already established, and giving the congress power to enforce the prohibition by appropriate legislation.

A proposition to amend the constitution governing all this ground except in the abolition of existing lotteries is now before the committee of the United States Senate, having been introduced by Senator Blair, of New Hampshire.

Such an amendment cannot, in the natural order of things be put in force for some time. Until that time comes, we ask the adoption by Congress of some appropriate legislation under the existing state of the constitution aimed at the heart of this devoring dragon.

The legislation specially recommended by the President and the Postmaster-General to exclude lottery business and advertisements from the mails and express companies is aimed in the right direction, and we ask its speedy adoption.

With a national evil of great magnitude to correct with the clear constitutional power to crush that evil effectively, why should the Congress and American people hesitate to use his influence with the existing Congress to have the above suggested legislation adopted speedily.

We ask that all candidates of all parties of the legislators of the various states be required to pledge themselves to vote for the amendment proposed by Congress to the constitution of the United States prohibiting and abolishing state lotteries. All this we ask in the name of our common citizenship of this republic, and in behalf of public honor, the public interest and the public and private welfare of the commonwealth of states.

WASHINGTON NEWS.

FIFTY-FIRST CONGRESS.

Resume of Daily Proceedings for the Past Week.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 5.—In the Senate the tariff bill was discussed.

In the House, the report of the Clayton-Breckinridge committee was ordered printed and the deficiency bill was taken up.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 6.—In the Senate, the day was spent in discussing the tariff bill.

In the House, the conference report on the original package bill was agreed to, and the general deficiency bill was discussed.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 7.—The Senate devoted the day to the tariff bill.

The House asked the postmaster general for copies of the agreement for transportation of mails between the United States and foreign countries, and proceeded to the consideration of the general deficiency bill, which was completed so far as the committee of the whole was concerned.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 8.—The senate passed the Plumb resolution to remove Gen. Grant's remains to Arlington. The conference report on the Fortification bill and Sundry Civil bill were agreed to and the rest of the day was spent in discussing the tariff bill.

In the House Mr. Vaux was appointed to succeed Mr. Mutchler on the committee on coinage weights and measures. The general deficiency bill was passed.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 9.—The Senate devoted the day to the consideration of the tariff bill, and the House spent the time in considering routine business.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 11.—The tariff bill was discussed all day in the Senate.

The House proceeded to the consideration of the conference report on the sundry civil appropriation bill. After a brief debate the conference report was agreed to and a further conference ordered upon the amendments still in dispute.

The floor was then accorded to the committee on the District of Columbia.

THE ELECTIONS BILL.

It Will go Through the Senate Practically Unchanged.

Under the resolution of the senate, authorizing sittings during the sessions of the senate, the committee on privileges and elections began a special meeting on Aug. 7, to consider the elections bill. The bill is still held in confidence, but one of the minority says that, save in the matter of change of expression, chiefly in the way of reducing its length, the bill as it passed the house is the one proposed by the majority. The principle of the bill and its practical workings are not disturbed, he says.

Inter-State Commerce Decisions.

The Inter-state commerce commission has announced its decision in the case of the St. Bernardino board of trade against the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe Railroad company and others in favor of the complainant.

The complaint alleged that the railroad companies charged more on certain specified commodities from Missouri river points, St. Louis, Chicago, Cincinnati, Detroit and New York to San Bernardino, Cal., than for the longer distance over the same line to Los Angeles. The points decided are briefly stated as follows:

Where complaint alleges that a greater charge, in the aggregate, for the transportation of a like kind of property, is made for a shorter than for a longer distance, over the same line in the same direction, the shorter being included in the longer, and that an unlawful preference is thereby given one locality over another, held: Complaint is sufficient to put the carriers on proof that the services were rendered under such dissimilar circumstances as to justify the greater charge.

The water competition which will justify a greater charge for a shorter distance by railroads must be actual. Possible competition will not justify such greater charge under the provisions of the fourth section of the act to regulate commerce.

The filing of schedules of rates with the commission as required by statute raises no presumption as to the legality of such rates, and no omission or failure to challenge or disapprove the schedules of rates so filed can have the effect of making rates lawful which are unreasonable.

THE TARIFF BILL.

Slow Progress Made by the Upper House of Congress.

When the tariff bill was taken up in the Senate Monday, the pending question was on Mr. Plumb's amendment, offered Saturday, to paragraph 134, page 27, to reduce the additional duty on iron and steel hoops, but to lengths for baling purposes, from 2-10 to 1 10 cent per pound. The amendment was rejected—yeas 18, nays 25. Three Republicans—Ingalls, Paddock and Plumb—voted in the affirmative.

Mr. McPherson moved to amend the paragraph by making the duty on iron or steel hoops 60 per cent ad valorem, instead of 1 cent, 1 1-10 cents and 1 3-10 cents per pound. Rejected.

Paragraph 135, as to railway bars was, at the suggestion of Mr. McPherson, allowed to pass over for the present.

No amendment was made to paragraph 136.

Government Crop Report.

There is a reduction in the condition of all cereals, as reported by the statistician of the department of Agriculture in the August report, issued from Washington. The decline from July 1 to August 1 is from 93.1 to 73.3 in corn; from 94.4 to 83.2 in spring wheat; from 81.6 to 70.1 in oats; from 88.3 to 82.8 in barley. Condition of buckwheat is 90.1, and of spring rye 86.8. Condition of Irish potatoes is reduced from 91.7 to 77.4.

A fall of twenty points indicates the disaster which has befallen the corn crop within 30 days. The cause is the abnormally high temperature of the central maize districts, with insufficiency of rainfall. The returns of drought, which cover a broad area, and the severity of effects produced are more general and depressing than the signal service records on temperature appear to indicate.

One factor in the blighting of vegetation is evidently the hot winds that have scorched the lower basin of the Missouri valley and the Ohio valley. The change from drought to daily saturation by repeated and heavy showers has been too sudden and extreme in those regions where blight has been relieved by moisture.

The crop is late in the New England states, and will require a long warm season to mature it. In the Middle states the high temperature has advanced growth in the northern districts, and in the more southern there has been some injury from drought. The south Atlantic states report local droughts, with subsequent rains, and comparatively good, though somewhat reduced, condition of corn. Some counties in Mississippi have suffered materially from absence of seasonable moisture. In Louisiana, the crop is in high condition, though somewhat late in the overflowed districts. In Texas the crop is now matured, and is good except in the area that has suffered most from drought. Late planted corn in Arkansas has been seriously injured by drought of the last three weeks in July.

In western Indiana and southwestern part of Kentucky the corn has been severely scorched, but the rains since July 23 have materially relieved the fields of the central and eastern districts. In Ohio there is a great difference between the northern and southern parts of the state.

The Lodge Bill Substitute.

The substitute for the Lodge election bill which was reported to the senate Thursday is seventeen pages shorter than the bill which passed the House. Among the changes which the senate committee made are the following:

All reference to that section of the revised statutes which, it was claimed, provides for the presence of troops at the polls was stricken out, so that there is no change from the present law in that respect. The house-to-house canvass provided for in the bill was stricken out. The provisions for drawing juries by commissioners was omitted, leaving the law as at present on the books. The penal offenses were simplified, and were made misdemeanors instead of felonies. The punishments were modified, the highest punishment imposed being three years imprisonment and a fine of $1,000, as against imprisonment for five years and a fine of $1,000 in the House bill. The judge of the Circuit court, before whom application is made for the appointment of supervisors, is authorized to appoint, as supervisors, any persons he may see fit, not being confined in his selection to the list furnished by the chief supervisor. In cases where ballots are cast in the wrong box, they are not to be counted unless the tally sheet shows that the votes for congressmen do not equal the number of names on the poll list, then enough of the votes so wrongly cast shall be added to the tally sheet to make the total equal to the whole number of votes shown to be cast. Where the election officers refuse to administer oaths to voters applying therefor, it is provided in the bill that the supervisor shall administer the oath and keep a record thereof. But no effort shall be made to have the vote thus refused cast, the object being merely to preserve the testimony of the application and refusal.

The Original Package Bill.

Senator Wilson (Iowa) has been interviewed on the Original-Package bill and is entirely satisfied with the measure as it goes to the President for approval. In response to a question whether there was any probability of a conflict between this legislation and future judicial action by the Supreme court, Senator Wilson replied:

"I don't believe that such conflict is at all probable. Indeed, the legislation in question is in direct and harmonious response to the suggestion of the Supreme court as expressed in the opinion in the so-called 'original-package case.' The court in that opinion said in express terms that Congress could give its permission for the doing of the exact thing which the bill in question allows to the States and Territories. In no respect does the said bill conflict with this suggestion of the court. While I regret that the action of the court made such legislation necessary for the protection of the great interests of health, morals, and domestic happiness, I can have no doubt that it will sustain and approve the permission which Congress has given in response to the judicial invitation proclaimed in the opinion in the original-package case."

Grant's Remains.

The concurrent resolution heretofore offered by Mr. Plumb, expressing the desire of Congress for the removal of the remains of "The illustrious soldier and statesman, Ulysses S. Grant," to, and there interment in, the Arlington National cemetery, and requesting the President to convey to his widow such desire, tendering to her, on behalf of the nation, all necessary facilities for such removal and interment, was taken up and agreed to in Senate on August 8.

Wisconsin Lands.

Land Commissioner Groff has issued a circular for the guidance of local land officers in disposing of the lands in Wisconsin and Minnesota, which are restored to public domain by the act of Congress, approved June 30, 1890. This act authorized the President to cause certain lands withdrawn for reservoir purposes to be restored and subject to entry under the homestead laws.

The commissioner states that no entry for settlement will be allowed until after December 20, 1890.

Died Worth $6,000,000.

John T. Martin, one of the wealthiest men of Kansas city died at his home on Aug. 7, after a short illness from inflammation of the bowels. He was 59 years of age, and has lived in that county 35 years. He is reputed to be worth $6,000,000. He leaves a wife, but no children.

Alabama Farmers.

In the Alabama State Farmers Alliance at Montgomery, Col. L. L. Polk, president of the National Farmers' Alliance, made an address in which he said the Democratic and Republican parties were both side issues when compared to the Alliance.

GALLANT BOYS IN BLUE.

MEN WHO SAVED THE FLAG.

Rousing Meeting of the Grand Army Held in Boston—President Harrison's Speech.

Grand Army week opened in Boston Monday with bustle and excitement. Fortunately the weather was cool, light overcoats being in demand.

One of the first delegations to arrive was E. B. Wolcott Post No. 1, of Milwaukee, Wis., 150 strong. They were escorted to Medford, where they were the guests of S. C. Lawrence Post. Phil Sheridan Post, 615, of Oak Park, Ills., arrived next and were taken to Wakefield, as guests of Lieut. H. M. Warren, Post 12. At the New England depot, several long delayed trains came in during Monday, and were side-tracked, the occupants making themselves as comfortable as possible until morning.

Corporal Tanner and the Old Guard, of Washington, accompanied by Kit Carson post, 60 strong, arrived Monday morning.

The Detroit delegation, bearing 100 red, white and blue umbrellas, inscribed "Boston, 1890; Detroit, 1891," made a picturesque appearance in Newspaper row. They were accompanied by War Governor Austin Blair, Mayor Pingre, of Detroit, and representatives of Detroit papers. They want the encampment next year, and the common council of Detroit has tendered an invitation to that end.

Eleven coaches rolled into the Fitchburg depot, bearing Aurora Post 32, of Illinois, and the original Decatur Post, G. A. R., organized in 1866, four hundred men in all. crowd on hand to see Mrs. Logan, but she was in the second section, which arrived at 2 a. m.

After graciously greeting her friends, Mrs. Logan was escorted to a carriage by Past Department Commander Billings, of Massachusetts, and driven to the Vendome. Mrs. Logan was escorted by Ulysses Simpson Grant Post, 300 veterans, and 200 ladies of the Woman's Relief corps, of Chicago.

Gen. Ransom post, of St. Louis, reached Gloucester, on the steamer City of Gloucester and were met by Col. Allen post and escorted to city hall, where they were received by the city government.

On Monday.

The scenes of Monday morning were continued late in the night, and the streets were filled with marching troops, while the music of bands and drum corps was in every direction. Among the arrivals attracting most attention was Lafayette Post 140, or New York city, one of the most distinguished in organization and personnel which will visit Boston. They were accompanied by Cappa's Seventh regiment band, and paraded the streets under escort of F. W. Kinsley Post 113, of Boston.

At 1:30 the Indiana delegation came in at the Fitchburg depot on a special train of thirteen cars. Governor Hovey was with the delegation, which comprised about 250 men. At 3:15 a train of twelve cars came in from Rutland, Vt., bearing, among other posts, Roberts post No. 14. This post numbers among its members Secretary of War Proctor, Judge Wheelock C. Veasey, of the Inter-state Commerce commission, and Aldace I. Walker, president of the inter-state Railway association.

At 5 o'clock G. H. Thomas post 121, of Fort Paine, Ala., 50 men, arrived, and was given a hearty welcome. The boys brought their famous army mule, 33 years old.

Other arrivals during the afternoon were: Department of Iowa delegation, Commander Mills, 250 men; G. A. Custer post, 42, Bennington, Vt., 100 men; Barber post, Richford, Vt., 150 men; I. S. Richardson post, Fairfax, Vt., and many from other sections of Oew England.

Council of Administration.

At 10 a. m., Monday, the meeting of the national council of administration was held at the Vendome. The proceedings of the council were secret, and Gen. Alger presided. The resignation of U. H. Saylor, member from Oregon, was received and accepted, and Capt. John E. Lombard was elected in his place. The council adjourned to the platform of convention hall.

Camp Philip H. Sheridan, in Mechanic building, was formerly opened this morning when Col. C. E. Hapgood officially assumed command.

President Harrison.

President Harrison arrived in Boston Monday afternoon. When he entered the large dining-room at Parker's he was greeted with applause. Col. Charles L. Taylor, as toastmaster, presented President Harrison, who again received an ovation. Rising slowly, President Harrison said:

I do not count it the least of those fortunate circumstances which have occasionally appeared in my life, that I am able here tonight to address you as comrades of the Grand Army of the United States. (Great applause.) It is an association great in its achievments and altogether worthy of perpetuation until the last of the associations have fallen into an honorable grave. It is not my purpose to-night to address you in an extended speech, but only to say that, whether walking with you, many of you, in the private pursuits of life, or holding a place of official responsibility, I can never in either forget those who upheld the flag of the Nation in those days when it was in peril. Everything that was worthy of preservation in our history past, everything that is glowing and glorious in the future which we confront, turned upon the issue of that strife in which you were engaged. Will you permit me to wish for each of you a life full of all sweetness, and that each of you may preserve, undimmed the love for the flag which called you from your homes to stand under its folds, amid the shock of battle and amid dying men. I believe there are indications today in this country of a revived love for the flag (Applause). I could wish that no American citizen would look upon it without saluting it (Loud applause).

Upon concluding his address the President and members of the cabinet withdrew from the hall.

Gen. Alger, commander-in-chief of the G. A. R., who had just returned from Salem, was the next speaker, and was followed by Commander Viele, of Lafayette Post, 149, of New York, General Daniel E. Sickles, of New York, Mayor Hart, of Boston, and Past Commander-in-Chief Lucius Fairchild, of Wisconsin. Their remarks were largely devoted to the subject of pensions, all favoring large pensions.

On Tuesday.

It is a good thing the weather was cool and cloudy, with a northeast breeze, else Boston would be a veritable furnace to the tens of thousands of strangers who thronged her streets.

All business houses, offices, factories, etc., were closed on Tuetday, and the entire population took a holiday.

As early as 6 o'clock, on Tuesday, many veterans were already about the streets, and crowds of people had begun to arrive in town and to appear on the thoroughfares in holiday attire.

Gen. Alger appointed Comrade John Ryan, of Newton, to bear the headquarters standard in the procession. Mr. Ryan has seen fourteen years consecutive military service, and was with Custer and Reno, in Reno's division, when the massacre at the Little Big Horn occurred.

The influx of veterans continued during Monday night and until the small hours the streets and sikewalks of the principal streets were simply packed with humanity. Tuesday long special trains were stretching back from all the depots awaiting an opportunity to run in an unload their living freight of visiting Grand Army posts and sight-seers.

Before 8 o'clock, the roar of cannon from the fleet in the harbor, announced that the Dispatch, with Secretary Tracy, Vice President Morton and Gen. Sherman on board, was coming up the bay, and half an hour later another salute announced her arrival in the harbor. The distinguished gentlemen were escorted to the Vendome, and subsequently Secretary Tracy and Vice President Morton took their seats on the presidential reviewing stand. President Harrison breakfasted at the Vendome early. Shortly before 9 o'clock he received the governor and state delegation, and the party took carriages and rode over a portion of the route of the parade to view the decorations.

After the drive, the President took his place on the reviewing stand, and was soon surrounded by many other notable gentlemen. During the carriage ride the President was the recipient of many expressions of good will and respect from the crowds along the way.

Meantime the formation of the great parade was proceeding w'th all possible despatch on Commonwealth avenue, departments moving on parallel streets until opposite their proper places and then coming into position through side streets. The adjacent streets were black with marching hosts while many thousands of spectators visited the maneuvres from the public garden and every other spot in the neighborhood where space could be procured.

The Parade.

At least an hour before the parade was to start the windows and balconies of houses along the line of march and rows of seats which had been erected on every available space were filled with the expectant multitudes. Immense truck wagons with seats arranged in tiers upon them were backed up at the junction of all side streets and seats sold at high prices at all places.

The sidewalks, particularly on Washington street from Chester Park, two miles down to Adams Square, contained a surging mass of humanity. The vast crowds would have been an inspiring sight in the absence of the more imposing one furnished by the marching hosts.

There was unexpected delay in the formation of the column, owing to the lateness of the arrival of delegations from suburban places, and the difficulty of massing so large a force in such narrow quarters.

There seemed to be considerable confusion on the common where departments and posts were scattered about in profusion, bands and drum corps playing and spectators running hither and thither. The departments were ranged on Commonwealth avenue in the order of seniority, Illinois leading, Massachusetts occupying the left of the line.

At 11:30 all was ready. Commander-in-Chief Alger, with his full staff of 600 mounted men, escorted by the 113th Massachusetts cavalry, and headed by a corps of mounted police, rode to the head of the Illinois department, the band struck up "God Bless the Soldiers," and at the command of the leader, the greatest military street pageant ever witnessed in Boston, began its onward march.

The streets along the line of march were densely packed with sightseers, and it was difficult all the way to keep the throngs back enough to allow the line to pass.

Windows and seats were rented at high rates. Old citizens say there was never such a crowd of strangers in Boston on any similar occasion.

The throng was wildly enthusiastic, and cheered tremendously every striking object in the procession, such as the live badger carried by Wisconsin post, the old battle flags born by several state departments, the survivors of the famous Pennsylvania "Bucktail" regiment with bucktails worn on their hats, the survivors of the Kearsarge crew and many others of the same sort.

Thousands of boys and men armed themselves with shingles or two blocks of board and used these to add to the din whenever a cheer was raised, and that was practically continuous.

Five Hours Long.

At 1 o'clock only six departments, those of Illinois, Wisconsin, Pennsylvania, Ohio, New York and Connecticut had passed out of Commonwealth avenue and at that hour it looked as though the last department would not get off before late in the afternoon.

Gen. Alger, some little distance in advance of the head of the procession, with his staff, reached the final reviewing stand, in Adams Square, at 1:45 p. m., and had just taken their positions when the vanguard passed into the square. It is expected that it will require five hours for the procession to pass a given point.

NORTH DAKOTA DEMOCRATS.

What They Did at Their State Convention.

The Democratic State convention met at Grand Forks, N. D., Aug. 7. Judge Bennett, of Botteneau, was elected temporary chairman and Andrew Bluett, of Jamestown, temporary secretary. The preliminary work of the convention was concluded at the afternoon session. There were no contests and the committee on credentials were only a short time in making a report.

Judge Bennett was elected permanent chairman, and A. B. Ray, of Bismarck, secretary.

Resolutions were adopted declaring for a tariff for revenue only, ratifying the national platform of 1888, favoring reciprocity or free trade whenever such policy will open a market for home production and favoring resubmission of the prohibition question. This last plank was the occasion for a very lively debate between different factions of the party. The convention adjourned until evening. The convention at night adopted additional resolutions opposing the proposed federal election law and declaring in favor of the free coinage of silver.

The following state ticket was then nominated:

Congressman—JOHN BENTON, of Fargo.

Governor—W. N. ROACH, of Larimore.

Lieut. Governor—J. H. GARRAT, of Richland county.

Secretary of State—F. A. WILSON, of Bathgate.

Auditor—C. F. MEACH, of Mason county.

Treasurer—T. P. BAKER, of Bismarck.

Attorney General—J. V. BROOKE, of Devil's Lake.

Insurance Commissioner—F. S. SERUNGAARD, of Griggs county.

Commissioner of Agriculture—J. HASTAAD, of Trail county.

Superintendent of Public Instructions—Miss LAURA J. EUSENBISTH, of Foster county.

Railroad Commissioners—Messrs. LOWE, of Jamestown; STEVENS, of Ransom, and BENDI, of Walsh. The convention then adjourned.

OUR COUNTRY'S LAWYERS.

Action Taken at the National Meeting in Indianapolis.

In Indianapolis Friday at the National Bar association meeting it was decided to recommend to the state legislature the adoption of a uniform law on wills, so that wills made in one state will be valid in another in every particular.

A committee was appointed to memoralize congress urging the passage of the Evarts bill, which provides for an additional judge in each circuit to facilitate business. The executive committee were instructed to correspond with the Boston bar association and arrange for the holding of the next annual convention in one of the suburbs of that city, probably Nantucket, on the first Wednesday in August, 1891. The various standing committees for the ensuing year were appointed. A telegram was read from the president elect, Chas. Marshall, of Baltimore, thanking the association for the honor conferred on him, and the remainder was occupied in listening to addresses by Justices Elliott and Niblack, of the superior court, Judge Woods of the federal court, and Hon. Joseph E. McDonald.

WYOMING CONVENTIONS.

Democrats and Republicans Place Tickets in the Field.

The first state conventions of Wyoming Democrats and Republicans were held in Cheyenne, Aug. 11. In the Democratic convention Geo. W. Baxter, of Cheyenne, was nominated by acclamation for governor. The rest of the ticket consisted of John S. Harper, Cook county, secretary of state; J. C. Miller, of Carbon county, treasurer; George A. Campbell, of Albion county, auditor; A. V. Quinn, of Vinita county, superintendent of public instruction; George F. B. Clark, of Sheridan county, for Congress; Samuel T. Corn, of Vintia county, P. G. Bryan, of Laramie, and H. S. Elliott, of Johnson county, for justices of the Supreme court.

The Republican ticket is headed by Francis E. Warren, of Cheyenne, the present governor of the territory; Otto Gramm, of Laramie, treasurer; C. W. Burdick, of Carbon county, auditor; Dr. A. W. Barber, of Convers county, secretary of state; the Hon. Farwell, of Johnson county, superintendent of public instruction; Clarence D. Clark, of Vinita, for Congressman; Willis Vandervanter, of Laramie county, present chief justice; H. V. S. Groesbeck, of Albany county, and A. B. Conoway, of Sweetwater county, for justices of the Supreme court.

WENT DEMOCRATIC.

Chattanooga Makes a Change of Its Political Complexion.

The greatest excitement prevails in Chattanooga, Tennessee, on account of the result of the election of county officers, on Aug. 7. This county, which gives ordinarily about 1,000 Republican majority, has elected the entire Democratic ticket by majorities reaching as high as 500. The change was brought about by the new registration law and the Australian system of ballot. Quite 50 per cent of the negro vote was lost by the Republicans in consequence of these laws. The election was very quiet, but the Democrats are now holding high carnival. This is the first time since the war that the entire Democratic ticket was elected in this county.

RAILROAD STRIKE.

The New York Central Railroad Tied Up all Along the Line.

On Thursday night last, a committee of Knights of Labor visited Third Vice President Webb, of the New York Central railroad to talk with him concerning the removal of some of the employes. The delegation was headed by J. J. Holland, of the executive board.

Mr. Webb refused to talk with him, and motioned him out of the office. Then Mr. Holland talked the matter over with Mr. Toucey, and the latter went to see Mr. Webb. This gentleman remained obdurate. Then Mr. Holland asked Mr. Toucey for the reinstatement of the discharged men, but got no reply. Mr. Holland warned Mr. Toucey that he and Mr. Webb would be responsible if any strike resulted.

The first train which left the New York Central depot in New York city Saturday morning passed underneath the big wooden bridge at 45th street, at exactly 3:50 o'clock. Four cars were attached to this train, and these were occupied by the mail sorters whose duty it is to distribute the mails before the train reached Albany. There were no passengers aboard. The road had been completely tied up.

Every trainman, brakeman, switchman, engineer and conductor, except those necessary to attend to the running of the mail trains, stopped work Friday night on the order of the Executive board of District Assembly No. 246. The railroad men, by mutual consent, agreed to furnish enough assistance to allow the mail trains to run, but they had determined that not a single passenger nor a pound of freight should be carried on the lines of the New York Central and Harlem River railroad after 7:10 o'clock Friday night.

After the strike had been decided upon Friday afternoon, all the members of the general executive board of the Knights of Labor went home and left J. J. Holland in charge.

A few minutes after 6 o clock a cipher message, containing only the words "Webster's dictionary," flashed over the telegraph wires along the Hudson river to nearly every station on the New York Central railroad, where it was received by an officer of the local assembly of the Knights of Labor in that town.

The message had been expected. Three days ago every member of the order had been notified that in case the words contained in the above cipher were repeated they were to consider it an order from the general executive board to stop work, with the promise of that body to help him in case he needed support.

The mystic signal was given at the New York end about 20 minutes after 7 o'clock. Many of the switchmen, yardmen and brakemen had just come on duty a few minutes before the order was given. As soon as the cipher was read to them they quietly put on their hats and coats and left the yard.

The delegate who went around among them with the cipher message had in his hand one of the cheap Webster dictionaries sold on the streets at 10 or 15 cents. This was his badge of authority. At a quarter to 8 o'clock there was not a switchman or yardman in the yard at the Grand Central depot.

A BLADE reporter met Mr. J. J. Holland, of the general executive board of the Knights of Labor, at the Grand Union hotel, Saturday Mr. Holland said: "I have been somewhat misrepresented in this matter. I was sent here to investigate the matter and try and arbitrate it. After my attempt at a conference with the officials of the road Saturday, I left for Brooklyn.

"I had no idea that a strike would be ordered. I did not order it and did not countenance it. My duty was to lay the matter before the executive board in Detroit and to await their orders. The strike was ordered by the local assembly which they have a perfect right to do, but I was totally unaware of any such intention on their part."

When asked about the extent of the strike, he said that the jurisdiction of the assembly extended as far as Buffalo and that the strike would probably extend that far, although he had no official information to that effect.

Whatever way one might look at the situation all through Monday, it looked as though the strike on the New York Central road was slowly but surely petering out. Nevertheless, both parties to the blockade of passenger and freight traffic were, so far as words went, at all events as stubborn as ever.

At Buffalo.

A number of the New York Central men belonging to the Knights of Labor went out on strike on orders received from New York at Buffalo Saturday.

Utica Knights Go Out.

Every Knight of Labor working for the Central Hudson railroad in Utica, N. Y., or the towns both ast and west for 50 miles, quit work on Saturday. In this city the force of men numbers 40. It is composed of switchmen, baggagemen, gate tenders at street crossings, freight handlers, car inspectors, oilers and men occupying positions of a like nature.

Only one or two passenger trains have been run, and no freights have gone through since Friday night. The railroad authorities have had many applications from those going to work. The names of 100 were taken, and it is thought when the company is ready to run their trains the places of the strikers here can be filled in two hours. There is no trouble on the West Shore or rumors of any.

The Knights Must Fight Alone.

Grand Master Sweeney, of the Switchmen's Brotherhood, says he will not call out the switchmen on the Michigan Central and Lake Shore roads to assist the strikers on the New York Central. He says it is a purely Knights of Labor strike and that they will have to fight it out as best they may. The same feeling seems to prevail among the brakemen.

Powderly Interviewed.

"I have received no word whatever from the seat of the strike on the Vanderbilt system," said General Master Workman Powderly to a reporter at Scranton, Pa., Monday. "As I said before it is purely in the hands of the local district until they ask for assistance. Then the general executive board must pass on the matter.

Hill Makes an Answer.

In reply to the dispatch sent by Vice President Webb to Gov. Hill Monday asking that state troops be sent to Syracuse, he this afternoon received the following reply from Col. Judson, military secretary to the governor:

Your dispatch to Gov. Hill at hand. He directs me to say that he has shent Gen. Farnsworth to investigate the situation and report on it. It is desirable that official and authentic information should be obtained before overt action is taken. You may rest assured that the state authorities will act promptly and vigorously in protecting property and preventing violence.

The functions of the military forces should not, however, be misunderstood. It is not their business to operate the railroad, nor to interfere on behalf of either party to a labor controversy, but only when invoked to aid the local civil authorities in suppressing violence and protecting property.

The powers of the civil authorities should be fully applied before recourse should be had to military forces. The governor desires that you keep him fully advised as to any future occurrences.

ALUMINUM FROM COMMON CLAY.

German Chemist Asserts That He Has Made a Surprising Discovery.

Professor J. M. Hirsch, a German chemist of Chicago, in an interview, asserts that he has discovered a process by which he can extract aluminum from common clay at a cost of fifteen cents or less for each pound. Aluminum at present costs $5 per pound, a fact which renders it practically useless, notwithstanding its remarkable qualities. The professor declares he has been working on the subject since 1865, and that he has not asked financial aid from any source. Two six-story buildings have been leased by him in which he proposes to begin work within a few weeks, turning out 300 pounds daily from the start. If Chicago is soon to have a cheap aluminum there is no reason why the main hall of the Columbian exposition should not be built of the bright metal, which is lighter and far more enduring than an equal bulk of either brick, stone, iron or glass.

He Fooled Them.

Edward Trench, a man about 60 years of age and supposedly a poor pocket book vender who had a little stand in Randolph street, Chicago, dropped dead of heart disease on Aug. 7, a few minutes after he opened up his little place for business. The attendants at the morgue were somewhat astonished, when preparing the body for burial, to find fastened in the underclothing the respectable sum of over $4,000 and a deed to the house in which he had lived.

CARDINAL NEWMAN.

He Died at Birmingham and Will be Buried Next Tuesday.

Cardinal Newman is dead at Birmingham. England. The cardinal became ill on Saturday, when he had a severe chill. He passed into a comotose condition on Sunday and remained unconscious until he died.

Cardinal Newman was seized with inflamation of the right lung at 2 o'clock Sunday morning. He will be buried in the Oratorians private cemetery at Rednall, next Tuesday.

[His Eminence John Henry Newman, Cardinal Deacon of the Holy Roman Church, was born in London in 1801, and educated at Ealling school, whence he proceeded to Trinity College, Oxford, where he graduated B. A. in 1820, taking classical honors, and was elected Fellow of Oriel College. In 1825 he became vice-principal of St. Alban's Hall; then under the late Dr. (afterwards Archbishop) Whately, and in 1826 tutor of his college, which post he held until 1831. In 1820 he accepted the incumbency of St. Mary's, Oxford, with the outlying chaplaincy of Littlemore; and in 1842 he quitted Oxford and established at Littlemore an ascetic community, on a mediæval model, over which he presided for three years. He held St. Mary's from 1828 till 1842, where, by his preaching, he gained such influence over the younger members of the university, that he became, in conjunction with Dr. Pusey, the recognized leader of the High Church party. He took a leading part in the publication of the "Tracts for the Times," to which he contributed the final tract, No. 90, which was severely censured by the university authorities as practically annuling the broad lines of demarcation between the English and Roman Catholic churches. In October, 1845, he seceded from the Established church, was received into the Roman communion, and, after being ordained priest, became founder of the English oratory and the head of its Birmingham house. In 1854 he was appointed rector of the Catholic university in Dublin, but resigned that post in 1858 and established a school for the sons of Roman Catholic gentry at Edgharton, near Birmingham. Dr. Newman was elected an honorary fellow of Trinity college, Oxford, December 28, 1847. It has been frequently asserted that Dr. Newman did not believe in the doctrine of the infallibility of the Roman Pontiff, when speaking ex-cathedra to the universal church on questions of faith or morals. In reply to a criticism to this effect made by a Mr. Capes, Dr. Newman wrote as follows (September 13, 1872): "He assumes that I did not hold nor profess the doctrine of the pope's infallibility till the time of the Vatican council, whereas I have committed myself to it in print again and again from 1845 to 1867. And on the other hand, as it so happens—though I held it, as I ever have done—I have had no occasion to profess it, whether in print or otherwise, since that date. Any one who knows my writings will recollect that in saying so I state a simple fact." Dr. Newman was created and proclaimed a cardinal deacon by Pope Leo XIII, in 1879. His eminence has written "Lectures of Romanism and Popular Protestantism," 1834; "Letters to J. Faussett on Certain Points of Faith," 1838; "Parochial Sermons," eight volumes, 1838-44; "Letters on Justification," 1840; "Church of the Fathers," 1840; "Essay on the Miracles of the Middle Ages," 1843; "Annotated Translation of St. Athanasius," 1842-44; "Sermons on the Subjects of the Day," 1844; "Sermons on Theory of Religious Belief," 1844; "Development of Christian Doctrine," 1846; "Discourses Addressed to Mixed Congregations," 1850; "Life of Apollonius Tyanaeus," 1824; "Loss and Gain, or the Story of a Convert," 1848; "Lectures on the History of the Turks as to Christianity," 1854; "Arians of the Fourth Century," "Callista Sketch of the Third Century," "Discourses on the Nature of Universities," and "Essays on the Office and Works of Universities," in 1854-56; "Sermons Preached on Various Occasions," 1857; "Lectures and Essays on University Subjects," 1859, and "Letter to Dr. Pusey on His Recent Eirenicon," 1866. He published an autobiographical record of his life, entitled "Apologa pro Vita Sua," in 1864; a "Collection of Poems," in 1868; an "Essay on Assent" in 1870, and "A Letter Addressed to His Grace, the Duke of Norfolk, on Occasion of Mr. Gladstone's Recent Expostulation," 1875.]

A POET PASSED AWAY.

John Boyle O'Reilly Has Joined the Silent Majority.

John Boyle O'Reilly died very suddenly at his summer home at Nantasket Beach, Mass. at 5 o'clock Sunday morning. The cause of his death is supposed to have been accidental poisoning.

Mr. O'Reilly has been suffering for several days from insomnia. Saturday night his wife was unwell and at 12 o'clock he called Dr. William H. Litchfield. The doctor prescribed for Mrs. O'Reilly, and it is supposed that the husband took an overdose of his wife's medicine, hoping to get some rest thereby, for he was found unconscious on the floor at a later hour, and died soon afterward.

[John Boyle O'Reilly was born at Dowth Castle, county Meath, Ireland, June 28, 1844. Mr. O'Reilly began life as a journalist on the *Drogheda Argus* while yet in his teens. At the age of 18, he enlisted as a trooper in the Tenth Hussars, otherwise known as the "Prince of Wales' Own." While there he became an apostle of revolutionary doctrines, was arrested for high treason, and in June, 1866, was sentenced to 20 years' penal servitude. He was confined in various English prisons until October, 1867, when he, with several other political convicts, was transported to finish his sentence in the penal colonies of West Australia. After enduring prison life there for about a year he made his escape in an open boat, was picked up at sea by the American whaling bark Gazelle, and finally reached Philadelphia in November, 1869. In July, 1870, he became editor of the Boston *Pilot*, of which he was at his death editor and co-proprietor. His fame as a poet is secure, and so is his reputation as a writer of pure prose. His published books include "Songs of the Southern Seas," published in 1873; "Songs, Legends and Ballads," in 1878; "Moondyne," a novel, in 1879; "Statues in the Block and Other Poems," in 1881; "In Bohemia," in 1886; "The Ethics of Boxing and Manly Sport," "Stories and Sketches," in 1888.]

IOWA DEMOCRATS.

A Full Ticket Nominated at the Cedar Rapids Convention.

The Iowa Democratic state convention assembled at Cedar Rapids, Iowa, on August 6. The temporary chairman, G. B. McFall, in a well received address, alluded to Cleveland and Boies as the Iowa Presidential ticket for 1892.

The following state ticket was nominated:

For Secretary of State—W. H. CHAMBERLAIN, of Independence.

For Treasurer—H. L. WHITE, Wayne county.

For Auditor—GEORGE S. WITTERS, Ida county.

For Judge of Supreme Court—P. B. WOLF, of Clinton.

For Railroad Commissioner—PETER A. DEY.

IS WASHING AWAY.

Two Towns in Danger of Being Turned Into Swamps.

The residents of Doniphan county, Kansas, just across the Missouri river from St. Joseph, Missouri, are much alarmed by the action of the river which threatens to reduce thousands of acres of valuable land to a broad expanse of swamp. For the last six months the river has been cutting away on the Kansas side at an alarming rate.

The river has cut in for a distance of 600 feet in less than six months, and if prompt measures are not taken, Wathena and Elwood will be swept away and St. Joseph left high and dry, while the million-dollar bridge will span a dry water-course. A delegation will start to Washington with a petition to Congress for help and relief early in the coming week.

The Iron Brigade.

At the business meeting of the Iron Brigade at Detroit, on Aug. 8, the following officers were elected: First vice president, G. M. Woodward, Second Wisconsin; second vice president, H. J. Huntington, Sixth Wisconsin; third vice president, Fred L. Warner, Seventh Wisconsin; fourth vice president, O. Carmichael, Nineteenth Indiana; fifth vice president, E. B. Wight, Twenty-fourth Michigan; sixth vice president, James Stewart, Battery D, Fourth regiment; secretary, W. W. Jones; treasurer, Otto Schorz; chaplain, Wm. C. Way.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER Absolutely Pure.

A cream of tartar baking powder. Highest of all in leavening strength.—U. S. Government Report, Aug. 17, 1889.

FOREIGN ITEMS.

TRADE WITH CHILI.

A. Thompson Rei Corrects a Number of False Statements.

Thompson Rei, commissioner of the government of Chili, in an interview in Chicago on Aug. 8, manifested considerable discomfiture over the disclosures made by American journals concerning the trade relations between his government and the United States, wherein it was asserted that all preferences from the Chilian government were given to English manufacturers. In refuting the ideas erroneously created he said:

"I have been told that several American journals have published articles that the Chilians did not care to cultivate business with your country and that we gave the preference to England because our sympathies were more in harmony with English ideas. Now allow me to say in the way of explanation that such is not the case. It is very wrong to accuse our people in that way.

"England buys from us our principal productions, such as copper, nitrate of silver and wheat. In return we buy their manufactures. Your government has taxed all of our productions, such as copper, hides and wool to such an extent that we cannot bring them here and exchange them for United States manufactures. Since January 1 of this year our Congress has passed a law allowing all mining and industrial machinery, as well as agricultural implements, to be entered free of duty to this country.

"This of itself is a direct protection to your country's manufacturing interests, as you will see, and your government should reciprocate and receive our productions in like manner. There is great sympathy in my country for the United States, and as proof of this, there is in our principal port, the City of Valparaiso, statue erected to the memory of Mr. Wheelwright, an American, who was the first man to show us a steamboat. He brought the first one to our country ever seen there.

"Chillians appreciate all who make efforts for their own progress. If you will allow me to talk plainly I will say that with some honorable exceptions many of the Americans who have gone to my country are not the best of men—but men who are there looking for money, and without capital themselves. As an example, two years ago my government asked for bids for building 900 kilometres of railway, and the sympathy of the government was with the American bidder who finally received the contract, which amounted to thirty-three million dollars.

"Very soon after receiving the contract we were sadly disappointed at this enterprising man by learning that his company formed in this country for carrying on the work was not a reliable institution, and that his representations to us were sorry statements indeed. Our government was compelled to cancel the contract and take the road before the lines were put in operation. The contractor had further trouble with his American friends, and finally took sick and died while at one of our hotels, where for a long time he remained on the charity of the landlord. This is an example of the class of enterprising Americans who took upon themselves the contract amounting to thirty-three millions. I will make an exhaustive report on my return to my government on the many American implements which I have examined and studied as to their adaptability to our country."

THE WAR GOES ON.

San Salvador Now Has a Rebellion to Deal With.

Domingo, the Guatemala Consul-General at San Francisco, received a dispatch from the Guatemalan minister at the City of Mexico, on Aug. 7, stating that Gen. Grimzaray, the leader of the revolt against Barrillas, has been routed by the Guatemalan troops at Palo Gran Eyta.

The vice president of San Salvador has organized a government in Salvadorian territory in opposition to that of Ezeta, and is being aided by General Miranda, one of the most important men of the republic. The dispatch also stated that Ezeta had shot many people in connection with Rivas's movement, among whom were many important personages.

A private letter from San Salvador dated July 20, has also been received here. The letter states that the ex-minister of the interior, who was seized by the Salvadorians on the steamer Acapulco at La Libertad, escaped the next day and boarded the steamer Starbuck at La Libertad, bound south. At Awaailla the fugitive was transferred to the Pacific Mail steamer City of Panama.

At a port in Salvador the soliers attempted to board the steamer to reach him. Capt. Clark commanded them to disarm before coming on board and would not allow them to take any passengers off. The soldiers retired, and Capt. Clark made the same firm stand at two other ports. The fugitive was finally landed at Acapulco where he probably took the next steamer for the United States.

A Canadian Cyclone.

A cyclone of unparalleled violence in this locality swept over Lake St. Louis and the St. Lawrence in the vicinity of Montreal on Aug. 6, doing great damage on land and water. At the moment the storm burst the principal event of the canoe meet at Isle Cadieux lake, the association trip for first class yachts, was being run.

The eight yachts were out on the lake, when suddenly the sky became black and the wind swept down the lake with terrific violence, and instantly every yacht in the race was upset. It is not known how many, if any, were drowned. At Valios, Point Claire, St. Annes and Dorval, great damage was done to property. Houses were unroofed and barns swept off. At La Chien the greatest damage was done. There the immense building of the Dominion Bridge company and the other large structures were unroofed and left in ruins.

GEORGIA DEMOCRATS.

They Are Still Pointing with Pride and Viewing with Alarm.

The Georgia state Democratic convention, which promised to be lively in several particulars, proved rather tame, outside a contest over the attorney-generalship and agricultural commissionership. With these two exceptions the nominations were by acclamation, and there was no contest over the platform. W. Y. Atkinson, of Cowetta, was chairman of the convention. The nominees were:

For Governor—W. J. NORTHEN, of Hancock county.

Secretary of State—Gen. PHIL. COOK, of Lee.

Treasurer—R. M. HARDEMAN, of Newton.

Comptroller-general—Capt. W. A. WRIGHT, of Richmond.

Attorney-general—Judge GEO. N. LESTER, of Cobb.

Commissioner of Agriculture—R. T. NESBITT, of Cobb.

Cook, Hardeman and Wright are the present incumbents. Judge Lester defeated Clifford Anderson, present attorney-general; Nesbitt defeated John F. Henderson, present incumbent, and T. B. Hunnicutt. A platform of principles was adopted. In brief it reads as follows:

"The Democratic party of Georgia in convention assembled, hereby renews its pledges to the political principles set forth in the national Democratic platform of 1888. We favor correcting all the abuses of government by a strict reliance upon the integrity and ability of the Democratic party. We point with pride to the ability and fidelity with which the affairs of the state have been managed by our distinguished governor, John B. Gordon, and the other state house officers. We will heartily support the nominees of this convention, and call upon all Democrats to support the party nominations in the various districts and counties of this state."

Market Column.

REVIEW OF THE WEEK'S BUSINESS.

OFFICE OF THE TOLEDO BLADE,
Wednesday, Aug 13, 1890.

NEW YORK, Aug. 9.—The weekly bank statement shows the following changes:

Reserve, decrease	$7,678,550
Loans, increase	4,578,600
Specie, decrease	6,871,600
Legal tenders, decrease	2,804,600
Deposits, decrease	8,010,900
Circulation, increase	16,500

The banks now hold $1,286,000 in excess of the 25 per cent. rule.

The following shows changes in government bonds during the past week.

	Aug. 12.	Aug. 5.
4's coupons	124	123¾
4's registered	124	123¾
Pac. 6's of '95	112¾	112½

WALL STREET, NEW YORK, Aug 12.—Noon.—Money is tight at 10@15 per cent. Bar silver 112¼. The stock market was more quiet after 11 o'clock but retained its firm tone and prices again advanced, though the further improvement was small in all cases. Only St. Paul and Reading showed any activity, the others being dull throughout. The upward movement continued, however, hroughout the hour and at 12 o'clock thet market was quiet but firm to strong at the best prices of the forenoon.

Range of New York stocks to-day, as received by Cronenberg, Chapman & King, Law building:

	Opening.	Highest.	Lowest.	Close.
Atch.	40⅞	41½	40⅞	41⅜
Am. Cot. Oil	....	....	....	....
Can. Sou.	53⅞	54⅛	53⅛	54⅛
C. C. & I.	69½	70⅛	69½	70¼
C. B. & Q.	106	106½	105¾	106½
C. Gas T.	53	54⅜	53	54
Del. Hud.	160	161	160	161
Del. Lack.	143¼	144⅝	143⅞	144⅛
Erie	25⅛	25½	25⅛	25½
Hock. Val.	28¾	29	28¾	29
Jer. Cent.	122	124	122	123⅛
Lead Tr.	19¾	20⅛	19¾	19⅞
Lake Shore	107¼	107⅞	107¼	107¾
Lou. & Nash.	84½	85¾	84¼	85⅜
Mo. Pac.	69	70	69	70
New Eng.	47⅛	48⅝	47⅛	48⅝
Nor. Pac. pfd.	80¼	81⅞	70	80⅞
Northwest	108⅛	109½	108⅛	109½
Or. Trans.	44⅞	47¼	44¾	47⅛
Pac. Mail	44½	44¾	44½	44¾
Rich. Ter.	20⅛	20¾	20	20¾
Rock Island	88¾	89⅛	88½	89
Reading	40⅞	42⅞	40½	42⅛
Sugar	81½	82⅝	81	81⅜
St. Paul	69¼	70¾	68¾	70¾
Tenn. C. & I.	44	45¾	44	45¾
Texas Pac.	19	19⅜	18⅞	19⅜
Union Pac.	58	59½	58	59¼
Wabash pfd.	25¼	25½	25	25¼
W.&L.E.pfd.	75½	76	75¾	76
West Union	82¾	82⅞	82½	82⅞

Trade.

The volume of trade generally was good during the past week. Leather firmer and active: hides are strong. Groceries and hardware are being moved satisfactorily.

THE MARKETS.

To-Day's Markets.

The markets for wheat to-day were dull for cash and August, but active for deferred months. Prices closed higher at the highest point of the day.

At Toledo, No. 2 soft red wheat sold at yesterday's price, 99c; No. 3 soft red, 92½c; No. 2 white, 90½@91c; No. 3 white, 88c.

August wheat, 99c, no alteration; September, 99¾@100c, latter to close, ⅜c up; December, 102⅛@103⅛c, ⅛c better.

Corn dull; No. August, 52c; September, 52½c; No. 2 yellow, cash, 53c.

Oats—No sales of cash, worth nominally 40c; August, 40c; No. 2 May, 43½c; No. 3 white, 38c.

Clover seed neglected. Prime cash worth about $4.90; October $4.90; December $4.90.

Prices of August and December wheat, today:

Aug.	Opened.	Highest.	Lowest.	Close.
Toledo	99	99	98	99
Chicago	.....	.....	.....	.....
New York	103⅝	103¾	103⅝	103¾
St. Louis	96	96	95	95½
Dec.				
Toledo	102⅛	103⅛	102	103⅛
Chicago	102½	104¼	101¾	104¼
New York	106¼	106⅜	104½	106⅜
St. Louis	103¼	104	102¾	104

The Produce Market.

Butter—Very best, 16c; choice, 14c.

Eggs—Steady at 15c.

Fresh Meats—Beef, 4½@6½c; veal, 5c; mutton, 8@10c; dressed hogs, $5 00.

Hides—Cured steers', 6@7½c; cured light, 4½@5½c; heavy steers', green, 5c; light, 3½c; No. 2, 2½@3c; grubby, 3c; calf, cured, 6½c; green, 7c; kip, green, 6c; market firm.

Poultry—Chickens, 11c; turkeys, 12@13c.

Beans—$1 75@2 25 per bushel.

Potatoes—New, 90c per bushel.

Provisions—Heavy mess pork, $12 50; short mess, $13 50; clear mess, $13 00; short clear mess, $13 30. Hams—Sugar cured, 18 lbs. and over, 10½c; 15 lbs. average, 11c; 12 lbs. and under, 11½c; shoulders, 7c; breakfast bacon, clear, 9c; breakfast bacon, 8½c; smoked beef, 10c. Lard—Kettle rendered, tierces, 7c; barrels, 7c; half barrels, 7c; 50 lb. tins, 7c; refined lard, tierce, 6½c; 50 lb. tins, 7c; clear bacon sides, 8c; bologna sausages, 6c.

General Produce.

DETROIT, Mich., Aug. 12.—Wheat—Cash, white No. 1, 95c bid; No. 2 red cash, 99c asked; September 99½c asked; December, 102½c asked. Corn—No. 2 cash, 60c bid; September, 52c bid. Oats—No. 2 cash, 39½c bid; No. 2 white, 39½c bid.

MILWAUKEE, Aug. 12.—Wheat, higher; No. 2 spring on track, 96@98c; September, 96c; No. 1 Northern, $1 02. Corn, easier, No. 3 on track, 50c. Oats, easier; No. 2 white on track, 40@41c. Rye, firmer; No. 1 in store, 61½c. Barley, quiet; No. 2 in store, 60c.

CINCINNATI, Aug. 12.—Flour firmer. Wheat steady at 97½@98c. Corn stronger at 55c. Oats strong at 39½@40c. Rye firm at 63@65c. Provisions steady. Pork, $12 95.38c. Bulk meats quiet; short ribs, $5 40@5 50. Bacon steady; short clear, $6 62½. Whisky firm; sales, 732 barrels on a basis of $1 13.

CHICAGO, Aug. 12.—11:15 p. m.—The closing prices on the board of Trade to-day as quoted by the Daily Bulletin, are as follows: Wheat firm; cash, 98¼@98¾c; September, $1 00¼; May, $1 08. Corn steady: cash, 48⅞c; September, 49⅛c; May, 53½c sellers. Oats steady; cash, 37½@39c; September, 38⅛c; May, 41½c. Mess pork steady; cash, $11 25; September, $11 00; January, $12 60. Lard steady: cash, $6 17½; September, $6 27½; January, $6 82½. Short ribs steady; cash, $5 87½; September, $5 47½; January, $5 97½@6 00. Rye steady at 61c. Barley steady at 67c. Flax steady at $1 41. Timothy easy at $1 38@1 40. Butter and eggs firmer. Whisky $1 13.

NEW YORK, Aug. 12.—Wheat—Receipts, 3,200,000 bu.; unsettled; sold up ⅝@⅞c, reacted ⅜@⅝c, west and local crowd selling; foreign houses buyers; September, 102⅞@103⅛c; October, 103@103⅝c; November, 104@104⅛c; December, 104 9-16@105⅛c; May, 108½@109c. Barley—Out of stock. Corn—Receipts, 29,250 bu.; sales, 782,000 bu.; depressed, 1@1½c lower, weak; No. 1, 56@57c. Oats—Receipts, 12,000 bu.; sales, 25,000 bu.; dull, easier; western, 44@54. Beef—Quiet, firm; plate, $7 00@7 50; extra mess, $6 75@7 00. Pork—Dull, strong; mess, $12 00@14 00; extra prime, $10 00@10 50. Lard—Quiet, weak; steam rendered, $6 40. Butter—Receipts, 8,217 packages; desirable grades firm, fairly active; western dairy, 7½@11c; western creamery, 11@18c; Elgin, 18½@20c; imitation creamery, 8@15c. Cheese—Receipts, 2,748 packages; quiet, nominal; state, 5½@8c; fancy white, 7½c; do colored, 7¾@8c; western, 4@6½c; skims, 1½@5½c. Eggs—Receipts, 4,015 packages; firm; new laid scarce; western, 18½@19c. Sugar—Raw, strong; fair refined 7⅛c bid; centrafugals, 96 test, 5½c bid; refined firm, fair demand; crushed, 6⅞c; powdered, 6 7-16c; granulated, 6 1-6c. Spirits of turpentine—Dull, steady at 41@41½c. Molasses—Quiet; New Orleans, common to fancy, 28@45c. Tallow—Quiet, strong; city ($2 for packages), 4 11-16@3½c. Coffee—Rio contracts were steady with partial changes of 5@10 points. There were no significant features. Havre advanced ¼@½ franc, and was more active, and Hamburgh showed ¼@½ pfennig rise. Here grading was somewhat more general but inactive. Spot Rio was strong and wanted; No. 7 flat bean, 17¾@19c.

Live Stock.

CLEVELAND STOCK YARDS, Aug. 12.—Elrick Bro's. report.—(Exclusive to THE BLADE.)—Hogs—Market stronger and higher; good hogs selling at 4c; pigs and roughs, $3 50; stags and roughs, $2 75@3 25.

ST. LOUIS, Aug. 12.—Cattle—Receipts, 2,000 head; market strong. Hogs—Receipts, 3,000 head; market higher; fair to choice heavy, $3 80@3 90; packing grades, $3 70@3 85; Yorkers, $3 85@3 90. Sheep—Receipts, 1,000 head; market steady.

BUFFALO, N. Y., Aug. 12.—Cattle steady; receipts, 52 loads through; 2 sale. Sheep and lambs steady; receipts, 11 loads through; 7 sale. Hogs firm and a shade higher; receipts, 17 loads through; 11 sale; mediums, heavy and mixed, $4 10@4 20; corn Yorkers, $4 00; pigs, $3 80.

CHICAGO, Aug. 12.—Hogs—Receipts, 18,000; market active, firmer and higher; light, $3 20@4 05; heavy packing and shipping, $3 65@4 10. Cattle—Receipts, 8,000; market strong; natives, $3 25@4 80; stockers and feeders, $2 00@3 00; Texans, $2 10@3 00. Sheep—Receipts, 9,000; market steady; muttons, $3 75@5 40; lambs, $5 00@5 65.

KANSAS CITY, Aug. 12.—Cattle—Receipts, 7,100 head; shipments, 2,600 head; market steady and strong; steers, $3 25@4 30; cows, $1 00@3 00; stockers and feeders, $2 65@3 50; range steers, $2 00@2 50; range cows, $1 00@1 80. Hogs—Receipts, 12,200 head; shipments, 1,700 head; market steady to 10c higher; bulk, $3 50@3 75; all grades, $3 00@3 90. Sheep—Receipts, 780 head; shipments, 380 head; market steady; lambs, $4 00@4 50; good to choice muttons, $3 75@4 25; stockers and feeders, $3 70@3 75.

Oil City Oil Market.

Opened at 95c, highest, 95¼c; lowest, 95¼c; close, 95¼c.

New York Wool Market.

There is a trifle more inquiry for some grades. Fleece, 33½c; Texas, 20@24c; Southern, 26@27c.

New York Cotton Market.

NEW YORK, Aug. 12.—Cotton Steady; middling uplands, 12½c; middling Orleans, 12 7-16c; sales, 194 bales. Features opened barely steady; August, 11.93; September, 11.70; October, 10.75; November, 10.58; December, 10.55; January, 10.62; February, 10.66; March, 10.70; April, 10.75.

British Grain Trade.

LONDON, Aug. 11.—The *Mark Lane Express*, in its weekly review of the British grain trade, says:

English wheats are stronger. The average advance in prices is 7d. Foreign wheats are quiet. The news that the French crop will be 5 per cent under the full average caused a slight rise. Oats are weak owing to the heavy imports. Barley is firm. Round corn has dropped 3d. The prices of flat are maintained. At to-day's market fine English wheats were very firm at 9d advance. Samples of new whites, plump and of fair weight brought good prices. Foreign wheats were steady. Prices were in favor of holders. All sorts of flour were firm. American corn recovered 3d. Barley advanced 6d. Beans and peas were dull.

BEECHAM'S PILLS ACT LIKE MAGIC ON A WEAK STOMACH. 25 Cents a Box. OF ALL DRUGGISTS.